

FT MEADE
GenColl



Class PZ3

Book 050

7
ON SLOW,

OR THE

PROTÉGÉ OF AN ENTHUSIAST.

AN HISTORICAL TRADITIONARY TALE OF THE SOUTH.

639
44

BY A GENTLEMAN OF ALABAMA.

~~~~~  
He who loves not his country,  
Can love nothing.

THE TWO FOSCARI.

~~~~~  
PHILADELPHIA:
PUBLISHED BY G. B. ZIEBER & CO.

.....

1844.

PZ3
059

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1844,
BY G. B. ZIEBER & CO.,
In the Office of the Clerk of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

U
S
C
O
U
R
T

88974
ob

PREFACE.

WHATEVER part the imagination may be presumed to have performed in the following work, most of the materials are drawn from historical and traditionary facts; furnished the author in some instances by eye witnesses of the scenes, in others by the chronicles of the times. Should the author succeed in animating his readers with the same glowing feeling, which he has so often experienced while listening to some of the actors in the American War of Independence, (a drama so full of extraordinary actions and occurrences, that the fictions of romance are lost amidst its abundant and more thrilling truths,) he will be more than repaid by having successfully invoked a merited tribute to their memory.

The descriptions of the several battles contained in these pages, are mere abbreviations—memoranda—ferry-boats to convey the busy actors over otherwise impassable streams which lay in their course. The brief, graphic and faithful accounts to be found in the “Memoirs of the War in the Southern Department, by Lieut. Col. Henry Lee,” have occasionally been copied; and in some few instances the very language has been used, or changed to suit the design of the author, who takes this occasion to acknowledge himself greatly indebted to the writings of that active belligerent, at once the able and accomplished scholar and commander.

There has been sufficient resemblance between a part of chapter 20th of this work, and portions of the 5th, 6th and 7th chapters of the 1st volume of the *Monastery*, to attract the attention of a friend; a glance by the author at those chapters (never perused since the first hasty reading many years ago on the appearance of the work,) has only left a regret that the supposed resemblance is so immeasurably small. As great an one, without having intended it, may be found in a sentence or two of chapter 13th, and the language of Dr. Sitgreaves on one or two occasions in the “*Spy*,” and the author now fears that pride, or the dread of becoming a copyist, has prevented him from reading, in some instances with profit, such works as were connected with the incidents similar to those he records.

The design of writing something like the following work was conceived many years ago, before any historical novel founded on our Revolution had made its appearance; but the hasty and crude sketch of a mere *boy* was thrown aside entirely, to give way to more engrossing topics. And without profiting by his

first thoughts, and in the field of the labors of more competent and enterprising writers on the same subject, the author now ventures to make his appearance, with the bare statement that the work was begun, and is finished, under constant attention to avocations liable to sudden and repeated interruptions, and would never have seen the light but for the favorable opinions and advice of a few friends for whose judgment and literary opinions a high respect is entertained.

ON SLOW,

A TALE OF THE SOUTH.

INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?
Serv. Upon my soul 'tis true, sir.—SHAKS.

It could not have been expected in the outset of the great contest for American Independence, that all who engaged in it would continue firm; or that, in a struggle so protracted and so prominent in the annals of events, there should not be developments and combinations unexpected to the keenest foresight of the most astute and comprehensive political observer.

The conduct of the British Ministry, in either countenancing or overlooking the cruelty of their armies, resulted in widening the breach and exasperating the colonies. Even the persecuted patriot struggling under unheard-of privations and cruelties, gained fresh strength and found new sources of encouragement from the contumacious demands and haughty demeanor of his country's invaders. In the darkest days of rapine and murder, it is related of Marion, that he confidently predicted the overthrow of the King's authority and the establishment of American Independence. Such acts towards enlightened men, tore the veil from their eyes, and taught them that their only refuge from oppression was in their own determined efforts. A more generous course—conciliation and justice—might have resulted in healing the breach and averting that separation which cost the mother country such heavy losses in life and treasure, and left so deep a stain of dishonor upon her motives and measures.

Great struggles elicit corresponding virtues and vices; which are sometimes matched in the same individual. Then indeed may be seen the multifarious shades of which he is capable of being compounded. Individuals will stand out in bold relief, stamped with the strong impress of nature; exhibiting great talents and performing actions remarkable either for their nobleness, or their guilt.

The motives of self preservation were

often in direct collision with those obligations which liberty or loyalty imposed, and impelled many, as the one or the other predominated, to take different views and espouse different sides in the great contest. The timid and the base are often allied in their motives to resistance, the one by the preservation of life, the other by the accumulation of wealth, or the disguise of some nefarious scheme; whilst there are others not absolutely swayed by either, but from indecision of character, or considerations trivial in themselves, endeavor to occupy a neutral position, or vacillate from one side to the other as chance or caprice may prevail. Thus in the war of Independence many who in its inception were flaming patriots, from fear, exhaustion of excitement, or despairing of success, abandoned the cause as hopeless. Others suddenly became enlightened on the duties and obligations which they owed their sovereign. Sometimes a recent victory or defeat would determine their doubts, whilst the spoils of victory had no little share in directing the footsteps of others to the banner under which they assumed it their duty to do battle. Sometimes a spirit of revenge, or a more familiar intercourse with blood and carnage swayed the motives and actions of the belligerents; and such, with many other causes, and incentives, entered into the mighty disruption, and mingled in giving a tone and shading to the various scenes and actors in the long and heroic struggle, in the delineation of which, the most graphic and fruitful imagination might utterly fail to portray a tithe of what was important or interesting.

The close of the campaigns of 1779 was remarkable for the despondency of the Americans. They were doomed to a woful disappointment in the great expectations of aid, raised by the arrival of the French fleet. The army was badly clothed and constantly melting away. Add to these, the depreciation of the continental paper currency, with the darkening prospects be-

fore them of a protracted struggle, and it must be admitted they had just grounds of doubt, whether, under all these discouraging circumstances, they were to become independent citizens or subjugated vassals.

It is true that the defeat of the Tories of Georgia and South Carolina at Kettle Creek, with the arrival of Count d'Estaing, revived for a time the spirit of the South, and the exiles from Georgia returned in high spirits to their homes, only to mark the desolation made by their invaders, and to fly again from the disasters of war. The defeat of the Count at Savannah, his departure from the coast, and the subsequent surrender of Charleston, left the southern patriot without any reasonable hope of success, or any means of escaping death, except in exile, becoming a subject of the king, or a prisoner on parole.

About this time proclamations and circulars were issued, calling on the inhabitants to return to their allegiance and duties, as subjects of the king, whilst an unwonted degree of kindness and conciliation was temporarily adopted by Sir Henry Clinton.

With some few exceptions (of whom a handful who adhered to Sumpter and Marion were the principal) the people abandoned all show of further resistance; and those of Ninety-six, Beaufort and Camden submitted, either as prisoners of war on parole, or as subjects of the royal government. In the mean while, emissaries were despatched to persuade the people to return to their duty; and all were threatened with death and confiscation who might have the temerity or folly not to fall in with the offers of mercy and pardon,—or who might attempt to obstruct the re-establishment of the just claims of the king to govern his rightful subjects. There was no regular continental force south of Pennsylvania. A dead calm hung over the plundered south; despotism seemed firmly rooted to the soil!—No wonder then, if the offers of pardon, paroles and protection, with an assurance that all past offences should be forgiven and that there should be a re-instatement of former privileges, followed by a delusive hope of a respite from the calamities of a civil war, should have led most of the inhabitants quietly to submit to their conquerors.

CHAPTER II.

"Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?"

One morning, about day break, in the latter part of May, subsequent to the sur-

render of Charleston, a couple of men rode up to the mansion of Col. Arthur Conway—it was too dark to discern objects at a distance.

"Is this the house?" asked one of the visitors.

"Yes, sir, to be sure it is, unless more fine houses have been built up in these war times," was the reply of the other.

The first attempt at rousing the family was answered by the hideous barking and yelling of a mingled pack of hounds, curs, and terriers. Our two travelers waited for some time, vainly expecting that some one had heard their call, or, warned by the tumultuous uproar in the yard, would come out to suppress it, or ascertain its cause.

"By jing!" continued one of them, "who would be surprised if old Conway has, at last, made up his mind which side to join? I should 'nt be surprised if he has cleared out to North Carolina, and joined the rebels—never too late to do good; and I have a great mind to keep up the fun by entering my pony Light-wood-knot. Don't you think, Squire, he'd hold his own, after what you have seen him do to-night, in any of the grass-fed cavalry scouts, owned by any of the rebel boys? Nothing's to be made now-a-days, unless a fellow can get the blind side of Clannagan and McQuirk; and I'm not so plaguey certain that they are any better than they should be."

"Be silent, sir! You are talking about matters of which you know but little and care less—you only make the confusion worse, by exciting the dogs to keep up their noise."

"More, Squire, than you think for; and, by jing! you only follow my example, in rousing old Conway's kittle of curs and mongrels. But I'm dumb."

After repeated calls by each, (for the latter speaker soon forgot his promise) which were successively drowned in the louder and still fiercer notes of the motley kennel and guardians of the yard, some one cautiously opened the creaking door of one of the out-houses which stood a little distance from the main building, exclaiming vociferously: "Out! you rascals, and you little ratters, good for nothing but to raise a fuss and encourage the hounds—you rabbit-scollions! out with you there!"

The dogs at the well known rebuke reluctantly skulked off; growling and barking in different directions as they felt secure from punishment; but their master was not to be disobeyed. "I'll be bound I'll stop your throats," and instantly using a cow-whip on one of the culprits, the crack

of which resounded like the discharge of a musket, reverberating far and near, silenced every sound except the awakened owl of the forest, whose distant notes were heard answering the receding uproar of the yard.

"Is that you, friend Cato?" exclaimed the talkative visitor.

"Yes sir, the very identical; but you have de advantage of me; but your voice sounds familiar like."

"Why, Cato, don't you recollect your old friend, big fighting little Captain Timmy Tidder? I should have known your voice in a sixty-foot well, the darkest night that ever put out day light."

"Well! well! who'd of thought on seeing your walliant face, dis sleepy time of night?"

The companion of Captain Tidder commanded silence a second time, cutting short the dialogue of the two friends, by asking the servant whether this was the residence of Col. Arthur Conway.

"Dis he home, sir, when he stay 'bout here."

"Is your master now at home?"

"I will go and see, sir," said Cato, changing his voice from the negro dialect.

No sooner had Cato left the gate than the dogs struck up, rather irregularly, another attack upon the two travelers.

Cato returned, saying, "Light, gentlemen, don't mind the dogs; they never bite a gentleman; but let a poor nigger and a ragamuffin-white man keep out of their way;" then snapping his fingers, he continued, "or they will swing him as quick as that. I s'pose you have on good looking clothes now, Captain Tidder?" asked Cato, gently feeling the arm of his friend, to assure himself of the fact.

"To be sure I have, and I'll be bound as fine as yours, although you belong to a rich old buck, and I am such a poor hard working fellow."

"You've been werry lucky den, dese war times, since first I have the pleasure of your acquaintance."

"Oh yes! Cato, a soldier can do better than a farmer; a good faithful one like myself, Cato, will always get a good horse, good clothes, and a plenty of grog and victuals, provided he is industrious and keeps out of the poverty stricken districts, and keeps his neck out of narrow places."

By this time the companion of Mr. Timmy Tidder, as he called himself, became impatient, and again cut short his discourse, by exclaiming sharply, "Will you be silent, sir, until I can ascertain whether

Col. Conway is at home! Then addressing Cato, "you impudent fellow! is your master at home?"

Cato, after muttering out something about meaning no harm to his particular friend, replied, "Yes, sir! but I must first find out your name. In these ticklish times master says we must keep a sharp eye on strange folks; but as you are along with my friend, the captain, I know you must be a gentleman and a friend."

"Go," said the same authoritative voice, "and tell your master that I have important business with him."

The servant still seemed to hesitate, although, from the suddenness of the command, and the tone of authority in which it was delivered, he started as if about to obey. "Ask the gentlemen to alight, and show them into the parlor," answered a voice from a window of the house. The quick ear of Col. Conway (for he it was who gave the command) had heard the distant sound of the horses' feet, long before they reached the gate; and hastily dressing himself, stood prepared to calculate the chances and advantages of a retreat to the woods. He had taken his position behind the half enclosed window, from whence he overheard the whole of the preceding conversation.

A candle having been lighted, the visitors were conducted by Cato into a spacious and well furnished parlor. After the lapse of a few minutes, Col. Conway made his appearance, and bowing to the two strangers, as he entered, one of whom rising, he requested him to retain his seat. A hasty and inquisitive glance soon informed him that his visitors were very different in their personal appearance as well as in their characters; one was a very short, small, well-set, boyish looking man, with red hair, small eyes swimming in tears, and very red round the edges of the lids. The shrivelled skin and plaits of wrinkles about the eyes and forehead indicated that he verged towards forty years of age. Heavy shining freckles filled the face, whilst an air of pert restlessness was seen in every motion of the body. This personage, according to his own introduction to his friend Cato, was big fighting little Timmy Tidder.

The other visitor appeared to be about nineteen or twenty years of age, with strength enough barely to escape being called slender. His smooth and ruddy cheeks richly contrasted with the auburn hair, and keen dark brown eyes, which shot from high arching brows, that verged a little towards each other, and gave, in spite

of his modest demeanor, a slight air of sternness to his countenance when in a state of repose. He appeared to be nearly six feet in height, and left the beholder in doubt whether beauty or strength, sternness or mildness, predominated. The stubborn fixedness of the under lip and the restless eye caused Col. Conway to avert his gaze, instinctively recoiling from his glance. "My name," said the personage just described, after waiting a minute, "is Julian Onslow; I presume I have the pleasure of seeing Col. Conway?"

"That is my name," replied the Colonel, advancing and shaking hands with his new acquaintance.

"And this, master," said Cato, "is Mr. Captain Timmy Tidder—my old friend ever since before you married my young mistress."

"That will do, Cato," said the Colonel as he gave Cato a nod to retire or to hush his ill-timed familiarity.

Cato immediately understood the signal, and as he was starting, his friend asked him if he might go with him; "No objections if master can spare your company."

"Just as Capt. Tidder chooses."

"Oh yes, gentlemen," replied the Captain, "you must certainly excuse me, as I wish to see Aunt Prudence, and talk over old affairs with her."

Cato was commanded to order some one to take care of the horses, as he and his friend left the room to renew their former acquaintance.

Julian, after apologizing to Col. Conway, for the unusual hour of his visit, handed him a bundle of papers, stating that their contents would perhaps be the best apology he could offer for his intrusive message.

The Colonel drew close to the candle, and read eagerly a couple of letters. Then, as if not contented, he read each over again. Julian, in the mean while, had time to survey the appearance of the owner of the mansion. He was stout-built, deep and heavy wrinkles furrowed a cheek and forehead apparently healthy. The complexion was fair, rather than pale, and, but for the settled gloom which, when the features were relaxed, was evident, the appearance of Arthur Conway might be said to have been manly and prepossessing. His settlement or plantation was in the interior of the State, and bordered on the northern limits of the district of Ninety-Six. He would at first have espoused the cause of the Whigs, but some of his neighbors had leaned towards the mother country. Subsequent events left him in constant doubt

which party to favor or which cause to join. Always upon the verge of an open declaration of his sentiments, as the one or the other party got the ascendancy in the southern states; or as the fate of war seemed inclined in his more immediate neighborhood; well acquainted with the causes and the progress of the quarrel, he stood a neutral, though by no means indifferent spectator. But the future was a sealed book to the anxious vision of the Colonel. With sensibility and conscientiousness, he felt acutely his unenviable situation; but the chances of war, its cruelties and hardships, his large fortune, (at least large for his neighborhood) and his domestic endearments, conspired to heighten his embarrassment.

At times, when he heard of unwonted cruelties on either side, he would console himself with his forecast, and the happy position which he had assumed at the cost of much circumspection, and no little prudence. But he lived near enough to the whirling tempest to see distinctly its booming lineaments, as it threw above the horizon the gathered spoils from the forest, and heard and felt its roarings and jarrings as it pursued its path of destruction. But Col. Conway reasoned erroneously; it was more the accidental position of the neighborhood, and the effects of causes altogether beyond his control, that had hitherto preserved the calm at Forest Hill, than forecast or dissimulation. Nature seems to have cursed certain spots with storms and tempests; others, with the havoc and misery incident on warfare; and the shallow reasonings of man are as much bounded in the solution of the one as the other; the hand of Providence, or the often unseen though settled laws of nature, direct and control the whole. The smallest insect has its influence; the bite of a musquetoe has produced death; the neighing of a horse has led to the crowning of a king:—the building of a town, the position of a river, even the whim of a woman, or the nod of a man, has determined the fate of kingdoms.

Although a military commission was held by Arthur Conway, it seems to have been given in time of peace, and religiously held from the contamination of active service. The constitutional timidity, or indecision which predominated in the character of the Colonel, were concealed under the exterior of great candor and apparent honesty of purpose; which, to the superficial observer, passed as the leading traits of his character.

But he had never been brought under the

hand of the assayer, and the coin had passed currently or undetected by either contending party. Such is a hasty sketch of the feelings and character of the owner of the mansion at Forest Hill, when he received this unexpected visit.

A peep in the humble but neat hut of Cato and his helpmate, in consideration of the friendly understanding between them and Captain Tidder, may not now be out of place: Cato and his good spouse, Prudence, could never exactly settle down upon their sir-names. Cato called himself Cato Walden, after the maiden or family name of his mistress,—and Prudence adhered to her maiden name, or rather to the name of her master. The solemn and pompous marriage which united their fates could not obliterate the name of Prudence Conway. Cato proposed to compromise by having the names Prudence Conway Walden, and Cato Conway Walden; but no reasoning could satisfy Prudence. She contended that giving up her liberty was enough;—whilst Cato ventured to hint at times that the ancestry of the Waldens were older. It had been a source of much seeming uneasiness and some little discord between the two. They had however in latter years, as they should have done before, agreed to disagree. The two old servants were, both, round sleek and plump—fed from the rich table of their owners, with all the other comforts which they required.

Free from the constant cares of their owners, their time passed as quietly and calmly as their duties were light and healthful. Col. Conway had not, like some others, transferred the broken down racers to be the common hacks and drudges of the yard and neighborhood; except on extraordinary occasions they were supernumeraries; and yet the two old people firmly believed that the whole domestic affairs would tumble into ruins, were they not to supervise and control them. Prudence (at the time of the visit of Capt. Tidder) had cast into the fire a rich pine knot, and was seated, smoking away her surprise from the late scenes in the yard, with her huge night cap on, and a rich, though rather weather-beaten brown cloak (the present of her mistress) thrown over her somewhat too ample person; when Cato suddenly entered exclaiming,

“Lord! my dear! guess who we have the honor to have as a visitor?” In popped the little man without waiting for an answer, as active as a boy.

“How are you, Aunt Prudence Conway!

I’m glad to see you look so well, upon honor and valor I am.”

“God bless you, Master Tidder! you have extounded me very much! How is your wife and family?” continued Prudence, handing him her only chair, which he obstinately refused to accept. “How many children you got? tell me every thing about your consarns.”

“Oh! as to my wife, she is as fat and saucy as ever; and we have only eight or ten.”

“Who they take after, Capt. Tidder, your small self, or their fine, portly mother?” asked Cato.

“First one, and then t’other,” replied the little man, standing upright and as tall in his shoes as he could stretch himself.

Cato, after some persuasion, got him seated; and taking out a black bottle, he asked his wife and the Captain to join him in a drink, saying as he threw off a good stiff one himself, (the Captain having first set the example,) “drink a little, Prudence, it will be well enough, for the morning dews are not healthy and you ain’t used to be getting up so early.”

To this Prudence only replied by giving him a significant shake of the head, which he understood meant that he must be on his guard against his usual failing. “I know when to stop at a decent time,” said Cato; “but,” continued he, “you must excuse me, Captain, I must go into the house, to see what your friend may need.”

“No friend of mine, Cato; I only came with him, for fear he might get his neck cracked by some of the lads or regulators in these parts.”

“Well! he looks like a gentleman any how, which are very scarce now-a-days,” said Cato, as he left his wife and friend to recall the past and to enjoy the present.

Cato reached the parlor time enough to hear Julian refuse to drink or to take a bed.

“Is it day, yet?” asked Julian of Cato.

“Yes, sir, I see Wenus rising and all the roosters are crowing, and some of the neighbors are calling their hogs.”

“The crowing is no criterion,” replied Col. Conway; “they are so misled by the lights and talking of the negroes in this neighborhood, that we cannot rely on them.”

“Oh yes, master, in the spring folks are too sleepy headed to be wasting time in teaching chicken-cocks to learn how to lie; and don’t you know that about old Christmas eve they will crow any how, light or

no light; when you find every cow and beast on their knees at midnight."

"That is all fudge, Cato," replied Col. Conway, "do'nt you think so, Mr. Onslow?"

"Perhaps," replied Julian, "it may be owing to the fact that the weather is unusually cloudy and dark, and hence the saying of the 'dark days before Christmas;' at all events, the superstition, if one, has furnished occasion for a beautiful allusion by Shakspeare, in Hamlet.

"Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
This bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then they say no spirit dares stir abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallowed and so gracious is the time."

Col. Conway was utterly unable to penetrate the character of his visitor; he, however, assumed courage enough to ask him, "Are you personally acquainted with Sir Henry Clinton and Admiral Arbuthnot, the royal commissioners?"

"A slight acquaintance with the first, none with the other."

"Ah! sir! how did you leave the good General, I hope he will bring matters to a happy issue; but I have my doubts whether his plans will take well with the discontented."

"I judge it more than certain, if I may conjecture from the frozen looks and gloomy faces I saw in Charleston lately."

"Are you an Aide-de-Camp to Sir Henry?"

"I am not."

"Are you a regular in the service of either contending party?"

"No, sir."

The Colonel, thus disconcerted in his queries, and not obtaining an answer, with some little impatience commenced punching the embers, and directed Cato to have some fuel brought in. "Then, sir, I infer that you are an American officer on parole, and I believe that this call upon the people to return to their allegiance and take paroles as prisoners of war or become subjects of the king, will give general satisfaction if properly managed."

"You labor under a mistake, sir! I am not an officer, and beg leave to differ with you; I think the next step with those in power will be to take away paroles and compel the militia men to enter into the royal service, and assist in maintaining his majesty's government."

"By Heavens! I would fight first," said Col. Conway, rising from his seat, "are you apprised that such a palpable fraud will be practiced on us?"

"No, sir," replied Julian, "it is only my opinion; the people are like the slumbering embers there; if left undisturbed, they will sink quietly into the calmness of repose; but the first flaw of wind blows them to a flame."

"I suppose, then," said the Colonel, "that you are a citizen of the state and have become a subject of the king."

"I am neither, sir, as yet."

"Are you, then," asked the Colonel, somewhat cautiously, "one of the royal militia men of North Carolina?"

"What, sir! asked Julian, fiercely, "do you take me for a cut-throat Tory?"

"For God's sake," said the Colonel, "do not be angry. I have received important despatches by your hands, and have in vain attempted to find out your calling or occupation; you certainly are a Frenchman, one of the allied forces, disposed to settle amongst us, if I may judge from your complexion. Pray, sir, do you know my brave nephew, Major Notwood, or Col. Clannagan?"

"Sir!" replied Julian, "I am not a Frenchman. I have some acquaintance with Major Notwood, with Col. Clannagan a slight acquaintance only of a few hours; and to cut short your thriftless curiosity, I will simply say, that I have been in the continental service, am a private soldier on parole, and now engaged in the truly unpleasant duty, against my wishes, of bringing you unwelcome news at unseasonable hours; and, sir, if you will favor me with your answer, I will not prolong my visit or excite further your curiosity."

"You are indeed a strange man in these disjointed times; a continental soldier, and in the employment of the two most thorough and reckless partisans in the country; active and neutral; how can you reconcile these contrarieties in the same character, especially if you still adhere to your parole? You must be ignorant of the part you have performed. Here is the circular of the commissioners, the other a letter which I will read.

"CAMDEN, May 25.

"COL. CONWAY, SIR:—You will perceive by the circular the intention of his majesty's commissioners for the settlement of our present unhappy difficulties; we advise you to lose no time in taking the oath of allegiance and enlisting at once, as one of the royal militia, thereby setting a proper example. By order of Lord Rawdon,

"STEPHEN NOTWOOD,
"BENJ. CLANNAGAN.

"P. S. As we have incurred great losses and hazards, and may have many more to encounter in defence of our common cause; you will please to send us about £100.

"Your obedient servants,

"STN. NOTWOOD,

"BENJ. CLANNAGAN."

After Col. Conway had read this letter Julian coolly replied, "You no doubt are well calculated to answer any question in casuistry which your active imagination may raise; there seems, however, some convulsive twitching, some little hesitation when the galvanic pile touches the money nerve."

"Go," said the Colonel, "and tell your insolent employers that I have no answers to write!"

"Order the horses of myself and guide," said Julian with some show of irritation.

"Most cheerfully, sir," replied the Colonel, "if your trusty friend be able to ride."

Julian moving a curtain saw, by the now day-light, his guide evidently intoxicated, though still able to keep his feet. "Huzza! for General George Washington, and his continental congress," shouted the jolly fellow, as he espied Julian.

"For God's sake! exclaimed the Colonel, "do cause your good friend to be more cautious; you have no idea in what a captious neighborhood we live, and especially as matters now stand!"

"I am not responsible for his words, thoughts or actions; and it is not for you, sir, to make up the relation in which he stands to me."

"Oh! I beg ten thousand pardons. How could he have obtained the spirits? did you bring it with you?"

"Decide that question as you please," replied Julian with a bitter curl of the lip.

"But you will stay to breakfast, Mr. Onslow; do not be offended, and let me have the poor guide taken care of, as he seems unable to ride."

"And his horse too," replied Julian, as he started; out of sheer pity to the hardy little animal which had galloped the better part of the night, accoutred as he was (with an old sheep skin for a saddle with raw-hide stirrups, and a like bridle,) he was well calculated to call forth the pity of any one.

Cato, in a condition of more serious inebriety than his friend, solemnly declared that Capt. Tidder was sea-sick from riding at unusual hours, which always harassed the body more than day-light hours; and that he would put him in his own bed or

take him down towards the river to walk off his fever and air him a little.

"Get him sober, Cato," said his master, "or he will have us all hung with his treasonable clamors. Suppose some of the king's friends had heard him?"

"Sure enough! sure enough," exclaimed Tidder; "then, hurra for King George and his cunning boys! Good-bye, Squire Onslow; you'll miss big fighting little Timmy Tidder, the best man, to his inches, in the continental or king's army. Yes, the best man between heaven and earth."

Thus (as Julian departed, and Cato walked his friend off towards the river,) was left Col. Conway to ponder over in anguish these new sources of discontent and perplexity which had so recently been presented to his ever anxious mind.

CHAPTER III.

Go to, you're a child
Infirm of feeling as of purpose, blown
About by every breath, shook by a sigh,
And melted by a tear.—THE TWO FOSCARI.

The happiness of man is as evanescent as the beam which temporarily breaks through the lowering clouds of a December day: It cheers but for a moment and leaves the scene as dark and dreary as before. The feelings of hope had for a short time cheered the desponding breast of the tenant of Forest Hill; but they were soon succeeded by the habitual gloom which had gradually grown upon the once happy and independent Conway.

In proportion as reason and religion overcome the passions, and draw off the heart from the enjoyments of the present, and turn the mind to look beyond the narrow horizon of its visions, will there be an exemption from the malign influences of surrounding agents. But Col. Conway had resorted to expedients, and submitted to restraints incompatible with his education and conscientiousness (giving to the latter word its largest acceptation;) his short lived happiness at the success of the king's forces was brought to an end by the late unexpected demand upon his purse, and the no less unwelcome requisition to yield up his allegiance; a demand made by two of the most unscrupulous partisans in the war; men whose demands or wishes had no other restraints than an incompetent command of means necessary to enforce them; and their present security as well as the possession of ample resources were not likely to

diminish their desires or restrain them in their prosecution, especially when additional swarms of inferior followers would gladly imitate and aid the power and examples of such leaders.

The gloomy picture drawn in the mind of Conway was greatly at variance with the one which rose on his view in the material world. It is said that man is influenced by what surrounds him; that he who walks by a sluggish and gloomy river will be sullen and slow in his movements; that his mind and his body will almost reflect the image of the stream; whilst he who chooses sprightly conversation, or seeks the gurgling rill and flowery mead, will indicate in the vivacity of his mind, and the buoyancy of his step, the scene by which he is surrounded. To a certain extent this may be true; but there is a gloom of the mind when no ray of hope can pierce its thick and turbid waters; a chill, and frozen state of the feelings—of the heart's blood,—which the burning lava cannot thaw or warm. There are times when the most joyous scenes produce the most exquisite misery, just as the finest toned instruments produce, when out of tune, the greatest discord. Memory, the busy necromancer, calls up the happiness of buried hours, and bids it contrast with the mockery of the present moment.

The all engrossing thoughts of Col. Conway were too deeply imbued with the dark workings of a gloomy imagination, to take a tinge from the enchanting scenery which surrounded him. The sun had just risen, and the dark mists which had lain like a black wall along the bed of the river, and immovable to the view, suddenly rolled away in heavy masses, decking the brows of the high hills that rose like mountains far to the north of Forest Hill. The glancing light from the river flashed like burnished silver, as it dashed onwards, now leaping and throwing up its foam and spray, to sparkle again in the morning's beam, and then gently gliding into greater width and smoothness, presenting to the eye, from the commanding eminence on which the mansion was erected, a long, tortuous and glittering sheet of fire!—Even the forest presented a varied aspect; for it had not yet grown into that sameness which maturity presents to the eye. The air was clear and dense, every sound reverberated on the ear. The deep mouthings of the stanch hounds in full cry after the fox in its winding and doublings; the floating and mellow notes of the huntsman's horn; the chirping and cooings of the tenants of the grove;

the jocund and joyous song of the ploughman, or the giant voice in which he commanded his wayward beast, were all lost or unheard by the seeming observer of the scene. The little dominion of man, with its busy alembics, the heart and the brain, furnished phantoms and obstacles which overshadowed and obscured the outspread beauties of nature.

Col. Conway continued to look in the direction Julian had taken, until he was out of sight. Even then he stood deeply pondering over the events of the morning.—The sound of a gun or two temporarily arrested his practiced ear; but he quickly connected it with the every-day transactions of the gunsmen of the neighborhood. At last, however, he was roused from his bitter reflections by a sudden call into the house.

"How," demanded his wife, "is this?—Are we never to have a respite from strife and civil commotions? is there never to be an end to the impertinent intrusions of the rabble? let me tell you, Col. Conway, that it is high time that our relative position to each party was taken. Look there at the bitter fruits of your Janus faced policy; behold the effects of indecision; that letter is but the beginning; the end will be utter ruin to your family. Were I a man of your lofty pretensions, bearing a military title, held as a gentleman, and one who lays claim to a noble descent, I should have kicked the ruffians headlong out of the parlor, and called up the negroes and had them well flogged. We are buried alive in the backwoods amongst ragamuffin Whigs and your low bred deceitful Tory friends. Sir! you have suffered yourself to be imposed on by your pretended friends, Notwood and Clannagan. You may look out for a successful fleecing by their highland wreckers. And let me tell you, once for all, that your friend, or hostage, or whatever you may choose to call him, shall not remain here, to annoy poor old Prudence; you may order him forthwith on any furlough, or private commission that may suit your arrangements; or I shall see that he is put somewhere else besides tumbling and wallowing on the poor old creature's bed and floor."

Either from a full conviction of the truth of what his lady said, or fearful of continuing an unpleasant scene before his daughter and her governess (both of whom were present,) the rebuked husband prudently, as he supposed, refrained from making a reply. He turned to his daughter, and in the most affectionate tone asked her if she was

unwell. But Mrs. Helen Conway was not in a mood to be so easily diverted from her purpose, when once deliberately made up; and she was determined not to allow her husband to escape the meditated lecture which she believed that he so much deserved.

"Sir, you shall not turn the question in a different direction, nor hope to escape from what directly interests the whole family, by taking shelter under the sacred garb of pretended solicitude for the health of Cathena. It was I who sent for you; the matter is not as bad as I imagined, but no thanks to your prudence or affection. I find that Miss Peabody was mistaken in her account of the cause of the midnight visit from your two worthies, and Cathena was unnecessarily alarmed."

"Yes," squeaked out the prim puritan, "I was mistaken on the point of the mission of the two ruffians; I had not seen the names of the respectable gentlemen which are appended to the letter. I do most earnestly ask your forgiveness, Mrs. Conway, if I have caused you a moment's uneasiness. I saw that an oath was exacted, and money demanded, and I heard a great shouting about congress and war matters. I thought it was a prelude to an indiscriminate summons to Forest Hill to surrender; and I expressed my fear to Cathena, that the whole premises were to be sacked and we made captives and prisoners of war; but I yield to your better informed judgment."

"The two ruffians, did you say, Miss Jemima?" asked Cathena, having from the firm tone of safety and defiance used by her mother, nearly recovered from the unnecessary fright which had induced her mother to summon Col. Conway to her assistance. "I am sure if the Mr. Onslow who was here, is the same I know, he does not merit such an appellation."

"Tell me, Cathena, where you became acquainted with this nocturnal traveler, or this Mr. Onslow as you call him?" demanded Mrs. Conway with some surprise and severity in her manner.

Cathena felt the reproof, and exclaimed with the most affectionate earnestness, "My dear mother, I hope I was not wrong in allowing an introduction to the gentleman; I became acquainted with him at the ball in Charleston; he is a friend of Sir Henry Clinton and of Major Notwood."

At the mention of the ball, Miss Jemima Peabody threw up her pious eyes in utter despair, exclaiming, "What, not wrong to go to a ball!—introduced to a stranger!—

by a stranger no doubt—and then in a ball room;—is this the way you have been educated, or is this the way you have followed my admonitions? Alas! I have sown on a flinty soil; you are ruined forever unless you humble yourself and heartily repent; but I fear it is now too late."

"If," said her mother, "you are sure that he was the friend of Sir Henry, I have been too hasty in my judgment against your opinions in favor of the young man. But," continued Mrs. Conway, turning her full black eyes on the countenance of her husband, who stood looking with anxiety on the features of his daughter, as if attempting to read in them more than he gathered from her words, "pray, Col. Conway, is it thus you have suffered a guest to depart, whilst breakfast was preparing? No wonder that you are forever on the verge of rashness and indecision; sometimes shaken by a shadow, or ready to plunge headlong into measures which would bring immediate destruction on the whole of us; always too mild or too brave, too hot or too cold, a Whig or a loyalist. I tell you, once for all, that you will bring ruin and disgrace on yourself and family."

"My dear Helen," said the Colonel with an affected smile, "you have risen in a bad humor this morning; I fear some evil spirit ministered to your imagination during sleep. You have lost that habitual control which you know so well how to exercise over the impetuous portion of your Walden blood; you know that I am incapable of treating any gentleman with disrespect, and especially one who may be a friend of Cathena, or of the commander in chief of the royal army. I did request the continental adventurer, this wrecker as you call him, this jackall beating up the prey for the hungry lions of our own acquaintances, to remain to breakfast; he refused in a tone not altogether to my liking, and withal I disliked his concealment and insolent bearing; because he happens to be a soldier, or that nature has endowed him with rough and steady nerves, he supposes that he can treat me as if he were in the camp, amidst his illiterate and boorish companions; or had a right to exercise whatever impertinence may at the time happen to be most congenial to his feelings."

This unpleasant and unusual altercation between the two parents had a very different effect upon their auditors. Cathena was humbled; she felt keenly for the injured feelings of her father; she saw the deep wounds inflicted on them. With a bright tear glistening in her eye, she said,

with the most bewitching earnestness, "My dear mother, don't be angry with my father; he is always so kind and affectionate to his friends; and I can never forgive Mr. Onslow if he has been uncourteous towards him." The warm hearted child caught her father around the neck, and imprinted a kiss on his cheek. It was like oil on the troubled waters to the bewildered and harrowed feelings of the father.

"Oh! you are the best of daughters," he exclaimed, as he pressed her affectionately to his bosom.

Miss Jemima Peabody, on the other hand, had been delighted with the angry scene. It was precisely such an one as furnished an opportunity for the full display of her peculiar talents. It would never do to let it pass off, without mortifying the feelings of Cathena, and strengthening the growing authority of Mrs. Conway over her husband; for Miss Peabody was a stanch advocate for the supremacy of female authority in all things.

"I thought I heard," said the governess, "as I was adjusting the jessamine vine and my other flowers, the sound of harsh words; but to have the rudeness not to stay to form an acquaintance with Mrs. Conway, and not to inquire after the health of his ball acquaintance, after having quadrilled and danced with her, and to dance too after such hard battles, and so near the sacred churches, and so near the silent houses of the dead, he is a ruffian and a confirmed Deist. I dare say, Mrs. Conway, he is a murderer and an atheist; perhaps, what is still worse, he is a Catholic!"

Mrs. Conway was too deeply affected by the affectionate remonstrance of her daughter, not to feel some degree of disgust at the cool indifference with which the scene was regarded by the governess. And rising from the sofa, on which she was seated, she nodded to her to follow, leaving Cathena and her father to enjoy the delicious consciousness of unalloyed affection; a father's affection! a daughter's love and devotion! the mutual interchange of the divine portion of man, refined from all the grosser portions of his nature—the generous gifts of the heart upon the altar of truth, where sincerity, disinterestedness and innocence may worship, and bring their offerings uninfluenced by fraud or distrust. No fears, no dark suspicions intermingle in the interchange of hearts. For the daughter the father will risk his health, life—every thing; showing, at least, amidst all the reputed selfishness of man, one instance of pure and lasting love, abstracted

from all hopes of wordly reward; yielding, as it were, an instinctive and cheerful obedience to the impulses of some inward divinity, whilst the daughter pours out the gushing flood of affection, and holds a faith as strong and as sacred towards the father as the dying martyr exhibits at the burning stake. Brief and transient are such holy moments; they come and pass away like the short summers of the arctic region, succeeded by storms and blasts that so long continue as almost to obliterate the remembrance of their date.

The reader can imagine that there was a dignified reluctance in the manner of the stiff, straight figure of Miss Jemima Peabody, governess to the only daughter of Mrs. Helen Conway, as she left the room—a dubious air of willingness and disappointment. Although the reader may care but little about the size of the foot, the height of the person, the color of the eyes or the hair, yet we are prone to attach certain attributes of excellence or inferiority to certain features. Who, for instance, would like to be commanded by an officer with the impress of meanness stamped on his countenance? Or who would like to associate with those whom nature has marked with indelible viciousness, and grovelling propensities?

There may be some diversity of opinion as regards the propriety of introducing the characters to be described by a long and labored description, or a formal delineation of features and disposition; some contend that their actions and sentiments should be so interwoven in the narrative, as to develop the traits of the character to the reader, in the perusal of it; or, as some have contended, the title of a book should be the result of its contents, and appear at the end. But as the conventional rules of society require an introduction, when practicable, as a ready method of forming an acquaintance and interchange of civilities, so, in this instance, in order to avoid any semblance of neglect toward Miss Peabody, she must have a formal introduction to the reader; and should any ingenious artist, hereafter, in search of fame and profit, publish a gallery of portraits from the adventures of our hero (for we so announce Julian Onslow), it is earnestly requested that the portrait of the worthy governess may have a conspicuous place in the collection.

Miss Jemima Peabody was about five feet eleven inches in height, without the aid of high-heeled shoes, a fashion which she most devoutly eschewed. She wore, fitted close up to her sharp chin, a stiffly

starched tippet, which showed a long and very small neck, as it were in stays. Her dress was a plain dove-colored silk; long in the waist, and fitting very tightly to the body, and around the long bony arms down to the wrist, the sleeves ending in a wide spread funnel-shaped frill. The superfluity of silk was left for the trail, which swept several feet behind the fair lady, as she moved majestically out of the room. Her hair was of a palish black, thin and oily, and was drawn with scrupulous exactness tightly to the back of her head, and tied closely around its roots, giving a uniform sharpness to the whole face. Her eyes were small and of a whitish gray; eyebrows were white and thin; lips very thin, and met point-blank together, giving an air of peevish severity to her mouth. She wore no curls nor head gear, nor sparkling ear-rings to take off the asperity of her high, thin, Roman nose, which seemed to disdain the company to which it was attached. There were various red lines, the remains of the half-obliterated wrinkles which Miss Jemima, with a singular forecast, had concentrated together in the rear of the scalp. She had a plain, long, gold pin, and a flower on her breast. She claimed the renowned town of Weathersfield as her birth-place, and had left Connecticut for the laudable purpose of teaching young ladies, improving her health, getting money and a husband. She had been recommended to Mrs. Conway as a pattern of piety and learning. She was recommended, especially, as well calculated to assist in ushering a young lady into the polite mysteries of the better classes of society. In fact, she was the very kind of woman for whom Mrs. Conway had sighed to put the last touch to the education of her daughter. Miss Peabody had been regularly installed as governess, with many assurances of the great extent of the authority vested in her station, and she lost no occasion to maintain it. The best means she knew was an implicit obedience to Mrs. Conway. There being no reasonable grounds of rivalry on the score of beauty, at least in Miss Jemima's mind; she felt no jealousy on that delicate point. She was a pattern of primitive neatness and of unrelenting austerity; was an early riser, and, by great servility and tact, (the result of much practice and hypocrisy,) had ingratiated herself into the confidence of Mrs. Conway. Her vanity alone was rebuked by the keen glance of that lady; and her natural disposition to intermeddle with matters which did not concern herself, had led too far on this oc-

casion, even for the confiding lady of the mansion; for, although, the latter was talented and proud, and often irascible, yet she had too great a regard for her husband to suffer any one except herself, and that only on important occasions, to question the propriety of his conduct—for her daughter her affection amounted almost to idolatry.

It had so happened, that Miss Jimmy, as the servants sometimes called her, by passing to and fro, and listening at the window, had become acquainted with the fact, that Julian was in the hall with Col. Conway; and she overheard enough to cause great anxiety to dive deeper into the cause of his visit. Hence her unscrupulousness in taking the letter which Col. Conway had left on the table, in his confused state of mind. She had, after perusing it, carried it to Mrs. Conway, previously giving Cathena a most frightful account of its contents, and the liability of an immediate attack on the house. It was for the purpose of pacifying his daughter, and to give an explanation of the cause of the visit, that Col. Conway had been called into the house.

Cathena, after a proper interval, was questioned by her father, as to her acquaintance with Julian; the reason of his visit; his standing with Notwood and other officers in the royal service. And as parents are ever ready to imagine that their daughters are, or should be, objects of regard by all real gentlemen, especially if the indications seem thus to point—there might have been, in this case, some little suspicion that his visitor had some lurking feelings of the kind towards his daughter.

"Is this Julian Onslow any great favorite of yours, Cathena?" inquired the father.

The prompt reply was, "No, sir! I have but a slight acquaintance with the gentleman; I did hear before I left Charleston, from Capt. Gant, that he was considered talented and brave, and was highly esteemed by some of the officers of the royal army. I further heard that he had said something which threw my uncle Walden and brother into great excitement until a suitable apology was made; but Major Notwood, I believe, rather approved of his course towards my uncle; my brother was alone restrained from acting rashly by the interference of their mutual friends, (Capt. Gant and Major Notwood.) But my uncle went away dissatisfied, saying that Onslow was the mere tool of some designing enemies."

"Yes," exclaimed, the Colonel, "the blood of the Waldens is hot and ungovernable—my son will be misled by his uncle, whom he resembles in person and disposition; but the safety of my property and family requires that I should continue neutral and cautious. Circumspection affords the best means of safety to you and your dear mother, however differently she may think. But can you tell me how the letter was abstracted from the parlor?"

"Miss Peabody brought it to my mother."

"I wish," continued the Colonel, with rather a bitter smile, "that the Almighty would devise some means by which some one of the Whigs, Tories, or even Hessians would marry her."

"You are cruel, father," said Cathena, "in such a wish: for Miss Jemima has declared her repugnance to the married state; and an unalterable determination to retain her present name, which she says is the most beautiful name in the world."

"Pshaw!" muttered the Colonel, "she is mistaken; she is evidently on the lookout for a suitable companion."

A servant announced that breakfast was ready, which put an end to the foregoing conversation. The Colonel expected to hear a renewal of the biting sarcasms of his wife; but she disappointed him most agreeably by assuming a cheerful air. The mild and affectionate remonstrance of her daughter—her evident distress at the angry rebuke of the morning, completely disarmed her. She drew a contrast between her conduct and that of Cathena, and nothing but her pride prevented her from making an apology for her rashness. Upon further inquiry and a cooler discussion of the subject, she was almost ready to justify the propriety of the course of her husband towards his haughty visitor and those who had sent him.

Speaking of Julian, the Colonel declared that he was an extraordinary man; so young in years, yet so difficult to unravel.

"There is," continued he, "an easy impertinence, a hardihood of countenance, which bewilders and perplexes me; professing to be a friend or partisan of the continental Congress, and yet acting as collector for the king's officers."

"You know, Colonel," replied Miss Peabody, with a sickly smile, "that money is the root of all evil, and he gets well paid for being a spy upon your family."

"You ought to know, though I am at a loss to decide which is the worst, the inordinate desire to intermeddle in the domestic affairs of a family, or the more hazard-

ous attempt to play the spy," replied the Colonel, handing a plate of raw onions to the governess, wishing somewhat to divert her attention from his unwonted and caustic reply.

"What has become of his boisterous companion, the quintessence of Goliathism?" asked Mrs. Conway, looking at her husband with a bantering glance of good humor.

"Tell your mistress, Cato, where your particular friend, big fighting little Tim can be found."

"I can do that," said Cato, stroking his sleek and shining forehead, at that time a little bare of hair, and rather unfurnished with clear ideas. "He is doing werry well at dis present time, madam. My old and particular friend had to ride late last night on the king's business, in the chilly fogs, and he werry unfortunately took rather too much on his raw and fasting stomach, for which I and Prudence are powerful sorry."

"You must take the garret, Cato, or stand guard over your friend," continued his mistress, "for I have no idea of surrendering as prisoner of war; and as for your wife, she shall not be disturbed with your drunken friend, although he may be a great fighter, and particularly devoted to you. You may arrange the room, where you can be locked up in safety together; he to get sober, and you to learn wisdom, and pour out your strains of affection to his ears."

"Oh, missus," exclaimed Cato, at this unexpected decree, "he sober now as I am! But spose he git into one of he fighting ways, and choose to take me for his partner? And then spose he take it into his head to jump out of the window, and break both of our necks? No, ma'rm, I can't trust myself so high off the yearth with my best friend; for I'se seen him tossed up in de elements same as a bull would one of your little fine dogs, Miss Jimmy, and he light upon his feet same as a cat; if he get hurt, his arm broke or his skull split, he keeps on fighting, and foaming and frothing, harder and harder, scratching, and biting, and screaming and kicking, and at last if he enemy don't give up, he will drive his dirk home in a second, just as same as lightning."

"Providence protect us!" exclaimed Miss Peabody, "from such merciless freebooters and midnight assassins; we are in momentary danger of our lives! don't you think so, uncle Cato?"

"Oh, no, Miss Jimmy; he is, to be sure and sartain, one of the perlitest men in the

known world to de ladies ; I wish you could of seen him confabing with Prudence Conway this morning ; now Prudence is werry particlar in her language herself, and she thinks Captain Tidder much of a gentleman, otherwise she would have scorned his company. I'll be bound she will give him the best she has, besides sending some little presents to his wife and children."

"Perhaps, after all, Cato, your friend is a good natured little fellow, a little too fond of his cups," said Mrs. Conway, who had a high opinion of Cato's veracity. "You must let us know how you became acquainted with him, and how he succeeded in so completely dividing your affection between himself and Prudence, and how he came so overloaded with his warlike name."

"Ah, missus, it is a melancholoby tale ; and maybe you would not like to hear it here before all the company."

"Yes, Cato, our curiosity is excited ; but do drop your outlandish low country jargon."

"Yes, uncle Cato, I like to hear the pensive and the melancholy ; it is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of laughter," said the governess, her features contending between the tight cord which bound her hair, and the effort to relax them into a sentimental mould.

Cato, rubbing his forehead, as if to collect his ideas, and placing his right foot a little in advance, said—

"I begin when I lived with your brother Micajah, and it was my identical friend now reposing himself on Prudence Conway's bed, who brought us the news that the wild headed boy, Ben. Clannagan, was about to run away with your sister Rachel, and marry her—"

"Oh ! it is too shocking ! Bring me my smelling salts ! And you have had an aunt to run away with a man, Cathena ! What a horrible misfortune. I cannot possibly hear such tales," exclaimed Miss Peabody, rising from the table, oversetting her chair, and bespattering her dress by overturning her plate. "Fie on it ! I have ruined my dress ; I wish I had never heard of the affair. Did they get married after so much trouble, uncle Cato ? Do tell me that ; perhaps it is not so bad as I imagined. Did they get married, uncle Cato ?"

"Oh, no, Miss Jimmy, no such bad luck to poor Miss Rachel."

"Horrible ! shocking—shocking ! I would die, Cathena, before I would run

away with a gentleman—with a lone man by myself."

"You are in no danger, I think ; unless you break through your precepts, and the long example with which you have already furnished the world," replied Cathena, more than usually nettled by the constant appeals which the governess had made to her. The tense features of the former struggled under this mixed compliment and rebuke to assume a smile of indifference ; but the palpable hit at her age was too strong, and the sardonic grin ended in a grimace of unalloyed pain and chagrin.

"You had better retire, Cato," said Mrs. Conway, perceiving the turn that matters were taking ; "Miss Peabody has been brought up in a way which forbids her hearing such scandalous tales. I fear her nerves are thoroughly shocked already."

"Never mind, my dear Mrs. Conway ; I am much better. It was only on your account. Thank God ! I am too well fortified against temptations, ever to be injured myself. But I thought you would not like that Cathena should, at her tender age, hear of such improper examples in one of her own female relations ; for you know that the Lord's prayer says, 'Lead us not into temptation.' But as we are both present, and her father also, and as I have given seasonable advice, (which has not yet shown all its fruits,) and as I find it necessary to repeat it more bountifully, I hope uncle Cato will still proceed, for I do most assuredly delight in the plaintive."

Something like a momentary flash of anger shot from the dark blue eyes of Cathena, whilst her thin transparent skin was suffused from the neck to the forehead. She thanked the governess for her past admonitions, regretted the little benefit which had resulted, and most imploringly besought her not to inflict any more lessons so likely to prove equally unprofitable. In this state of feelings she arose from the table for the purpose of retiring to her room, when her father requested her to resume her seat, and with a determined tone and manner commanded Cato to proceed with the unfinished biographical sketch of Captain Tidder.

"I first knew my friend, Captain Tidder," continued Cato, "when he was a little bit of a runt of a plough boy, working about from hand to mouth for his wituals and clothes ; and he was even then sixteen or eighteen years old."

"Little people never show age," said the now calm governess, as she handed up her third cup, remarking to Mrs. Conway

that her coffee was admirable. "The best, by far, Mrs. Conway, I have seen or tasted since I left the beautiful town of Weathersfield, where we obtained the best of teas, until Hancock and his compeers put a stop to its importation, in order to sell out their own smuggled inferior trash, which they had obtained cheap from the Dutch."

"I believe," said Cathena, "that your town is renowned for raising more onions than all New England can consume; at least so says the '*General History of Connecticut*,' from which you have borrowed the account of Mr. Hancock's artifice to sell his own tea. I suppose it was here you learned the practice of early rising, in the laudable and healthy custom of cultivating onions before sunrise. The history which you so much admire, declares that, it is a rule with parents to buy annually a silk gown for each daughter above seven years old, till she is married. The young beauty is obliged in return to weed a patch of onions with her own hands, which she performs in the cool of the morning, before she dresses for her breakfast."

"You must have a sight of dresses, Miss Jimmy, if you have one every year since you was a little girl of seven years. I wish you was only large and portly like my companion—I know you would make her a present of one for a keepsake."

"I wish aunt Prudence was as delicate as I am," said the delighted governess, at the compliment to her generous nature—"I would most cheerfully make her several presents."

"I know it, Miss Jimmy. But, as I was stating," continued Cato, "Captain Tidder was the boy who informed us that there was a foul plot between McIlhaney and that boy Ben. Clannagan to carry off the poor dear child, Miss Rachel Walden. Sure enough, when we got up stairs, there lay the rope, and the pulley tied fast to the bedstead; I know how they fixed it; they made her tie the great big rope round her little small waist, which was enough to cut her in two—for I could have spanned it with ease—and then held the other end, and let her slide down by her own weight. And sure enough, when we pursued them there was the two children just standing upon the floor, ready to be married; you may depend, we dashed up hard as our horses could carry us, or all would have been over. 'There's no time to be lost,' shouted Captain Bucklebelt; 'rush in, boys!' And Timmy Tidder and myself

went to work in mortal good earnest on the old magistrate with his one eye and his spectacles, who was so fat he could hardly walk or stand on his feet; but he got a gripe on my throat, and if my little friend had not fought with his dirk and teeth, I would never have swallowed any more wituals, for my tongue was as long as Captain Tidder's hand. I could not halloo for help; and the fire was rolling out of my eyes like the sparks from a blacksmith's anvil; I felt them starting out of my head—but, thank God! my little friend was too hard for his adversary—the little David was too hard for the mighty Goliath—and when the steel found the giant's ribs, he bleated, and shouted to the whole company to take us off. Then it was that Captain Bucklebelt clapped his hand on my friend's shoulder, and said—'Well done, big fighting little Timmy Tidder.' I tell you all, he is the closest fighter, for his inches, on the face of the yearth. But poor Miss Rachel took sick and died. She never saw another well day. Everybody said her heart was broken. She was a most proper child, mild and pretty, as fair as a lily, but she was very wrong to wish to marry into such a low family, considering how high-born she was. But I'm told Ben. Clannagan is a great warrior now, and if he takes after the rest of his family, he will never be friends to any of her relations again; they have too much of the rattlesnake not to strike, as long as they can find any body opposed to them. Poor Miss Rachel—she was a modest, sweet child. Oh! Miss Cathena—my heart aches when I look at you, for you are her picture over again."

"Don't, Cato," said his mistress, "don't make such allusions. I hope," continued she, wiping her eyes, "that such another calamity may never befall our family. Yes, I pray God! such an one may never fall on my worst enemy."

The whole party were now thrown into confusion by the sudden appearance of a horse at full speed, without a rider. They all started to the door.

"I heard the report of guns this morning—he may belong to some hunting party," said Col. Conway.

"No," replied Cato, after inspecting the horse, "this is the identical horse, saddle and bridle of the young gentleman who left here an hour ago. A mighty good sign to see a horse run back—it proof enough he been well tended to."

"Go, my dear husband," said Mrs. Conway, "and look into the affair; perhaps

the unfortunate young man may have received an injury in a fall from his horse."

"Don't be afraid, if you please, of my friend Captain Tidder," said Cato, to his mistress, as he was directed to prepare horses for himself and master; "he is fast asleep in Prudence's house."

Having disposed of Capt. Tidder in a comfortable nap, to get sober, Col. Conway and his man Cato being in pursuit of charitable purposes, the three ladies must be allowed to ponder over the unusual scenes of the morning, whilst the good reader must be informed that the three chapters which have been recorded, have been introduced somewhat out of order; but it is hoped not altogether unprofitably, as they furnished an opportunity of presenting sundry items which would rather have broken in on the continuity of adventures yet to be recorded. The next chapter is not liable to such objections.

CHAPTER IV.

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
The farmer ploughs the manor,
But glory is the sodger's prize,
The sodger's wealth is honor.—BURNS.

Cleop.—Bearest thou her face in mind? is it
Long or round?—SHAKS.

Immediately after the surrender of Charleston, it was determined by the commander-in-chief, and other officers, to avoid all circumstances calculated to wound the pride or estrange the affections of the colonists from the mother country. It was well known that Sir William Howe had been charged by the friends of the king as having essentially contributed to render the breach more lasting by his cruelties and want of common kindness toward his prisoners. In order, therefore, to show a practical spirit of conciliation—to heal up differences and assuage the harassed feelings—re-unite ancient friendships, and give a new aspect to political affairs, a grand Conciliation Ball was projected. It was intended to mark the era of a return to friendship, and bring together those who had not met for years. A general invitation was extended to the principal inhabitants of the country, without distinction of parties. This was done to avoid rousing the lurking suspicions of the rebels. Several of the managers were selected from those who belonged to their ranks; having previously consulted the wishes of many of the

most respectable citizens in the city and country.

Thus cautiously fortified by the advice and concurrence of many of the Whigs, the leaders of the opposite party did not fail to use the fact to induce many to give their countenance to a general return to the royal cause. The broken chain between the mother and the daughter was again to be united. Past calamities and quarrels were to be cast into oblivion. It did not require much forecast to predict that many would seize such an opportunity to avow their total abandonment of the continental Congress, and to show to the leaders their new found zeal for their lawful sovereign.

That which is seen in the natural atmosphere, was seen in the moral: the mighty commotion overcoming and sweeping every thing in its train. It is true, that in the latter, as is seen in the former case, there stood some solitary exceptions—stern and stubborn spirits, which, like the tough oaks of the forest, would not bend to the tempest.

The royal commissioners did not fail to make due efforts to induce those who came to the ball to join them in their designs. Perhaps they were sincere in their solemn declarations and proclamations at the time they were made; but subsequent counsels, or pretended discoveries of the insincerity of some of the Whig leaders, (which was alledged afterwards as the cause,) determined them to pursue a course neither expected by the inhabitants, nor justifiable under the strictest rules of war.

The prevalence of the opinion that the war of resistance was at an end, was so general, that, as has already been stated, most of the inhabitants of the south yielded up the contest as fruitless. They believed that it would be downright madness to make further resistance. Men who had not met for years, except in battle array, prepared to meet as friends. Families, once familiar, essayed to reunite in friendship. Feuds and animosities were to be offered up on the altar of conciliation. The dormant and frozen feelings, like the flowers kept enchained by lengthened and uncongenial winters, burst forth in sudden and unexpected vigor and maturity.

Among the officers connected with the British forces, who had distinguished themselves for bravery and zeal, was Theodoric Gant. He was the third son of a respectable family in England; his nobility was traceable in a long line of ancestry. But the English laws of primogeniture, so just-

ly obnoxious to the colonies, and to the younger sons of the old country, with the frittering process which numerous relations make in an estate, left our young officer with nothing but a good constitution, a fair name, an excellent education, and his commission in the invading army against the rebels.

It was the good or bad fortune of Theodorick Gant to have formed an intimate friendship with Major Stephen Notwood and his lady. The latter was a niece of Col. Conway, and had married at an early and inexperienced age. The attachment was sudden, and formed solely from ardent affection, against the advice of her friends and a widowed mother. But the tender passion was so firm, and the opposition so strong, that an elopement consummated the marriage. That happened in this case which does in most others of the kind—the most clamorous were the first to forgive and forget; whilst the names of those whose sympathies were excited and commiseration expressed towards the insulted dignity of the parent and friends, were handed over as the real opponents and secret detractors of the unknown worth and talents of the forgiven and much-beloved son-in-law.

Mrs. Notwood was a good wife, and would have made a happy one, had any other gentleman married her. She followed the fashions quietly; visited the sick, partly from duty, and partly from curiosity. She was the mother of two children, and was passionately fond of them and her husband's friends; whilst she believed her husband the most perfect man then in existence. He was the very reverse of his wife. He was tall and remarkably handsome; his dark hair fell plentifully over a high and well developed forehead. His beaming black eyes spoke volumes. His melodious voice, which he knew how to modulate, and a fine form assisted in setting off the exterior of a perfect gentleman. He had the features of intelligence and candor; no man was better calculated to deceive his enemies, entrap his friends, and accomplish his designs. Quick, cunning and respectful—he could assume the indifference of an anchorite, or the coolness of a stoic. Wo to the listener who fell under his glozing tongue, or yielded to his melting appeals; what argument failed to do address and art accomplished. He attached himself with ardor to the royalists, and found his reward in a Major's commission. He was held in great estimation by his party, and had no small share in directing

the temper and tone of the several proclamations and circulars which were sent forth. Nay, several were supposed to have emanated from his pen. He was an Englishman by birth, and although his parents left him a helpless orphan, yet he rose alone by his own industry and abilities to his present station.

Miss Cathena Conway, already mentioned in a preceding chapter, was, at the time of the ball, on a visit to her relatives. She had seen but little of general society, owing to the troubles and dangers of the war. Major Notwood had been at the pains of sending his wife partly on the way to meet her, in order that she might be at the ball, and spend a few days with his family. Her father, although sensible of the deficiency of his daughter in a proper knowledge of society, seriously opposed her visit, being unwilling to lose the pleasure of her company. He was willing, for his own private enjoyment, to sacrifice, in some degree, the future happiness of his daughter. But the entreaties of Cathena, and the potent determination of Mrs. Conway, seconded by the arguments and advice of her governess, who prudently withheld them until she ascertained the unalterable decree of her patroness, were successful.

Who has not taken a hand in that universal game, at which all play, a marriage affair? that every-day occurrence. What pains are taken! what lengths are gone by those who have not the remotest interest, except that arising from the momentary excitement! Who has not spent days and hours in match-making?—at once the most thriftless in gratitude, and the most fruitful in engendering bitter animosities and lasting enmities—of all the pursuits which idleness or curiosity could fall upon. Who has escaped the contagious example, full of secret advice and ill-disguised arrangements to get the intended lovers together? the suppression of offensive words, and the addition of favorable ones; surmises on the leanings of parents and guardians, leading the unsuspecting lover blindfold into disappointment, or the confiding girl into hopes which are never to be realized. Sporting with her happiness, and breaking with a rude hand the tender cords of the heart. It were well if those who engage so warmly in love affairs, solely for the pleasurable excitement which they produce, could be induced to consult the future happiness of the parties, as well as the feelings of parents and friends.

“Well, my dear fellow,” said Major Notwood to his friend, “I have promised

the Carolinian that you should be introduced to her this evening at my house."

"How unfortunate!" exclaimed Gant—"I am engaged to attend Miss Dashwood and the exquisite Mrs. Armond to the ball; I should have been delighted to go round and offer my services to her, and introduce myself under her auspices to the brilliant scene; but is she a Republican, a Whig, or a Tory?"

"If she takes after her spirited mother," said Notwood, "she is as stanch as the best loyalist at St. James's. But if after the father, why she is neutral—milk and water!—but never fear, she has already declared for equality and independence, and that may be ominous of the temper of her mind to weigh matters for herself."

"But you know the poet says," replied Gant, as he parted with Notwood,

"The course of true love never did run smooth."

CHAPTER V.

The long carousal shakes the illumin'd hall,
Well speeds alike the banquet and the ball,
And the gay dance of bounding beauty's train
Links grace and harmony in happiest chain.
It is a sight the careful brow might smooth,
And make age smile, and dream itself to youth,
And youth forget such hour was past on earth,
So springs the exulting bosom to that mirth.

BYRON.

Who has not been to a ball?—the brilliant and gorgeous pageant where beauty presides! Who has not felt his heart softened, and his ills and melancholy assuaged by the notes of the floating music? Who has not forgotten, in the thrilling scene, the cares and misfortunes of life? and deemed, amidst the revelry and joyous exultation of excited feelings, that his happiness was enlarged, and that he had found the scenes of unalloyed bliss? Alas! that the delusion is destined to vanish!—that it is wrong to dream, to act in defiance of the admonitions of the good and the discreet counsels of the wise!

The floating drapery—the bounding spring of exulting beauty—the glowing features and rosy smile—the thrilling touch—the softened and balmy whisper—the sigh of love—the laughing eye—speaking its language of hope, with all the gracefulness of motion; and all the appliances of innocent mirth were seen, felt, and enjoyed, at the grand conciliation ball.

The evening was mild, and the air elastic—the unclouded sky twinkled with stars—and the moon teemed with mellow light

—the steeples glittered in splendor, and the wide expanded bay, unruffled by a breeze, lay like a sparkling mirror—whilst the glancing light of the sentinel's bayonet betrayed his movements, as he paced to and fro on his post of duty. It was one of those rare nights, when sleep flies from the eyes, as if conscious that the brief and transient moments were too precious to be lost in the gross enjoyment of mental inaction—when the sublimated feelings look up to the sky, and attempt to pierce its sparkling canopy, or trace out the future destiny of the immortal part of man—a night when conscience whispers its mildest admonitions freed from its gorgon terrors—when love is pure and spotless, and seeks some star to worship as its divinity.

It would be impossible to describe the interior of the ball-room. Every thing calculated to wound the pride, or revive ancient grudges, and more recent recollections of an unpleasant nature, had been carefully avoided. Splendid chandeliers were suspended, and shed a thousand hues and tints from their prismatic glasses. Festoons of vines and flowers decorated the room, and paintings, commemorative of the occasion, were suspended conspicuously in the hall.

Great pains had been taken to procure a good band of music; the army and theatre having furnished their best performers.

The banqueting room, if possible, was more splendidly decorated than the other. Both parties had volunteered some of their costly and rich wares and plate for the occasion. Old and long hidden wines emerged from their unbroken darkness, to be pledged in a health to beauty, or a huge bumper to renewed friendship.

At an early hour the hall was lighted up, and the splendid carriages and vehicles wheeled rapidly up under the animated guidance of jovial and well dressed servants; the occasional crack of the whip which escaped unconsciously from the exuberant gush of feelings of the coachman; the laugh of servants and boys in the streets; the hasty and buoyant step of the gay belles and beaux as they approached—all announced that the hour for the commencement of the ball had arrived.

Major Notwood, accompanied by Cathena, came rather later than most of the company; the ladies being determined not to be unfashionable.—After some little difficulty at the doors, they succeeded in making good their entrance into the ball-room.

It was in a blaze of splendor. The notes of the music reverberated from every angle

of the room. The beauty and fashion of the city and country had congregated—and the rich and brilliant jewelry of the ladies—sparkling knee-buckles and gay knee-ribbons of the gentlemen, were in unison with the life and animation of the scene.

A few of the Whig ladies, who had, heretofore, obstinately refused to mingle with the British and loyalists, while their brothers and fathers, or friends, were in arms or in prison, now that a more honorable and liberal course had been adopted, were induced, through the entreaties of many of the most influential officers of the British army, and many of the Whigs then on parole, to grace with their presence the splendid assembly.

The usual restraint and stiffness of demeanor, as if by mutual consent, were thrown aside. The officers of both armies retained barely enough of their national costume to be known, not wishing to excite any unpleasant feelings by the display of their respective military dresses.

The party of Miss Conway was approached by a rich though plainly dressed gentleman; his uniform indicated that he belonged to the royal army. He was rather over the middle size in height, with a sedate and rather a stubborn cast of features. His air was that of one conscious of superiority and accustomed to command. He appeared to be in the prime and vigor of life. It was Lord Cornwallis, who, after an introduction to Miss Conway, condescended to lead her off in the next dance. She blushed and declined, somewhat confusedly, alledging as an excuse, that she was not sufficiently acquainted with the peculiar figures of the dance. He passed on to other groups with the same air of dignity and careless indifference.

"Yonder is Sir Henry Clinton, arm-in-arm with his late prisoner; why, the Republican must be turning his coat! they are coming to us," said Notwood to the ladies.

A round, short, jovial looking man, richly dressed, with sparkling large eyes, fair complexion, round face, high and full forehead, now came up, with a very graceful and somewhat tall young man hanging on his arm. "Upon my honor," exclaimed Sir Henry, "I am glad to see you, Major Notwood, and I take great pleasure in giving you an opportunity of becoming acquainted with my particular friend, Mr. Julian Onslow."

The two gentlemen were severally introduced to Miss Conway and Mrs. Not-

wood. Sir Henry passed on evidently in high spirits, greeting his acquaintances, and making himself agreeable to the numerous strangers with whom he mingled.

"I am extremely happy to see you out, Onslow," said the fashionable Notwood, "I was fearful that your republican scruples, and your harsh treatment, would have induced you to forego the pleasure of the conciliation ball; but I am glad to know that you have a soul too large to yield to malice, when your country is to receive the benefit of the sacrifice. The patriot has to yield his private wrongs when the public weal is at stake. Your noble example will no doubt have a salutary influence on the conduct of others. I hope, sir, we shall be more intimate friends, now that the olive branch comes between the sword and the dagger."

Julian only made a bow of assent.

"You find Sir Henry affable and kind," continued the speaker; "no doubt he regrets the course he pursued towards you. I have been at some pains to change the course of our foreign friends towards our opponents here; and, sir, without boasting to your face, I have had some little agency in the procurement of your enlargement."

"Then," said Julian with surprise, "I am indebted to you for such disinterested and gratuitous kindness? I shall never cease to retain a proper sense of the great obligation which I owe you."

"No obligation, my dear Onslow; but, sir, let me bespeak your attention to the ladies; for I must not be outdone by Sir Henry. He seems the lord of the ascendant. He passes from group to group, infusing his own happy feelings and spirit of good fellowship in the assembly. "But look," continued Notwood, "yonder is the gruff and stubborn Maj. Walden; the last man in Carolina that I thought would have come here. The war is ended; peace will be restored; the spirit of revolt and retaliation must be over."

Sir Henry Clinton now came forward and led off the next set spiritedly, with Mrs. Notwood. Cathena soon afterwards, with some degree of timidity, ventured to request Julian to see her to a different part of the room. "I think," said she, "I caught a glimpse of my uncle and brother."

Julian complied most cheerfully, saying to his fair companion, "Be so good, Miss Conway, as to point out your relatives to me, and I will attempt to make a way through the crowd to them."

"They are near us now," replied Cathena; "I see they are busily engaged in

conversation; the gentleman now speaking to Lord Cornwallis is my uncle Micajah Walden; the youth on his right is my brother Edward."

"My lord," said the gentleman pointed out by Miss Conway as her uncle, sufficiently loud to be heard, "this is my nephew, Edward Conway."

"I am," said his lordship taking Edward by the hand, "extremely glad to meet with the son of Col. Conway; your father has had the prudence never to have been found in arms against the cause of justice, and the appearance here to-night of so many men of worth, all uniting in one common purpose, augurs a happy and amicable adjustment of all our present difficulties."

"I differ with your lordship," said Major Walden, his face flushed with excitement, and his features assuming a stern and angry appearance, "as to the side of justice; but let that pass. The contest on our part is soon over, unless we are driven to the wall; and to-morrow, with the conditions specified in the proclamation, I shall take my parole as a prisoner of war."

"Why not as a subject of the king?" asked Notwood, who had been anxiously watching the conversation."

"Because, sir, I have the poor alternative of a choice; and I choose a parole," replied Major Walden, evidently chafed by the question.

Lord Cornwallis was anxious to divert the conversation from the unpleasant turn it had taken; for he perceived that he had touched a jarring chord and that Major Notwood had still further added to its dissonance. "Where is your excellent neighbor, Col. Grayson? I had expected to have seen him to-night," said his lordship.

"I know nothing of him," replied the Major, biting his lip and knitting together his dark shaggy eyebrows, into a frown of ill repressed discontent. Edward gently held the arm of his uncle, answering the question of Lord Cornwallis.

"Our neighbor, I understand, is in bad health, and his daughter's recent arrival from the north, have both, I apprehend, contributed to prevent his attendance here."

"What right, sir," exclaimed his uncle, "have you to know any thing of Col. Grayson's affairs?"

"No right whatever, my dear uncle," replied Edward, "except to state what I have heard."

"Yes! yes!" replied the Earl, determined not to notice the ill humor of the one, or the embarrassment of the other, "I recollect Miss Grayson; she came round

with our late troops from New York, in company with Mrs. Arbuckle, and her sister Mrs. Armond."

Julian, who had been an attentive listener to the above conversation, suddenly became agitated. "I believe," said he to Miss Conway, "I must find you a seat, I have become nervous from the crowded room." Edward, who had discovered his sister, drew his uncle from the group, where he was so unpleasantly harassed, and came immediately to her.

Cathena, without waiting for a salutation, exclaimed, "My dear brother, do attend to Mr. Onslow; I fear he is quite ill; he looks pale, and trembles, as if he were unable to find a seat without assistance."

"No sir, no sir!" said Julian, confusedly, "I am not sick, a little fresh air will restore me," and he turned towards the door; but before he had time to reach it, he had measurably recovered from his inexplicable sensation; for the exertions he had to make in the crowd in order to reach the door, which led to a spacious garden, and the delay necessary to allow sufficient room to the dancers whilst turning in their figures, gave him time for a little reflection; and if the sudden nervousness did not arise from bodily indisposition, was well calculated to give time for his recovery.

The meeting of Cathena with her relatives, was sufficiently emphatic to attract the attention of Captain Gant and some female friends.

"What girl is that, Captain Gant?" asked one of the ladies. "She will fall into spasms."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Arbuckle, "I think, Miss Dashwood, you are right, but let me recommend you to take lessons in pantomime from her; she certainly is frantic; look, she will eat up that awkward gawky by her side."

"Heavens, look!" said Miss Dashwood, "her hands must be bloodshot, from the hearty shake that old bachelor gave them."

Capt. Gant needed no intimation to look; he had already noticed Cathena whilst hanging on the arm of Julian; and knew that she was the fair cousin of Mrs. Notwood; and had been gazing with rather an unwonted abstraction on her beautiful countenance. He was almost ready to contradict abruptly the opinions and declarations of the two ladies; but he was relieved by Mrs. Armond, who expostulatingly said, "Why, sister, she is the most beautiful girl I have seen to-night from the country: and if you were not present, my dear Miss Dashwood, I would say even

from the city. Aha! Julian, come this way; do tell us what beautiful young lady you have been escorting to-night? Why, the contagion has already taken with him; he is deaf and dumb! I say, Mr. Onslow, tell us the name of the fair stranger."

"Do excuse me," said Julian, "I was endeavoring to get to the fresh air, and did not notice your question; her name is Miss Conway, and she is a cousin to the wife of Maj. Notwood."

"How pale you look!" said Mrs. Armond with surprise; "do take my salts—yes, get to the open air; do take my arm, the crowd will more readily let you pass."

In a few minutes Julian had greatly recovered, and found himself walking alone with the young and beautiful Mrs. Julia Armond. "I hope you are not sick," she said with the most enchanting earnestness.

"No," he replied, "I am only nervous from the overheated room—or"

"Or what, my dear Julian? was Miss Conway an old acquaintance? had you just met?"

"You are mistaken, my dear madam; I never saw her before to-night. I thank you for your goodness; I am much better."

"Oh my dearest friend, I am delighted to hear that you are better, I have been much alarmed; I can now enjoy the walk. What a lovely night! how cool and serene is the air! My dear Julian, your heart beats; I can hear it throb! throb! throb! I know you are ill; let me feel your pulse; how your hand trembles! Do let us return to the house; for I am certain that you are very ill."

"Oh no, my dear Mrs. Armond, you are mistaken; I am not sick; I assure you I am not; but I have heard and seen enough to-night to put a heart under the very ribs of death."

"But, Julian, I know you will not deceive me; are you not engaged to St. Ille Grayson?"

"By Heavens! you will run me mad. I am not stock nor stone; why send dagger after dagger to my heart; do let me entreat you to cease such questions."

"Dear Julian, don't be angry. I certainly believe you; come, let us walk to yonder rose bush, presenting its blushing flowers to the sweet moon beams."

"But stop, look at that windmill tossing its arms in the air, like sheeted ghosts! Are you afraid of ghosts, Julian?"

He felt his arm more closely pressed; a beautiful and confiding young widow by moonlight, splendidly decorated for the ball, leaving all its gayety, to walk with a young

soldier, without friends or fortune, and now closely clinging as if alarmed, to him for protection.

"Why, my dearest Julia," (Julian had some how or other caught the endearing language of his beautiful companion) "what-ever gave you such an idea?"

"Because I saw something like a ghost at the foot of the garden!"

"Come, Julia, don't be alarmed; it is only a glancing leaf of the palma christi in the moonlight, or some straggler from the heated ball room."

"No, see! see!" said she, clinging still more closely to his arm.

"My dearest Julia, don't be frightened," whispered Julian. "I see them; they are gentlemen, and have flung their handkerchiefs over their heads."

"Let us avoid them," said the fair companion of Julian, still hesitating a belief.

An arbor of the willow rose, and a large cluster of shrubs effectually screened them from observation.

"I tell you, Sir Henry," said one of the persons, who had stopped on the other side of the arbor from Julian, "you see it was the right policy to get them committed; we have got them to lay down their arms; let us force them into our ranks. Now is the time to act, we have already spent our time, men and money; done violence to our consciences, and all for naught."

"Very true, Major Notwood, but what is the plan to be pursued?"

"It is a safe, and simple one, Sir Henry; confiscate the property of the d—d rebels;—exact a reasonable compensation for our trouble and expenses from our neutral friends. They dare not refuse, nor complain. Lord Rawdon and Col. Clannagan are of the same opinion with myself; I am willing to begin first with my own relatives."

"But, my dear Major, we have offered them pardon and protection."

"True; but let them enrol themselves, and assist in their own protection. Let me tell you that these brawlers for liberty and equality will become troublesome, unless they are kept down. I know Sumpter and Marion too well. Horry and Bucklebelt, and even Walden, although here to-night, will rise at the first gleam of success."

"But I will see Walden," said Sir Henry, "and pledge him to our cause or at least to assist us in keeping down all rebellion. His presence here to-night augurs well, and he is related to Col. Conway."

"It will be useless," replied Notwood, for he is as ungovernable and as surly as a

bear; and seems ready to quarrel even now, about oppression, and has all the cant of the republican demagogues."

Julian had heard enough, and was now more anxious than ever to escape the observation of the two friends. He softly whispered, "Do, my dear Julia, let us return to the house."

"Not yet; oh! I am so relieved; I thought I knew the figure—I thought it was the ghost or the person of my dear husband."

"Was his name Cornelius?" asked Julian, "had he a commission in Grey's regiment?"

"Yes! yes! do you know any thing of him? do unravel the mystery which hangs over his fate! do tell me; is he alive? is he dead? speak, Julian!"

A wild shriek announced the agitation of her mind; and she fell lifeless in the arms of Julian; who, alarmed and confused, was about conveying her to the house, when the two officers, who were still near, heard the shriek and rushed from behind the arbor.

"How is this? What is the matter?—By Heavens," said Sir Henry, "if you have insulted her," seeing that Julian hesitated and stammered, whilst he gazed on the pale and immovable features rivaling the whiteness and purity of the moon beams, that fell distinctly on them, as she lay apparently lifeless.

"You need make no insinuations; you shall make none," replied Julian; "I will appeal to the lady's own account," he continued, evidently embarrassed and agitated.

"That must be at the bar of God," said Notwood, taking hold of her motionless hand and attempting to find a pulse.

"Oh my God!" said Julian, "she is not dead. He seized her arm and said with agitation "No! no! no! her pulse beats, do feel, Sir Henry."

"Oh my dear Julian," whispered the pale and languid fair one, "did they hear me shriek?—did I shriek aloud, Julian?"

"Go for her sister, Major Notwood; I really do not know what to do," said Sir Henry anxiously.

"Oh! is that you, Sir Henry?—then you have seen my weakness; do, my dear Sir Henry, call him back; do not disturb the whole ball room. It was only a fright, a nervous attack," said Mrs. Armond; springing on her feet suddenly from the bed of thyme and chamomile flowers, on which she had been placed.

Julian attempted to call Major Notwood back at her request, but it was too late;

Miss Dashwood and Mrs. Arbuckle had already heard a vague account of the matter from a servant maid, who, hearing the cry of alarm, had overheard the conversation between Julian and Sir Henry. But ere they could arrive at the spot, Mrs. Julia Armond had adjusted her hair, and had taken hold of the arm of Sir Henry, ready to proceed back to the ball room.

CHAPTER VI.

As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,
Twinkling another counterfeited beam,
So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.
KING HENRY VI.

Mrs. Julia Armond having entirely recovered from the sudden and alarming indisposition noticed in the last chapter, entered the dancing room leaning on the arm of Sir Henry Clinton. She seemed to be in unwonted high spirits. As the rainbow gilds the brow of the receding cloud, so smiles and blushes played on the beautiful features so lately distorted with contending emotions. To those who knew her, they proved that a tempest had passed over the serenity of her mind, but to the gay and mixed crowd of revellers intent on pleasure, her buoyancy and the heightened flush only showed off more completely the elasticity of her step and the beauty of her features.

"Who is that leaning on the arm of Sir Henry, and surrounded by so many anxious to be noticed by her, or to get an opportunity of looking at her? Do tell me, Mrs. Notwood," whispered Major Walden loud enough for every person to hear him. "I swear she is the most beautiful woman I have seen in twenty years! What a form! what an eye! single or married? I will never leave the room until I dance with her, although I have long since forsworn the amusement."

"You must not perjure yourself, Major," replied Mrs. Notwood, "and as it has been twenty years I fear you will be a little awkward."

"Oh as to the oath, it was only for the want of an opportunity, and as to my age, I am not yet mustered amongst the old men."

"Nor even amongst hopeless old bachelors, yet; I am glad to hear you speak of the beauty of the sex; it proves that there is a magic in an eye. No doubt you feel what you say; you shall dance yourself, and Mrs. Armond, into love. Come, Major,

continued Mrs. Notwood taking him by the hand, "you shall go and be introduced, for I fear that you meditate a retreat, judging from the respectful distance you have so studiously observed towards the ladies to-night."

Unfortunately for the Major, the fair hand was already engaged for the next dance. "Will you favor me then so far as to dance the next set with me?" asked the disconcerted Major.

"I am engaged with Earl Cornwallis."

"Perhaps then I may claim the next afterwards, if you will not be too much exhausted by so many engagements."

"I am sorry to say that it will be then, as now; I am engaged to dance with Sir Henry Clinton."

The music struck up;—Julian led out Mrs. Armond, Capt. Gant had prevailed on Miss Conway, who agreed to join in a contra-dance; whilst Miss Dashwood had caused him to engage Edward Conway for her partner. Major Walden turned on his heel and almost cursed his bad fortune and efforts, and a ray of momentary displeasure flashed over his brow, as Julian dashed merrily around in the joyous circle with his young and beautiful partner.

How shall I describe thee, Julia Armond?

"An angel's form 's fall'n to thy share."

With a rich profusion of glossy hair, a complexion where the rose and the lily mingle so gently, that their colors cannot be separated; a soft speaking blue eye, quenching its quick fires; in the mild tears ever ready to bedew the cheek of the unfortunate; Wo! to the gazer, who looked too long on the silken fringe-work that broke its radiance. The animated mouth, ever ready to smile, or to give utterance to the most bewitching sounds.

"Her lips are like the cherries ripe,
That sunny walls from Boreas screen,
They tempt the taste, and charm the sight."

Who can describe that living intelligence, that compels the beholder to look? To recollect! Yes! recollect in daydreams! And in distant lands to see thee in the visions of night! To wake and find thee gone, though fixed forever in his memory! Sweet Julia Armond! Who could forget thy melancholy loveliness of countenance?—the inexplicable thrill which thy soft melodious voice produced? The victim which plays within the charmed circle, and looks on the fascinating gaze of its painted destroyer—the fabled bird that woos the moon and feeds on its silver beams, are not more enraptured—are not more enthralled. Come hither,

my little cherub! Sweet Mary! My dearest daughter! Come, say papa! Kiss me, sweetest—what a beaming eye! See—the transparent skin; the beautiful veins, now rising, now hiding like the gentle rill amidst a bed of roses and violets. Emblem of innocence!—of health and beauty!—Julia Armond! whoever saw thee without thinking of a child! a daughter! the gem of stainless purity!!

Julian having seated his partner sought an opportunity of speaking in private to Maj. Walden.

"I have," said he, "a matter of some importance for your ear."

"Very well, sir—out with it!" was the gruff reply.

"It must be private—walk with me," said Julian, gently taking hold of the full strong arm of his unwilling follower. After reaching a shade made by the house, he said—

"I hope, Major Walden, there is no necessity for an excuse, especially as the matter mainly concerns yourself, and I have but little time to consume."

"And I less to hear," replied the impatient listener.

Julian did not deem it necessary to break off the conference.

"Where are Marion and Sumpter?"

"I do not know."

"It is time that you did, for you stand upon a precipice. You abandon the continental Congress for pleasure, whilst your comrades and countrymen are exiles, or seek safety in swamps and morasses. Beware of a promise of neutrality! beware of a parole! You will not observe it."

"Stop, sir," exclaimed Walden, highly irritated, "how dare you to question my motives or my conduct? Leave my presence, instantly!"

Several persons hearing the angry words of Major Walden, who stood shaking with rage, ran to him. Inquiry was made as to the cause of the insult, but Julian had walked off, unwilling to disturb the assembly, or unnecessarily encounter a frantic man, who was in no fit mood to hear an explanation, even if he had been disposed to attempt one.

Gant and Notwood, judging that Major Walden had been insulted by a person who appeared there under suspicious circumstances, immediately ordered the soldiers, or rather the guards, to arrest him.

Sir Henry and Edward Conway both came out to the spot, where the crowd had gathered.

"What is the matter, Major Walden?" asked Sir Henry.

"Nothing is the matter, Sir Henry Clinton, only an old Whig has been attempted to be circumvented; plans have been laid to implicate me. If my neck is worth the rope it will take to stretch it, why here it is, sir! Is this the amnesty? the pacification?"

Sir Henry, not exactly relishing the direct allusion to his friends, or to himself, turned off. Julian, in the mean while, perceiving that an arrest had taken place, and not wishing that an innocent person should suffer, nor to shrink from a proper responsibility, walked up and deliberately acknowledged that he was the person of whom Major Walden complained—saying to those present—

"I am responsible for what I said to the testy gentleman, and if any person wishes to resent or question my conduct, I pledge myself to give him proper satisfaction."

"I am the person who claims the right to settle the matter—"

"You have no right, Edward, to enter into such arrangements here," said Notwood, "although I admire the readiness you exhibit to take off one of your Whig friends."

"I have this explanation to make," said Julian, "to Major Walden and his nephew, who may take it for what it is worth. I did not intend to insult Major Walden, far from it. I had my own private reasons for wishing to converse with him; but I find he has wholly misunderstood my intentions."

Notwood and Gant exerted themselves to bring about an understanding of the matter, but Major Walden started to his lodgings, telling Edward to let the vagabond spy alone. Edward, however, professed to be fully satisfied, the intimation that Julian had been a Whig having a considerable influence in causing an adjustment of the difficulty.

Maj. Notwood immediately seized the arms of Edward and Julian, and walked into an adjoining room, which was crowded with players at all kinds of games.

"We will go halves, young gentlemen."

Julian declined, and Edward positively refused.

"Well," continued Notwood, "I must let you off, Edward; for my aunt would never forgive me if she were to find out that her good nephew had seduced her son into a gaming-house. But Julian—by St. George! you shall play."

"I am ignorant of the game, and what is a surer safeguard, I am entirely out of funds."

"I will play and pay, or rather win for both. You shall play—I'll take no excuse. None of your puritanical squeamishness here, my good fellow!"

"I will not sponge on you, Major Notwood—you must excuse me. I will return with Mr. Conway to the ball-room."

"Stay, Julian—I have staked heavily on the luck of your countenance. You must stay!"

Notwood won.

"Look! I bet in the pot; and here's to us, as they say in the country—'good pot luck!'"

"There!" exclaimed Julian, who had become interested—"won again! Major Notwood, I'll look half the night to get such luck for a friend."

"Well," said Notwood, "lay down yourself—perhaps you will be as lucky on the king. I know you are opposed to his majesty over the water—but try him here."

Julian refused, and Notwood threw down on the king. It won—he let it lie. It doubled—it still lay—and it doubled again!

"Take half," said Notwood.

"No," replied Julian.

"You shall hold these," said Notwood, thrusting several pieces of gold into the hands of Julian.

"Come, captain—the love-sick captain—I'll try you in partnership awhile. Come, give me some of your lucky looks."

"No more of your partnerships," said the red whiskered dealer. "Simon Snyder can't play against all the luck and heads of the two armies—but down with your metal. I'll not take the damned continental trash—take it up! I'll not be fooled with it! There—there! I have won."

"You have slipped a card," said Notwood. "Did you see the knave slip it under his thigh?"

"Go on, sir," said the dealer, "I'll try you a few more turns."

Notwood played high. He lost. He called on Julian, who gave him every cent back.

"Here," said Notwood, "on each of these four cards I place my stakes, and I will lose all, or break the bank."

"You have won," said the dealer; "damn the luck!"

"I'll parallee on each," said Notwood, coolly.

"You have won again," said the dealer, "take up your money."

"I'll press on each again," said Notwood.

"Then, by G—d! I'm broke!" exclaimed the dealer—"and you have not acted fairly. I will not pay the last."

"You shall! you lying scoundrel!" exclaimed Notwood.

Snyder returned the lie, and drew out a pistol—and firing it at Notwood, sprung out of the window, after seizing what funds he could gather from the other tables, and in the confusion and uproar, made his escape.

The ladies were alarmed at the noise and confusion. The guard ran in, and amidst the consternation and general rush of those in the gaming-room into the ball-room, the whole party was thrown into disorder, and each gentleman sought his wife, daughter, or female friend, to see her safe at home, out of the scene of uproar and danger.

The banquet is over—the beauty and fashion are gone; gay hearts and smiling faces are not now to be seen; the music is hushed; the happy are not there; the brilliant conciliation ball has passed away, like the gorgeous drapery of an autumnal evening's glowing sunset.

"Captain Gant, what has become of your recent convert to allegiance? I fear the confusion of the night may disturb her political opinions, and her new-found predilections for some of his majesty's representatives at the ball."

"Upon my word, Miss Dashwood," replied Gant, who was attending her and Mrs. Arbuckle from the ball, "I fear myself that the disorder and confusion will give her a bad opinion of our cause."

"Ask me to the wedding," continued Miss Dashwood, "I'll be your bride-maid, provided you will marry her in the city, or order out a regiment of soldiers to guard us against a surprise from the rebels in the country."

"I do not woo by regiments nor proxies, and therefore cannot expect to wed in that way."

"I like her freshness of complexion and manners," said Mrs. Arbuckle; "we must call on this new divinity of Captain Gant's—this spy in the camp. I must not suffer a surprise, nor allow her to steal a march on you, Miss Dashwood. I fear that one of our guards has been wounded by a pair of soft blue eyes, and won over by a few smiles. What say you—guilty, or not guilty?"

"I hope I am not compelled to criminate myself," replied Gant.

Julian, in the confusion at the ball-room, had discovered that Mrs. Armond was without an attendant, and he immediately offered her his arm. They were some little distance behind the company whose conversation has just been noticed.

"I fear," said Julia, "that I have acted imprudently to-night. You do not know the interest I feel in your fate. It was I who caused my sister to join in obtaining your release from the vile confinement in the prison-ship, which sailed with us from New York. I even entreated Sir Henry Clinton myself to release and parole you."

"How," asked Julian, "did you know that there was such an unfortunate prisoner on board as I was?"

"I heard Miss Grayson ask Colonel Arbuckle if there was a prisoner by the name of Julian Onslow on board. She described you to me. She was extremely ill during the voyage. I became interested in you. I was anxious for your release, and finally I made the most pathetic appeals, and thus you have obtained your enlargement and your parole. Julian, look on me as a sister. I cannot tell why, but I feel a deep, a vital interest in your welfare. My dear Julian (for so I will call you,) do grant me one request."

"Any thing, my dearest friend," said Julian, "I will most cheerfully grant," evidently moved by what he had heard.

"Oh! Julian—you are so kind; but the—the—I have not courage to name the subject now."

"Why not?" asked Julian, beginning to feel exceedingly awkward and embarrassed—"why not? If it is of Miss Grayson, I declare we are not now engaged."

"Not *now* engaged? then you *have* loved her! Ah, Julian! my happiness is forever blasted, unless you—I know you think me imprudent—the world—yes, the world might—Julian, I fear you blame me! You do not feel for my situation."

"My dearest Julia, my friend, my more than friend, I do not blame you. Speak freely, frankly—if it is of love, of friendship, even of marriage—wanderer, out-cast, and poor as I am, I will obey to the utmost of my abilities—I will assist you in accomplishing your wishes."

"Oh, Julian! you are so noble, so gentle—such a friend as I love; but I dare not trust myself, for fear you may attribute my conduct to motives which I dare not entertain. I will be more guarded in future."

Julian felt and heard the magic of a sigh—he looked in the face of his fair friend—she was in tears.

“I swear,” said Julian, “this must not be! Speak, Julia—you must speak out!”

“I will,” said Julia, convulsively; “can you tell me any thing of my husband—tell me, Julian?”

“Yes, I will say this—he is dead! I saw him breathe his last dying sigh.”

“Tell me, Julian,” said she, clenching his arm firmly, “did he fall by your hand?”

The last words fell like the hiss of the striking serpent on his ears. Julian hesitated.

“Speak the truth, Julian—before Heaven, I call on you! I have been told that you know all about his fate. Speak, I conjure you.”

“He did not! my dearest, Julia. No—no! I thank God, that I can say I waited on him faithfully, and helped to consign him to that house from whence no one returns. We fought on different sides, it is true; but he fell by another hand—an unknown one. His blood is not on me.”

Mrs. Arbuckle, noticing that her sister and Julian were behind, caused her companions to stop.

“Here,” she said, “Julia, take the arm of the sighing Captain, and let me ascertain whether Mr. Onslow has escaped the smiles and blushes of the southern belle.”

“My object,” said Mrs. Arbuckle, after she had made the proposed arrangement, “is to ascertain the precise understanding between Julia and yourself—the sick fit of yourself, the fainting scene in the garden, the whole of the circumstances from your first acquaintance to the present moment, demand a frank and candid development on your part to me her sister; I am her guardian; she is young, beautiful, and perhaps romantic in her views. I, therefore, have a right to know if there are any engagements between you. Have you made a declaration of your affection? has she acknowledged a reciprocal feeling?”

“I hope,” said Julian, greatly astonished, “that you do not think I have acted with any impropriety towards your sister or yourself, Mrs. Arbuckle?”

“I shall decline answering the question of the propriety or impropriety of your conduct until you answer the questions which I have a right to ask.”

“It gives me great pain to differ with you, madam,” said Julian; “but I shall decline answering all the questions, but

one—I am engaged to no lady, and do not expect to have either the good or bad fortune for many a long day.”

“Then, sir, I am to understand that you are not a suitor for the hand of Mrs. Armond?”

“By no means, madam; I dare not avow a higher or warmer sentiment than friendship or gratitude.”

“Indeed!” exclaimed Miss Dashwood, overhearing the words “friendship” and “gratitude”—“you are dealing with dangerous words there, Mr. Onslow; they are so apt to mean a more tender passion. Do they not, Julia?”

“I believe we have at last arrived at our rooms,” said Mrs. Armond, affecting not to hear the question, or willing not to notice it.

The two gentlemen having wished the ladies a good-night, retired to a hotel. They had not been long in bed, (having taken one together,) when they heard through the thin partition of a wall covered with a newspaper—the plastering having fallen off—the strong voice of Major Walden. They both recognized it at the same time.

“Who is that, this time of night?”

“It is I, uncle,” answered a low, cautious voice.

“Why, Edward, my son, come to bed. The rascally tavern keepers have put us together. It is a long while since I slept with you.”

“Never before, uncle—but I hope it will not be the last time.”

“What the devil are you afraid of, Edward, that you are whispering as if I was laboring under inflammation of the brain? I can’t see how you can be frolicking and carousing with these marauders and murderers—I cannot sleep for thinking of that impertinent spy, sent by the designing rascals to pick me. I would give a thousand pounds sterling to see Marion and Horry—yes, even to see Bucklebelt. To think of their insult! their attempt to circumvent me! to pump me! I’ll not endure such an affront!”

“Uncle! my dear uncle, you will rouse the whole house. You are not in the country, by your own fireside—you will be overheard.”

“Shall we let them know that they are already overheard?” asked Julian of Gant; for he was unwilling that the two Whigs should say any thing calculated to implicate themselves, although he had been so harshly noticed by Major Walden.

“No—no,” said Gant, “let them alone. They can do us no harm by giving utterance

to their thoughts, and I am sure I feel no disposition to take any undue advantage of what I may accidentally overhear between two relations, especially after such a splendid display of beauty and fashion, and such excellent wine, too," added Gant, half insinuating, by his chuckling emphasis, that he thought it had some little agency in the conversation then going on in the adjoining room.

"Well, my son, come close to me. My conscience tells me I have done wrong—there is a terrible storm brewing—can you mingle oil and water? can you screw down the pent up gas, without bursting the fragile receiver? I tell you, Edward, we are sleeping over a fired train! our cause is immortal! Our countrymen elsewhere, but in the South, are struggling manfully for victory; our firm and patriotic Congressmen are risking all for their country. We are supine—gulled by the charlatanry of a ball, by proclamations, paroles and protection. No! I'll not take a parole—I will not tie up my hands, for I swear I will strike as long as there are materials to oppose."

"But, uncle, where is the reason or virtue in resistance in a cause so lost and hopeless, as ours evidently is? Pardon and royal protection will bring the timid and the wavering together under the banner of the king. As regards myself, I am ready to lay down my life for my country; but I could never forgive myself if I were to hold out hopes to the gallant friends of liberty. I cannot think of plunging their families into all the horrors of want. The anguish of body and mind, the distress and blood of the confiding and unwary would fall on our heads—Heaven would not hold us guiltless."

"The brother of Miss Conway speaks good sense," whispered Gant.

"Aye, Edward," exclaimed Major Walden, "you speak like a Walden, worthy of your ancestors. I have misled you by coming here; we are taken in—deceived—we must leave this pestilential city—it smells rank with the fumes of revelry and the blood of freedom's martyrs. Fool that I am, to have shaken hands with such blood-stained monsters! What will the true hearts say, when they hear that I have mingled and feasted with their enemies? Alas! they will despise me; but I will die with them."

"And so will I," exclaimed Edward, "whenever and wherever I see a prospect of success. To the field or to the gibbet; whoever raises the standard shall have a

follower. Here, uncle, is the hand and the heart, aye, and the blood too, if necessary, for our country."

"Let me clasp thee in my arms," sobbed the affectionate uncle. "I knew the battle-cry would rouse the sleeping lightning in thy young veins. Alas! that Arthur Conway should hold alliance with our foes! I would rather have burned this right arm to the wrist, than to have gone to that ball and clasped the hands of my country's plunderers. The sight of them raised the dormant fires in me. The time will come—shall come, when the red bolt of retribution shall fall upon our oppressors. Sleep, Edward, and prepare thyself for the strife, and to spur up thy countrymen to break the dreams of protection. Their silken cords will be turned to scorpion stings of bondage! Sleep, my son—recruit thy strength from the exhaustion of vain rejoicings over the downfall of thy native State. Yes, we have sinned, my son, and may God give us time to atone for it, by acts worthy of the glorious cause. But to bed, Edward; for early—aye, by sunrise, we must leave the infected atmosphere of slaves."

Julian had listened with emotions of dread and pleasure. He hoped that Capt. Gant would not report the conversation; in fact he was evidently fast asleep several minutes before the ending of Major Walden's patriotic exhortation to his nephew. He longed for an opportunity to explain his reasons for his attempted advice at the ball-room. He was greatly rejoiced that there was nothing to be apprehended from the plot of Sir Henry and Notwood against the allegiance of this stout-hearted Whig.

Julian rose early from his short repose, and barely had time to explain to Edward, that most of the conversation of himself and uncle had been overheard. "As regards myself it is sacred," he said, as he shook Edward by the hand.

"Of course," replied Edward, "and from Capt. Gant we have nothing to apprehend; but I spoke my sentiments, come what may."

CHAPTER VII.

His calm, broad, thoughtless aspect breathed repose—
CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

Julio. But think you 'tis a fault to be found sober?
Grac. It is capital treason.

MASSINGER'S DUKE OF MILAN.

After the departure of Major Walden and his nephew from Charleston, nothing worthy of record transpired until the even-

ing of the second day; when, as they approached a low, dingy looking house, with a large sign board on which was written "The Blue House—Entertainment for Man and Beast, by Hez. Higginbotham," the following conversation occurred:—

"What say you, Edward—shall we put up at the Blue House, or go on further? I know Higginbotham is a Tory; but his wife, from all that I can learn, is disposed to favor our cause. She is cousin to Lieutenant Coldfire, and that is some evidence of her leanings."

"Perhaps we can do no better to-night, uncle," was the brief reply of Edward.

Our travelers rode up, and before they had asked for lodgings, were met by the landlord, and accosted somewhat in the following strain:—

"Light, gentlemen—walk in and take seats; never mind your horses; I'll have them well taken care of—I never neglect a traveler's horse; it is more important to attend to it than the owner—though I do my best, which is but poorly these hard times; but, thank God, none has ever starved yet; but I don't know how soon if the wars keep up—yes, gentlemen, your horses shall be attended to, and that well—so soon as my two sons, Sammy and Davy, and my hostler Sawney gets back from the field. Upon my word, did not expect you this evening, or they should have been in place. There, waiter, just hitch them to the rack—they will stand. Walk in, gentlemen—quite sultry for the season—excellent for crops—grass begins to look very bold." Will we have an excellent crop year?—very sickly, I fear, for there are so many insects—and Doctor Stringhalt, I understand, says no better evidence of a doctor's harvest—though I can't complain of their bills. I can't get a squash, cucumber, pumpkin, or mush-millions to grow for the plaguy insects;—what's the news, gentlemen?—have any thing to drink, gentlemen, after your ride?—perhaps you would prefer a fire—have one as soon as the boys get back—can't think what makes them stay. I think I saw you both, gentlemen, two weeks ago, as Col. Tarleton and Col. Cruger passed up into the interior."

"In company with whom did you say, sir?" asked Major Walden, who had become somewhat annoyed already with his host.

"With Col. Tarleton and Col. Cruger, gentlemen."

"It is not the fact, sir."

"Beg pardon, gentlemen—meant no of-

fence—yes, a mistake—they were less like gentlemen, and more talking. Will your horses stand together, all three—I've plenty of stalls by turning mine out and belling them—they are apt to pester the neighbors, but I can hobble old Jack, the greatest rogue in the neighborhood; makes nothing to unlatch a gate or door;—beg pardon, gentlemen, I will ask your servant; I know such matters are left to gentlemen's servants, provided they are trusty;—yours looks like a fine fellow;—very hard to get one that is worth the ammunition that it would take to kill him; but Sawney is a confounded good one, a little too headstrong—snores rather too much for comfortable sleeping in the same room, and very hard of hearing at times—I am not so certain that he is not deceitful; I wish I could be certain, I'd give him the mischief."

By this time the whole yard was in an uproar—every child, white or black, with dogs and puppies, were in full chase after chickens, ducks, turkeys and geese. The whole feathered tribe were thrown into alarm.

The children screamed—the hostess and her dirty cook bawled, but to no purpose. Young Hezekiah had been too fast, and in the moment of exultation, chopped off the neck of a favorite Malay hen! "You murderous beast," exclaimed his mother.

"He is a brave boy," exclaimed his father.

The condemned culprit was seized by his mother and dragged into the piazza; he instinctively clapped his hands to his ears, burying his neck between his shoulders to avoid the pummelling his mother lustily poured on his head and shoulders.

"Darn the old hen," muttered the pouting boy, as his mother shoved him headlong out at the door.

"I beg your pardon, gentlemen," said the hostess, turning first to one and then the other of our travelers, "I am obliged to correct Hezekiah; his father will ruin him forever. If you have any commands about supper be so good as to let me hear them."

"You appear to be doing very well, madam," replied Major Walden, looking at the decapitated hen, "and I shall leave the matter to your own convenience."

"Aye, gentlemen," exclaimed the host as his wife retired, "the boy is a true chip of the old block; just like his mother, as good game as ever fluttered a wing. Colonel Clannagan thinks him a first rate fellow, and Gen. Marion says if he were well educated and taught morality, he

would make a man of promise; both parties think him smart, do you know either of them?"

"I have heard of both," replied Edward.

"Yes, no doubt you have; and which do you like the best, young man, the King's man or the Liberty man?"

Edward cast an inquiring glance at his uncle, who was washing his hands, but he could read nothing in his countenance as to what answer he should give.

"Speak your mind freely, young friend," continued the innkeeper, becoming somewhat doubtful of the propriety of the question. "It is all one to me—I accommodate both sides; you need not fear to speak to me."

"Fear to speak to you!" exclaimed Major Walden, dashing the wooden noggin with violence into the yard—"fear to speak to you! No, sir, not to Cornwallis—nor to King George himself; who but a cut-throat Tory would be afraid to say which was the Patriot and which the Tory!"

Major Walden picked up his hat and strode out of the house; whilst the redoubtable Hezekiah pulled off his wide-brimmed straw hat, and commenced fanning himself as if it were the middle of summer. He was truly a man of large dimensions, much after the ancient Sir John Falstaff, with a Bardolphian nose, which might have figured amongst the Strasburghers, as one scarcely inferior to that which threw them into such ecstasies of astonishment. It served as the grand chorus to Sawney's performance at night, and the invaluable conduit to the humors of the liver, and thermometer to the weather. Hitching up his pantaloons, which hung on his hips rather loosely, he flung his leg over the greasy and nail bespattered railing of the piazza, and thrusting his hand into his waistcoat pocket, he drew out his steel tobacco box, and commenced chewing at a most furious rate.

"We have had bad luck in our cause, sir," continued Hezekiah, who had been thrown somewhat into a perplexed state of mind; "very bad, sir. I much fear that our armies are failing in their valor, or that Providence is against us; and the last time I saw Marion, he was in low spirits, and was about to leave the State as lost. In fact, I should not be surprised if he went off to France, as I understand he is of French extraction. What a difference between those little fellows and our Buckskin Americans like myself! It is true, he was born in South Carolina, but that does

not matter, the blood must be foreign. I confess, sir, I do not know your name, and I dislike to put the point-blank question in a man's face, and say, 'sir, what is your name?' but I will trouble you so far as to ask you the name of the gentleman who is with you?"

"His name is Micajah Walden, and is my uncle."

"Is it possible? I knew him like a book. About the time I used to be bar-keeper for Emanuel Immerson. He saw me have a hard fight and here is my receipt. It is well it was the middle finger of the left hand which I lost instead of the right one, but I blotted the right peeper of that d—d McIlhany. Did you ever see the hypocritical old Scotch scoundrel?"

Edward replied that he had heard of him.

"Aye, to be sure, and who has not? Sir, he is leagued in with all the lowest rascals of both sides; I know he is, and I'll warrant he feathers his nest yet before the wars are over. I have lately heard, from one of his old associates, matters which ought to swing him without a trial, civil or military. Well! well! I told my wife when I saw you coming, that you were either the king's officers or gentlemen of wealth and breeding. I said, 'look how the largest one sits his horse!' Upon my word, he did ride as much to my liking as any man. It is strange he did not recognize me. I think you favor him; what is your name, sir, if I may be so bold?"

"Edward Conway."

"Yes, I have heard Major Notwood speak of your father as a most excellent man. Don't you think the Major a most elegant and accomplished fellow?"

"I have but little acquaintance with him; he appears to be well versed in all the rules of politeness," replied Edward.

"I am afraid he is no great friend to your uncle; but I don't know, he is so full of his jokes that I never know when to believe him."

"Why, has he threatened any injury?" asked Edward.

"No, not exactly; but he says that the wealth of the country does not belong to the enemies of the king, and that the negroes shall yet be taken from the Whigs. I heard him say that he believed old Walden had done the king's cause a great injury by his kindness to the poor, and that he was a relation to the Conways and they to Walden; and that he had as much right to his property as that rebel boy, meaning you, I suppose."

"The traitor must not speak thus of me," said Edward, "nor in a disrespectful manner of my uncle."

"They will be apt to be civil now, as every thing will be quiet, though there is no accounting for mankind," said Higginbotham, as he went out to attend to the horses, his ostler and sons having returned.

Whilst the preceding conversation was going on between Edward and the host, an interesting interview had been held between the hostess and Major Walden; for no sooner had the Major left the piazza than he was requested by his servant to walk into the kitchen, and the good lady without much ceremony commenced in a loud tone of voice, "I'm glad to see you, Major Walden; I've heard a great deal about you from my old man, and also from the officers; I understand you have been to Charleston. Do, sir, tell me the news! Come this way, and take a seat on the loom bench, out of the smoke and way of the cook and children."

The Major, somewhat surprised, and not altogether relishing the easy manner in which the ball was alluded to, was on the point of objecting, but he recollected that he had heard that the hostess of the Blue House was to be relied on, and in consideration of her patriotism he determined to gratify her. But she soon changed her tone when she was certain that she would not be overheard.

"I hope," continued the good lady, "that you have not all given up the cause of liberty; I am sorry to hear that so many went to that ball; it was a mere trap. The last time I saw Marion and Horry they told me that every thing looked gloomy; but that they never would yield, and they said Sumpter was always in the field. Oh! Major Walden, I hope you are not gone over to the king and taken protection under such men as Notwood, Tarleton and Clannagan; for let me assure you that it is all a pretence; they will murder and plunder as much as ever, and the greatest safety is in still determining never to yield. I would this minute see my house on fire, before I would give up the cause. And I would have been dragged in chains to the ball before I would have danced with them. And I think from what I can gather, that there is a dark plot against your character and property going on; and I wished to warn you against the whole squad."

The Major asked her if she distinctly understood the nature of the scheme, and the actors engaged in it; to which she replied,

"Not exactly; something about Edward Conway being removed from under your care, and something about an old grudge between you and Clannagan; and likewise the necessity of confiscating all the estates of those who would not join the king's cause. I believe I may say that Major Notwood, Colonel Clannagan, old McIlhenny, and one Jeffrey Jarvis, a kind of money finder, are the secret managers of the whole scheme. But, Major, keep my name a profound secret; for if my old man knew what I was telling you, he would almost stand on his head. But I am for liberty and its friends, let what will happen. Yes, I am of the Whig principles, and some of my relations are now fighting for its cause, and some have spilt their blood to nourish the tree of liberty. And although some of our Generals are captured, yet General Marion and his friend Horry told me that they were going to North Carolina and to Virginia for fresh recruits."

"Aye," exclaimed Major Walden, seizing his hostess by the hand, "thank God, I'll yet see these rascals driven from the country in spite of their plots."

"But, Major," continued the good lady, "go into the house and I will get your supper; be on your guard against Clannagan and Notwood; they intend you no good."

Major Walden, in spite of this ominous warning, assumed a more cheerful countenance, and for the sake of the hostess treated her Tory husband with more attention, until he and his nephew departed, which was early on the following morning.

CHAPTER VIII.

They make their own wrongs that are too secure,
As well as such as give them growth and being,
From mere imagination.

THE BONDMAN.

Temper your heart
And lose not by too sudden rashness that
Which, be but patient, will be offered to you!

THE MAID OF HONOR.

As soon as the Major and his nephew with their trusty servant arrived at home, which was the same day after their departure from the Blue House, Gableton, the overseer, informed Major Walden that he had been honored with strange visitors.

"Yes, sir, strange people indeed."

"Who were they, Mr. Gableton?"

"Why, Major Walden, I don't know exactly what to say to your question; one

was, I believe, a sort of an ignorant root doctor, or rather a kind of a tinker, and said he wished very much to see you on important matters, such as ores and metals and mines which he had lately found; he told me to tell you to be sure to remain at home, as he would call on you with specimens of his metals; he said that he was an old acquaintance, and that his name was Geoffrey Jarvis, Mineralogist."

"Geoffrey Jarvis, Mineralogist? a pretty imposing title in these times of continental currency. I think I knew him," continued the Major, "about twenty years ago; a stout, active, quick-minded fellow; full of theories and new schemes; and somewhat inclined to play the orator when I knew him, in the character of a field preacher, and exhorter at night meetings. He was a famous singer, and finally turned the whole neighborhood into a scientific singing school. He used to be a great favorite with my mother, who supplied him with clothes and good dinners, until my father got him into a scrape, by persuading him to address one of the wealthiest girls in the country. After getting a cursing or two, he desisted from his siege, and I believe finally abandoned the neighborhood to go to Philadelphia to study medicine or something of the kind."

"I should like to have fallen in with him at one of his night meetings at your grandfather's negro quarters," said Gabbleton, winking at Edward. "And if he is not of the right stamp now, I'll open an account with him yet," continued Gabbleton, significantly nodding his head, "which shall nearly swallow up principal and interest."

Major Walden seemed not to have noticed what passed, being at the moment apparently abstracted. He suddenly commenced again, by saying,

"Your grandmother, my dear Edward, was a good and pious woman: charitable, docile, a pattern of frugality and industry; with a warm and affectionate heart."

"And how was my grandfather in comparison to his pious lady?" asked Edward.

"Exactly the reverse, and I fear we both inherit too much of his impetuosity of temper. High-minded and honorable I believe him to have been: punctilious even to a fault; he was haughty and proud; and I have reason to believe when roused to anger, vindictive—at least to his equals. He had a great dislike to innovations, and was attached to the old order of things in church and state; though I have no doubt that his good sense and proud spirit would have, if he had lived, caused him to espouse the cause of liberty."

"Yes," answered Edward, "he certainly would have seen such flagrant injustice, such palpable frauds upon the common rights of all, that he could not have hesitated a moment as to his course. But how could he with such a disposition tolerate a visionary theorist about him?"

"I believe he thought him a genius, and the good fellow was so complaisant, and so conveniently acquiescing to my father's notions and whims, as to cause him a deal of merriment. But I have always suspected that he was partly kept as a text for my father to annoy, in a good natured way, your grandmother; and I have no question that much of the pretensions and extravagance of the fellow, is partly chargeable to the grave advice and encouragement of my father, who assumed, when he chose, an air of gravity or good humored raillery, wholly irresistible to a man with the enthusiasm and credulity of Jarvis. It is no unusual occurrence to find great reserve and haughtiness to equals assume a modified garb of broad humor and condescending familiarity; and it seemed as if it was singularly exemplified in the intercourse of my father with his worthy and talented young friend, as he was wont to style him. It was the subject of remark with those best acquainted with him. It had the effect, however, with the community, to cause Jarvis to pass as a young man of great promise, who had fortunately met with the fostering hand of kindness."

"If you have got through, Major Walden, with that tinker, I will," said Gabbleton, twirling his long whip in his hand, unconsciously, giving it a variety of flourishes "tell the balance of the news."

"Go on," said the Major.

"Well, gentlemen, I hardly know what to say as regards the others, as they were ladies."

"Ladies, you say Gabbleton?" asked the Major.

"Yes, sir! two bona fide women! they left a note, or letter; they were confounded nice looking people; here is the letter, sir."

"This is strange," said the old bachelor, "I have not been honored in this way except by express request for many years. I must set this down to your account, Edward."

"I have no objection, uncle, to half of the account or half of the benefit, always however giving you choice."

The Major, after reading the note with evident emotions of sorrow, commenced pacing the room, first handing the letter to Edward, who read as follows:

"SYCAMORES, April 20th, 1780.

"*My dear Maj. Walden:*—In order to give you the highest possible evidence in my power, of the great desire I have to see you, I have requested my wife and daughter to ride over and invite you to accompany them home. The times have changed—I am changed; and ere I leave this world, I am anxious to make my peace with you, and to make every reparation in my power, though my life should be spared but a moment afterwards. Words cannot express what my feeble hand could not trace. I wish you to be a father to my child, a friend to my wife. Come;—be sure to come.

"Your friend for the remainder of his life,

"M. GRAYSON."

"Strange, strange indeed," said the Major. "How long did they remain, Gabbleton,—what did they say? What did you tell them?"

"I told them that I would hand you the letter when you got back from the great Charleston ball.

"Curse the ball, I never wish to hear of it again."

"I beg pardon, Major, I did not know that it was so unpleasant to you, and I am sorry I mentioned to the ladies where you were gone; for I could have easily managed so as not to have leaked out that part of your journey."

"Go on, Gabbleton, it is too late to mend the matter; only I wish I had never heard of the cursed fandango. I do not blame you; it is my own folly, (poor compromised fool) but go on."

"Well sir, they staid but a little while, just long enough to rest ten or fifteen minutes and to look at the pictures; the young lady, Miss Grayson, I suppose, I thought eyed pretty closely that yonder one, Master Edward's, and said it was a fine looking face, and asked me whose it was. She sighed in earnest after looking at it awhile. But," exclaimed Gabbleton, "yonder comes that old codger of a tinker; and if you, gentlemen, need my assistance in this way," at the same time giving his whip a twirl, "you will find me in the garden as I have business there for a few hours."

A singularly accoutered horseman announced his arrival, by riding close up to the yard gate in a slow and careless pace. "Halloa! has the honorable owner of these hereditaments returned from the great carousal in the modern Babylon?"

"He has, and uninfected with its abominations. Light, sir, and walk in; you talk

like a man who felt indignant at the proceedings of our oppressors."

"Major Walden, I am proud to see you. I shall dismount most cordially, and have no doubt that I have an embassy which will disenthral our government of its cursed paper rags; and also purge the country of all speculators and marauders upon our citizens. It is a magnificent plan, sir, and worthy of your patronage and fostering care; and if you take after your great and glorious father, the prince of patrons, I know that you will feel bound to enter heartily into the plans which I have drawn up for your special attention. But I forgot to mention that my name is Geoffrey Jarvis, Mineralogist.

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Jarvis; it has been a long time since I saw you."

"Yes, and many a day have I spent, thinking of your glorious father and pious mother, and about you and your misfortunes, and the evil times you were raised in and perhaps will die in! Have my horse fed; for horse and man are hungry; neither has tasted food for twenty-four hours, except a little browsing on cane; or a quart of sour butter milk which I swallowed at that conceited numb-skull's who has such a litter of children, with high classic names."

During most of the time this conversation was going on, Major Walden had been eyeing this strange man's features and dress. He was a pursy, stout man, a little stooped in the shoulders and evidently the rise of fifty years old, with a wild restless small gray eye, aquiline nose, and bald head, and had on a pair of buckskin breeches, tasselled and fringed with a great deal of care about the seams and flaps. He had a shot-bag, similarly ornamented with a sheath in the shoulder strap, which held a large butcher knife. He carried a gun swung to his back, in true military style. He wore a long breasted coat, with huge pockets.

"Can we get any thing to eat, sir?" said Jarvis, rising from his seat hastily.

"I beg your pardon, to be sure, Mr. Jarvis; as soon as possible, you and your beast shall have plenty of the best I have. I was so engaged listening to you, and looking to see if I could see any traces of your former features, that I did not notice that you mentioned your misfortunes.

"Well may you say misfortunes; bothered and bewildered by the directions of fools, who point and nod until the fools themselves could not follow their own directions. I had the whole family of the

Bucklebelts, dogs and all, giving me directions hither, until I got mad enough to have given them the end of my gun, and rode off determined not to follow a single direction; and it was well I did not, for I never should have got here during my life time!"

The worthy visiter, without waiting for dinner, drew forth from his huge saddlebags several small tin cylinders, and after opening one, exclaimed, "Here, sir, is a scheme of a smelting apparatus, and drawings which I have conceived necessary for the better understanding of the concomitant buildings and fortifications: It is after the fashion of the temple of king Solomon the wise, which I have modernized and suited to the establishment of the mint, which, under your patronage, and my direction and skill, I propose to locate somewhere in the auriferous regions, for the benefit and behoof of this State, and those who aid me in the glorious undertaking. Imprimis, forty soldiers free from the taint of masonry and strong drink. Secondarily, myself and patron shall share and share about with the State; all expenses having been paid by the same, viz: half to the State, the remainder to the aforesaid Geoffrey Jarvis, Mineralogist; and his coadjutor—your noble self. What sounds do I hear in your garden? Yes, even of the lash; no wonder that I have been bothered in the sloughs and mires, pulling down fences and cornering around fields. Yes! you are adding slave to slave, house to house, and nothing laid up for the soul; the heavenly manna is not administered; tears and groans, stripes and blows, are as familiar as household gods; I tell you, sir, you will all go to hell together."

"You judge too harshly, my good friend; are you not aware that the best kind of liberty for the slave, is a security against all harm, and a certainty of food and raiment, without the cares of the mind? In sickness or health, the hand of his master is ready to supply and protect him."

"What, sir, food and raiment for the carcase? and pray, what becomes of the immortal part? who feeds the soul? when I was called of the Holy Ghost, I divided the word in season and out of season, even to the dividing of the joints and marrow."

"I have endeavored to supply them amply, in that important matter, the gospel; I have built a church, and assist in procuring a pious divine to preach to them; I think, sir, your complaints come with an ill grace, since you are now so thoroughly head and ears taken up with plans and schemes to amass millions; that you have

desisted from the high calling you once followed."

"Ah! sir, you taunt me as a backslider! Who made thee a judge of my heart? I am still a teacher in Israel; but I will not cast pearl before swine; let the canting hypocrites, who preach long sermons, and write them down before hand, and dole them out for pay, usurp the places of the true servants of the Lord; sudden destruction will overtake you all; preachers and hearers will all be damned together in the lake of unquenchable fire; for money is the root of all evil."

"What becomes, then, of the mineralogist?"

"He is a public benefactor," exclaimed the old man, warmly, "and brings forth from chaos means to supply the gospel to the uttermost ends of the world."

"Well, Mr. Jarvis," said the Major, "to cut the matter short, your notions and mine are entirely different, and to prevent any wider difference hereafter, I must, most respectfully, decline any participation in your mineralogical establishment. I have no family to provide for, and no great desire to embark in an untried, and to my mind, visionary scheme."

"You have not?" asked the mineralogist—dropping his tin cylinder and his various drawings on the floor, and raising himself to his utmost height, he repeated the question, "you have not?"

"No! I have not," exclaimed the Major, looking the mineralogist in the eye, and standing boldly in front of him.

The wild gray eyes of the mineralogist danced with anger, as he, with a bitter unearthly smile and sibilant words, proceeded—"Wottest thou any thing of a clandestine marriage, or rather abandonment of a poor maiden sister, whose demented words have been whispered to the bleak winds of the forest, and whose early death, cry day and night for avengement?"

"You speak in parables," said the Major, falteringly; "who made you the avenger of my sister's wrongs?"

"Aha!" laughed the mineralogist, exultingly, "I have made your seared conscience fry like the branding-iron when touched to the forehead of the guilty culprit. Yes, I will speak in parables—there was a frail child of sorrow."

"And what of that?" demanded Major Walden, recovering his color and voice.

"And what of that? and what of the living sister and her children? I had intended to do you a great service—to have imparted an important secret, that would

have been as blooms and fruit upon a withered bough. It would have been imparted under the plan of my mineralogical drawings; but you have insulted me, both as a divine and mineralogist. It shall cost you troubles of the heart and body—yea, of the purse likewise.”

Major Walden seized a chair, and would have knocked the aggressor out of the door, but Edward, who had been a spectator, suddenly interposed, and begged his uncle to remember that the man was old, and perhaps not altogether in his right mind. In the meanwhile, the mineralogist had drawn his butcher-knife and walked to the door, calmly eyeing Gableton who came up at the time.

“If you please, gentlemen,” exclaimed Gableton, “allow me to give the counterfeiter a genteel dressing—just a little to set his compass right—just say the word, Major, and I’ll larup him to a fraction—just let me have Cuff and Dave called and lay off his linen a few minutes.”

“Order his horse, Gableton,” said the Major, “and let the lying impostor hunt up his Tory associates: I defy him and the whole fraternity.”

“Aye,” said the mineralogist, “beat a retreat, you dastardly rascals; here’s as true steel as ever flung a spark to blow up a poltroon’s carcass: I shake off the dust of my feet upon house and household,” added he, as he mounted his ill-starred beast to depart, suiting the action to the word.

Edward had taken too deep an interest in the conversation, and in the vague hints and threats of their late visitor, to become infected with the same feelings of anger and surprise with his uncle. As to Gableton, it was his vocation, and would have been the highest evidence of his regard for Major Walden, which was sincere beyond measure.

“I wish, uncle, you had heard him out; this is the second hint we have had—the first was at the Blue House. There may be some mysterious affair connected with our family, or some dark plot laid by our enemies, which it behooves us to fathom and guard against.”

“You may be taken in by the fooleries of this hypocritical knave, and, if you choose, may rack your brain to unravel his riddles. I shall pay no attention to him, except to see that he and his conspirators shall keep out of my way.”

Thus ended the matter, but there was the urgent request of Col. Grayson unattended to—Major Walden complained that

he felt rather unwell, but would pay the visit on the next morning. Edward, however, ventured to urge his uncle not to delay until the next day.

“Will you go with me, Edward?” asked the Major. Edward replied that he would accompany him nearly thither and then return. The truth was, he did not feel exactly prepared for an interview with Miss Grayson. The feuds which had kept the families apart, and which were entirely political, had found their way into his ardent temperament. “I shall wait and see how you and Colonel Grayson settle the affair,” said he, “and then, perhaps, I will accompany you; but not before all matters are amicably arranged.”

“That is the very way, sir,” said his uncle, “and you know that the heiress is yours by donation.”

“Ah!” replied Edward, coloring deeply, “that was when we were children and when we were both Whigs.”

“But you are not so ungallant, Edward, as to insinuate that the lady is not now a Whig, and what is said in jest is often meant in earnest.”

As they rode on towards the mansion of Col. Grayson, Edward, still deeply absorbed with the conduct and insinuations of the mineralogist, ventured to hint to his uncle, that there was something mysterious in their late visitor.

“Dismiss his vagaries, sir; are you so simple as not to perceive that it is a shallow conspiracy to exact money from me, or to alarm me by some pretended evil? Dismiss his dark insinuations—you do me injustice by referring to them.”

Edward took leave of his uncle, pondering on his words and those of the mineralogist, and concluded that he must be wrong in his fears and conjectures. He sought Gableton, and inquired more particularly into the visit of the ladies.

“The hair of the youngest was as black as the crow’s back, and her eye was as sharp as the crack of a rifle, and she stept as nimble as a wild deer. I tell you, Edward Conway, I thought your picture almost blushed whilst she was looking at it. ‘I think, mother,’ she said, in a voice as soft as a fiddle, ‘I have seen some one in Philadelphia who favored this picture.’”

“Yes, she is engaged to some fellow in the north,” said Edward.

“Oh, no, it was only to have an excuse to look at your picture. I swear she kept her eyes on it the whole time she remained. But I have missed a great deal of fun—if your uncle had allowed me to bring that

ragamuffin back, I would have given him one of my nicest and closest examinations; he would have given up all his notions of preaching and counterfeiting, and fell to studying the science of flogging, for the purpose of inventing some kind of oil to harden the skin. Say, Cuffy, did the old tinker curse you?"

"He did, massa—he called me poor famished dog like he self and horse," replied Cuffy, with a broad grin, "and by your leave, Massa Oberseer, I could hab help you to gib him he medisin, exactly, sar."

Edward sought the hall to look at his own portrait, and to dream over the image of Miss Grayson, contrasting her looks of childhood with the somewhat rude sketch of Gableton, who continued to feast over, in imagination, what he had not put into execution, vowing, that such another opportunity, for showing his skill and benefiting an impostor, should never be allowed to escape, even if it should offend his best friends.

CHAPTER IX.

Full of repentance,
Continued meditations, tears and sorrows,
He gave his honors to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.
KING HENRY VIII.

The residence of Colonel Grayson was called the Sycamores, because of the large number of those beautiful trees which grew around it. It is supposed that they sprung up on land once cleared by the savages. At certain seasons of the year, when they have cast the outer bark, their white trunks and wide-spread boughs resemble columns of marble, as if planted by the hand of enchantment. The present proprietor, when he moved to the place, found a small orchard and a log cabin, which had been the residence of one of those half-savage pioneers, who lived by his gun, and on such of his stock as escaped the ravages of the beasts of the forest; whilst his wife, or his sons and daughters, made a scanty crop of corn and potatoes.

Col. Grayson was a North Carolinian by birth; and he and his wife were induced to move with the family of Mr. Milligan, whose numerous children and a scanty property induced him to come to South Carolina, with the expectation of making a fortune, and to have opportunities of procuring large and fertile settlements of land. Like many visionary schemes of

profit, they were destined not to be fulfilled; for the war breaking out soon afterwards, had rendered the profits from agriculture precarious and small.

The wife of Col. Grayson was an orphan, and left under the guardianship of Mr. Milligan, for whom she always retained an affectionate regard, and looked upon him and his worthy lady in the light of parents. Her fortune, which was a tolerable one, joined to that of her husband, rendered them quite wealthy for the times, and the portion of the country in which they resided. For wealth, at best, is but a relative term, being often measured by the circle in which the possessor may happen to live or move.

The proprietor of the Sycamores had spared no pains to make his residence comfortable; and Major Walden, as he approached the house, drew an unfavorable contrast between his own neglected residence and that of Col. Grayson. He did not fail to account for his own want of these advantages, by the reflection that he had no wife and children to induce him to seek their comfort and pleasure, in rendering his residence attractive by a small share of attention and care.

A staked and ridged fence on either side, of some length, with sycamores in alternate panels, formed a beautiful avenue to the house, which led to its front. The mansion had four rooms below and a portico on either side; four strong stone chimneys, and dormer windows to break the heaviness of the long, deep roof, and to admit additional light into the rooms above stairs, giving an appearance of great strength to the house. All the outbuildings were neat, and generally closely notched down at the corners, and constructed with pine logs, hewn with care and arranged with taste. Vines and ornamental shrubbery were placed near the entrance, and the soft tints of the setting sun, and the opening flowers, gave an enchanting aspect to the place.

Major Walden could not divest himself altogether of some unpleasant embarrassment as he walked boldly up to the door. The truth was, that, twenty-four hours back, he would have suffered his right arm to be torn from its socket before he would have gone to the house, but the note had made it an act of imperative duty on his part.

Mrs. Grayson was a well educated lady, about thirty-five years of age, and retained her freshness and healthful appearance rather better than most ladies of her age.

She was a fine model of the moderate or middle sized style of beauty, rather over the common height, and commanding in her appearance. She might have said with Shakspeare's Queen Catherine—

"Bring me a constant woman to her husband;
One that ne'er dreamed a joy beyond his pleasure,
And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honor."

She met Major Walden at the door, and offering her hand, welcomed him cordially, inquiring after his health, and that of his nephew.

"I am truly glad to see you, Major Walden; for notwithstanding the cheerful words of my husband, and the assurances of Dr. String Halt, that he will be up in a few days, and the hopes of Mr. Milligan, yet I am afraid that they are all deceived."

"Oh! I am so glad you have come," said St. Ille, taking the hand of Major Walden; "my father has expressed so much anxiety to see you—but all say he will be up in a few days."

"I should not have known you, St. Ille; you have so changed since I saw you last; I believe it has been four or five years, and that makes a great difference sometimes, especially in young ladies of your age."

"Did you have a gay affair at Charleston?" asked Mrs. Grayson.

"I believe the judges of such matters thought it something uncommon, though I confess I had about as much business there as I would have at a coronation or a confession."

A servant announced that the room where Colonel Grayson lay, was ready for the reception of Major Walden, and he was invited to go in by Mrs. Grayson.

The sick man, raising himself half way up on his elbow, extended his emaciated and trembling hand to his visitor. It was too evident that he was making a great bodily effort.

"I am glad to see you, my dear Major," said he, with a faltering and weak voice.

"How are you, this evening?" asked the Major.

"I hardly know; the doctor, who left here this morning, says that I am mending; and all my friends think I will be up in a few days. But," continued Colonel Grayson, after he had nodded to his wife to leave the room, and had given orders concerning the horse of his visitor to the servant—"they are all mistaken; I am emphatically a dying man; there is not the most distant hope of my recovery—none

whatever. The vitals are worn out, the machine is shattered—the pain and difficulty of breathing, the hacking and wearing cough, all plainly indicate to me that I am not long for this world."

Major Walden kindly attempted to expostulate against such despondency, saying that diseases of the kind, and particularly of the chest, were apt to produce tedious and painful sensations which affected the spirits, and produced a train of melancholy forebodings.

"I thank you, my dear friend, for your sympathy, and your well meant encouragement—but, sir, I am prepared for the worst, and as time is precious with me, I will without delay frankly state to you that I have solicited this visit for the twofold purpose of acknowledging that I have acted with too much bitterness toward you and your Whig friends, particularly in imputing to you the harsh treatment I received from some of the Whig leaders. But, sir, above all, I wish to leave my wife and daughter under your protection—be a friend and father to my child, and a counsellor to my wife. In these dark and portentous times of misrule and rapine, they will be in danger from a thousand quarters."

The effort was too much, and the unfortunate man fell back on his pillow, with a hectic flush on his pallid cheeks, now bedewed with tears, unable to withstand his dark forebodings.

Major Walden paced the room, wiping his eyes, and vainly attempting to drive off the poignant feelings that harrowed up his stubborn breast. There lay the man whose station and character had raised between them that kind of rivalry which produced constant ill will toward each other, without ripening sufficiently into a rupture that might have admitted of an honorable explanation or redress—there lay his equal, humbled, not by his enemy, but by the hand of Him who has the issues of life and death at his will—there, too, lay the once active and robust frame, a wreck, fast going to its mother earth. "Mortality! the bitter doom of all—of myself, too!" thought the Major, and he shuddered at the appalling whisperings of his conscience.

It was some time before he made any reply. At length, he said—

"I am entirely innocent, I assure you, of any advice which led to your imprisonment. General Marion knows full well, and so does Major Notwood and others, that I was mainly instrumental in procur-

ing the exchange of Bucklebelt for you; and when you were afterwards taken, and would have been executed in retaliation for the excesses of the British in destroying young McCoy and others, I expostulated with the officer in command, and finally contrived to have you sent to the camp of Marion, where you were a second time exchanged for one of our officers. I was actuated by the reports I had heard of your generosity to our poor Whig friends, and of your having on all occasions attempted to prevent the excesses of the loyalists, and expostulated against the employment of the savages against us."

"I did—I did!" earnestly exclaimed Grayson, "but I heard a very different account from Notwood, in regard to your advice in my case; I understood that you attempted to inflame your friends against me, and advised that I should be kept constantly in prison, until I should enlist into the continental service. I never, until lately, learnt the reverse. Dr. String Halt heard it from some of the officers, that I was indebted to you for my release."

"Sir," replied Major Walden, "Notwood must be a man of desperate morals; but let him pass for the present. It is well known to my intimate friends in the army, that I persisted in demanding your exchange. My wish was to keep you in the field, to guard against the horrible excesses of the Tories and unprincipled amongst the regular army; and I should have always acted toward you as a political opponent who was honorable and high-minded, until I heard of your personal hostility toward me. But, sir, I am pleased to say that I now know that you have been imposed on from the worst of motives, and I hope you may recover that I may prove how completely I am reconciled."

The scene became more distressing to Major Walden; the dying man took him by the hand, unable to utter a word; the cold and clammy sweat trickled down his forehead, and his ashen lips quivered, unable to pronounce what he wished to say; the Major handed him a glass of wine, but he shook his head, and after a desperate effort, whispered—

"Thank God! all is now settled—call in my wife and daughter."

When they came into the room, he said, with a faint smile—"I am reconciled to my old friend, and he has my dying request to befriend you both. I have appointed him my joint executor and guardian of my

daughter, with you, my dear wife; Mr. Milligan has the necessary documents in his possession."

For the first time, the appalling truth of his situation flashed in the eyes of his wife and daughter. The frantic child fell in a swoon upon his neck, whilst his feeble arm hung like a signal of distress over the dark tresses which fell in despair over his wan and death-like face. The wife was mute, and moved about in a wild and irregular manner, staring at her husband, or adjusting the bed clothes, or taking up the medicine and replacing it instantly. Major Walden stood fixed to the bed-side, with his stubborn features drawn to the utmost pitch of mental agony.

A wild shriek of the wife told too plainly that all was over, as she lifted away the helpless form of her daughter. The Major sprung and caught them both in his arms as they were falling to the floor.

Some of the trusty servants who came in, were despatched by Major Walden to call in the neighbors, and to request that Mr. Milligan might be sent for. They prevailed upon the mother and daughter to take a cordial, which they unconsciously swallowed.

Major Walden was much displeased with the course which Dr. String Halt had pursued toward the family, and so expressed himself that night after his arrival. But he justified himself by saying that a physician's reputation might suffer if his prophecies turned out falsely, and that it was more the province of the physician to inspirit than to discourage his patient, and wound up by giving some directions to be pursued toward the ladies, who had, to use his own language, "their nervous systems suddenly surprised." He took leave of the family early the next morning.

At two o'clock the next day, after the demise of Col. Grayson, Mr. Milligan performed the funeral obsequies. The congregation consisted of the neighbors who had been requested to attend, and the servants belonging to the plantation. The discourse was more in the form of a lecture or eulogy than a sermon. It was short, and adapted to the occasion and the congregation.

Mrs. Grayson, with a sad and determined resolution, went to the grave, leaning on the arm of a faithful old servant, whose snowy head and hard features showed that she was familiar with the ravages of time.

"I nursed him! I raised him! I loved him," sobbed the old woman, "better than father or mother. My best friend—my child is gone."

She stood until the last clod was thrown on the coffin, the tears rolling down her furrowed cheeks, as if her very eyes were dissolving. After the service was over, she called to her fellow servants, "Come, my dear friends, one and all, come close around this house appointed for all living; let us all pray to our Heavenly Father."

And she continued to pray and to deplore the loss to the family and to the community; imploring mercy on the whole human race, and asked that the mighty calamity might be turned to the benefit of the hearers, and that the last day might find them all prepared to join him in heaven.

There was not a dry eye amongst the slaves, or the whites who remained to see the last evidence of the true affection of the disconsolate old servant.

Considerable apprehension was felt for the situation of St. Ille, who was unable to leave her bed for several hours. Some of the neighboring females remained with the family until Mr. Milligan sent for his two daughters. Fortunately, however, in a day or two she recovered sufficiently to be removed to his house.

Mrs. Grayson determined to remain at home, saying, "I hope Providence will lend me sufficient fortitude to stand the awful calamity. I love to remain in the room; I love to look at the chairs he sat in, the places where he used to walk. If my kind neighbors will attend to my servants and domestic affairs, I can give my mind up to meditation and my heart to prayer for strength. But St. Ille must go to Mr. Milligan; her young heart is not proof against such a sudden shock; her associations are not here, and I am not in a fit mood to condole with her, and she will concentrate her whole feelings on the last hours of her father."

Such were the brief arrangements of the family.

The quiet and serenity around the mansion of the Sycamores, were like the calmness of the sea, after the last duties have been performed in consigning some noble tar to his watery grave; not a ripple tells where the deep chasm was made!

The reader will recollect that Julian was left in Charleston. What befell him after the celebrated conciliation ball, will be recorded in the next chapter.

CHAPTER X.

Oh my shame,
I sue and sue in vain; it is most just;
When women sue, they sue to be denied.
YOUNG'S REVENGE.

The maid that loves
Goes out to sea upon a shattered plank,
And puts her trust in miracles for safety.
YOUNG.

Julian Onslow, although apparently a great favorite with the leaders of the dominant party, could not escape from his own bewildered thoughts; he could not forget that he was a prisoner on parole. To one jealous of his country's honor, burning for success, ready to lay down his life in its cause, the situation was embarrassing to the highest degree. He had sufficient evidence that those who directed the multitude did not intend to respect the obligations which they had imposed on themselves. Of their designs to drive all the inhabitants into subjection to the king, and to compel them to bear arms in his cause, or to swear allegiance, he was almost certain, from what he had overheard in the garden between Notwood and Sir Henry Clinton. At one time he imagined that towards himself they could have no such intentions, especially as he had been taken prisoner in a different State, and over which they could claim no right of recent conquest. At another moment he was tempted to break off from the city and attempt to rouse the Whigs to resist a plan so iniquitous, and contrary to the express conditions which had been promulgated by the commanders of the British forces. But then he would recollect his parole, his word of honor, the kindness, too, which some of his enemies had shown him. He was a stranger in a province to all appearance completely subjugated. Compassed, too, by sea and land by its enemies, it was madness to make such an effort.

It was in this state of perturbation and indecision that the two friends of Julian found him.

"I am truly glad to see you, gentlemen," said Julian, seizing Notwood and Gant with either hand; "you perhaps can determine for me the course I should pursue?"

"The course you should pursue!" exclaimed Notwood, looking archly at Julian and then at Gant; "why, my dear fellow, draw the fish to shore or let go the tackling, and try the net on land; you understand me; you have your choice, the loyalist or the rebel. Mrs. Armond or Miss

Grayson. You blush. Truth, thou art an excellent painter!"

"But why do you call Miss Grayson a rebel?" asked Julian.

"Oh because she was not at the ball, and because I believe," said Notwood significantly, "she prefers you to her king."

"You have more information, then, than I have," replied Julian.

"'Tis useless to dissemble; for I have good cause, if I may believe report, to suppose that she takes a great interest in your welfare. Sir! you have yet to play a high game. Witness your gallantry last night, the observed of all observers; your rebuke of old Walden, whose neck has already given way for better men's to the halter. Sir, push your fortune, 'There is a tide,' &c. Enter the field at once! fame and fortune both are in your hands; I for one will further your views."

"And so will I," exclaimed Gant; "if one so little versed in such intricacies as I am can be of any service."

Julian thanked his two friends for the solicitude they felt in his case.

"But," said he, "gentlemen, I must frankly state to you, that I cannot see my way as plainly as you seem to do. But you can essentially assist me in one thing, which to me seems the path of duty and of interest."

They both declared their readiness to render all the assistance in their power.

"Yes," said Notwood, "if it is to steal the beautiful Sylph which fluttered on your wing last night. By heavens, Onslow, methinks you must have discoursed perilous words to her ear by the silver beams of Luna."

"Enough, sir," said Julian, "in jest even."

Notwood, with a countenance and manner of the greatest kindness, declared that it was but a jest with a friend about a friend, "for I assure you, my dear sir, my acquaintance so far has been cordial and intimate with Mrs. Armond, and if I dared to use a hackneyed phrase, I would say she is like Cæsar's wife, above suspicion."

Julian changed the conversation, stating that he had some desire to be exchanged, or to be allowed to return to Philadelphia with Sir Henry Clinton."

"How extravagant you are, my dear friend," exclaimed Notwood with great surprise; "young, gallant, cast in the mould of nobility, why waste your life in a fruitless chimera, a hazardous dream, which, if realized, is but to taste of unalloyed misery. Let me entreat you to turn

at once to a theatre equal to your character. I swear here is a hand for you; one that keeps pace with my honest promises. You are anxious to accompany Sir Henry; of course you are actuated by the noblest impulses of patriotism; but let me entreat you not to make any final arrangement until I see you again—farewell for the present."

Gant and Julian went in quest of Sir Henry, who was understood to have determined on leaving the command in the South to Lord Cornwallis, whilst he entered the more hotly contested quarters of the North."

"I judge, Sir Henry, you are going out on business," said Gant, as they met him, dressed apparently for the purpose of paying some morning calls; "perhaps Onslow and myself can see you at a more convenient hour."

"I am glad to see you, gentlemen," exclaimed Sir Henry; "accompany me to the ladies; I wish to see how they stand the sunshine after such a night of splendid dissipation. Few, very few, can look upon the next day's sun with unborrowed blushes, after such a night's display! I believe," continued he, bowing, "you are both ladies' men: I should like to have two such aids-de-camp. Come, go with me; I shall perhaps be in danger of yielding the laurels to each of you."

"By no means," said Julian; "for you certainly were the star of the ascendant amongst the ladies last night."

"And what star or stars were you and the sweet Julia looking at last night? I am glad that you have reminded me of that thrilling scene. To be serious, sir, let me entreat you to give over your notions of equality, and all that kind of republican cant; it has failed since the crowning of King Saul down to the present hour; join my staff as the avowed suitor of Mrs. Armond; time and perseverance will accomplish much—

"She is a woman, therefore to be wooed,
She is a woman, therefore to be won."

"think you not so, Captain Gant?"

Gant assented with a nod; whilst Julian looked exceedingly bewildered, and at last replied,

"I thank you, Sir Henry; and all of those who have shown me so much kindness; and if your present proposition be made serious, however well meant, I must give it a prompt refusal, and if in jest, why then let it so pass. But I will take this occasion respectfully to ask of you to allow of my exchange as a prisoner; or to permit

me still under a parole to accompany you round to Philadelphia or the North, until I can be exchanged. I have no means of requiting the undeserved kindness which I have already received at the hands of yourself and friends; none, sir, whatever, but the fervency of a generous heart, which will ever pray that Heaven may requite you tenfold."

"We must thank you for the kind wishes which you express, and hope that they may be fulfilled to the letter; but you have it now in your power to requite your friends, not by ejaculations of generous wishes, but by practical means. Identify yourself with them; I know how to distinguish between your ardent temperament, your associations, and momentary impulses, acquired amidst the thrilling scenes of the last few years, and the cold calculating selfishness of those who so loudly cry out about oppression and equality. They seek their own aggrandizement or the gratification of sordid passions. They will yet meet with certain and condign punishment."

The last part of the sentence was said with a bitterness which caused Julian to shudder, and to recollect the dark plot of the last night.

"It is due to your proffered kindness toward me," said Julian, after a momentary pause, "to inform your lordship that there is no consideration which shall induce me to take arms against my country. The perils consequent upon such a declaration, cannot be worse than the conscious degradation which an acquiescence in your offer would bring with it. You must pardon me for such an avowal in reply to a proposition coming from so distinguished a source; but such is my conclusion."

"Be not too hasty, my young friend; you may have cause to repent it. Let me assure you that I am sorry to hear such notions from you. Come, gentlemen," said Sir Henry, taking each by an arm, "let us walk. But Onslow," continued Sir Henry, "I hope that when you see Mrs. Armond you will take another view of the subject, unless Miss Grayson has divided your heart, for I believe that both are in love with you; what say you, Captain Gant?"

"I have no personal knowledge or data upon which to found an opinion, but from circumstantial evidence, I should think that there were just grounds for such a belief."

"And in your own case, Captain, what ground shall we have? facts, naked facts, or circumstantial evidence such as sighs and looks?" asked Julian.

"Between Miss Dashwood and Miss Conway stands Captain Gant irresolute and faltering, and," continued Sir Henry, bowing to Julian, "between Mrs. Armond and Miss Grayson hangs the destiny of Julian Onslow; a joust or a tournament, were it leap year, would not be altogether uninteresting between the ladies! Why, gentlemen, I would like to be umpire; no, I believe I would contend for the prize; don't become jealous, however, my young friends; here are two of them, one for each. I see they are at home, at least not 'sick' from the last night's fatigue," whispered Sir Henry as they approached the house.

The gentlemen were cordially greeted by the ladies. Mrs. Armond had just risen from the piano, and in order to hide her confusion as she met the eyes of Julian, she turned to Sir Henry Clinton with an assumed air of good natured raillery.

"Is it possible," said she, "that you have ventured out? are you not fearful that the morning air may injure your health? Be careful, my good friends, lest his majesty may have cause to regret the indisposition of one of his transatlantic commanders."

"Why, you stand the scenes of the last few hours admirably, Mrs. Armond!" replied Sir Henry.

Miss Dashwood and Capt. Gant cast a glance at each other, whilst Mrs. Arbuckle looked unutterable things, revenge and pride marking her beautiful features.

"My sister," said she, "enjoys all scenes of the kind unless the room becomes too crowded—she was somewhat indisposed last evening, but has entirely recovered. I hope your lordship has received no injury from your extraordinary exertions in affording pleasure and diffusing life to the whole party."

"How, Sir Henry," asked Miss Dashwood, "can you show so much respect to the rebels? I am out of all patience with them—and to think that Miss Caldwell refused to dance with any gentleman unless he was a Whig: she must have had a deal of impudence;—don't you think so, Sir Henry?"

"Unquestionably she had," replied Mrs. Arbuckle. "It shows how she has been raised. These rebels have rather too much consequence about them. But, I believe, Julia, that rich old bachelor, Walden, endeavored to dance with you—it was a wonder that he offered his hand to any one except Miss Caldwell. Ah! excuse me," continued Mrs. Arbuckle, "I beg your

pardon, Julian, I did not intend to injure your feelings, in speaking thus of the generality of the Republicans; but Miss Caldwell, I believe, with some four or five, went away after the first dance—I understood they said they could not consent to dance with the oppressors of their country. Astonishing impudence!”

“Yes, one of them proposed that, as there were so few of the leading Whigs present, I should leave the ball-room,” also, answered Miss Dashwood, “but I was not disposed to gratify her insolent vanity.”

Sir Henry, after a few minutes, seated himself near Mrs. Arbuckle, and the conversation partook somewhat of a *tête-à-tête*, occasionally rising into a loud, disjointed sentence, not altogether unintelligible to some of the company.

“Oh, leave that to me,” said Mrs. Arbuckle, playing with the splendid chain which held the miniature of Major Arbuckle.

“Are you certain of success?” asked Sir Henry, as he gracefully leaned forward, reaching his hand as if to look at the miniature.

“How fresh and life-looking! I swear it is a noble face, madam; look at the fire of the eye, the curl of the lip, the grandeur of the whole man is reflected; and I hope that you will soon have the pleasure, my dear madam, of seeing the original,” adding in a pensive and soft tone, “Providence will guard one so noble and in so good a cause! Heaven will not long permit your separation.”

“No, Sir Henry,” resumed Mrs. Arbuckle, after a few seconds, “I never yet failed in an attempt where I exerted my whole powers—and it is impossible that I could fail in this instance, backed by your powerful assistance.”

“Well, then, my dear madam,” said Sir Henry, in a low tone of voice, “the whole plan is this—I wish to promote the interest of your sister; and at the same time, if possible, circumvent the rebellious leaders, and if I can get a spy on them, one whose interest is deeply connected with us, one who has talents and enterprise, then so much the surer work;—not one with necessities and wounded pride, like one who is already negotiating with us; in plain words, can young Onslow obtain the hand of Mrs. Armond?”

“Why,” asked the fair listener, in a whisper, “has he made such a request of your good offices? I think he, perhaps, with both of our efforts, might succeed, but

it is extremely doubtful; he is rather distant; perhaps it is timidity or bashfulness.”

Sir Henry briefly stated that he had thought there was some attachment between the two young persons; and he was disposed to forget and forgive the youthful Republican in consideration of the grateful feelings he had shown toward his friends.

“Yes, he acted nobly toward me and my husband; I owe him a debt of gratitude, if it is not already repaid by your kindness, which I am certain was very great toward him,” answered Mrs. Arbuckle. “But she will never consent, and I am certain I shall not, unless it meets with your decided approbation. I understand,” continued the lady, in an inquiring tone, “that he will receive an office; and that he is, of course, to act by your directions?” Sir Henry nodded an assent. “Then, sir,” said Mrs. Arbuckle, rising and taking the offered hand of Sir Henry who had arisen to depart, “leave the whole affair to me; it cannot fail.”

“Mind, Sir Henry,” exclaimed Miss Dashwood, as he was leaving the room, “that you do not desert over to the enemy; there are great temptations in the Whig quarters—beware of the high-minded Miss Caldwell.”

“Never fear me,” replied Sir Henry, “there is no danger as long as I have such fair allies as yourself.”

“Quite a compliment,” said Capt. Gant to Miss Dashwood.

“And altogether appropriate,” said Julian, bowing to Miss Dashwood.

“As you are gentlemen of truth,” said Miss Dashwood, “I must certainly believe what you both have affirmed. But it is passing strange that I did not happen to think of refusing to dance with the officers of the King—it would have given me such eclat! I could almost forgive the lady that first thought of it. It would have been contumacious and high-spirited—I am vexed with myself for not having started the idea; just think how it would have sounded over the water, and at the North—really I am so provoked with myself.”

“I think,” said Mrs. Armond, gently touching a random note on the piano, “that they were half-way right. I admire their heroic independence. If I were one of the Whig ladies, I should have looked with feelings of little respect upon those who had imprisoned my relations and countrymen, or sent them away into exile.”

“Fie! fie! Julia,” said Mrs. Arbuckle, “you are very wrong; such language would not become a rebel, much less yourself, es-

pecially as you are such a favorite with Sir Henry."

Julian was desirous of giving the conversation a different turn, although he admired the noble sentiments of the fair Julia, and thought she never looked half so lovely; yet he could not but contrast his own feelings with those of the persons present—he politely asked her to favor the company with a song.

"What shall it be?" asked Julia as she gracefully seated herself to comply with the request.

"I must leave the selection to yourself, Mrs. Armond," said Julian. She looked at him for a moment, and blushing deeply, sung in a voice which thrilled every heart, the following lines:—

Ah! why is hope so like the bow
That gilds the troubled skies?
It comes as did the ancient vow,
Amidst our tears and sighs.
Sweet hope can never die!
Sweet hope, bright hope, can never die!

'Tis brightest when the heart is sad,
When it o'erclouded seems,
It whispers to the soul, "be glad,"
And tells its magic dreams.
Sweet hope can never die!
Sweet hope, bright hope, can never die!

Ah! hope is dearest when the mind,
Bewildered, looks in vain
Some resting place from care to find—
Some solace for its pain.
Sweet hope can never die!
Sweet hope, bright hope, can never die!

Mrs. Arbuckle, anxious to carry into effect the arrangement between herself and Sir Henry, scarcely waited for her sister to finish the last stanza, ere she asked Julian if he would not accompany them back to Philadelphia—"For," added she, "I know you would be delighted with the voyage, unless you become sea-sick, or fall in with the French fleet; and I know you are more gallant than to wish the latter, although they are your allies."

Julian declared that he hoped that his friends might meet with no serious misfortune, "but," added he, "I must wish success to our cause."

"Of course, Julian," said Mrs. Arbuckle, "but I have a few more words on the subject of our voyage—I will speak to you aside."

Julian followed Mrs. Arbuckle into the next room—"I wish," said she, seating herself near him, "that you would deal candidly with me—no youthful squeamishness, although it may be natural, and in

some cases justifiable, perhaps; yet in this case the crisis has arrived, and, as a gentleman, I conjure you fearlessly to meet it. You certainly understand to what I allude; it is the subject which you have mentioned to Sir Henry."

"I certainly am at a loss," replied Julian, "to comprehend the question to which you allude, unless it be that of accompanying you and Sir Henry to the North."

"Very well, Julian, and to assist you out of your embarrassment, the proposals you have made for the hand of my sister—"

"To whom, madam?" asked Julian, with astonishment.

"A pretty question, indeed! why, does not every person know that you are in love with her—and are you the only one who is so blind as not to have seen it yet? Come, Julian, discard this assumed ignorance—it does not become the man or the occasion—you have two powerful friends in the affair, myself and Sir Henry."

"I had hoped," said Julian, evidently mortified and embarrassed, "that what I stated to you last evening would have been satisfactory; and I fear you are doing your sister great injustice by again referring to the subject; for I am sure she does not regard me in the light of a suitor."

"I suppose," answered Mrs. Arbuckle, with a look of ineffable surprise and chagrin, "I may be allowed to have my own notions of propriety or impropriety;—I sought not this interview to be lectured on right and wrong; but, sir, in order that you may fully comprehend all the bearings of the question, I am permitted, by competent authority, to say, that if you can obtain the hand of Mrs. Armond, (which you must acknowledge is every way worthy of you, or of any other gentleman,) you will be taken into the staff of the Commander-in-chief, or employed to bring back your rebellious countrymen to their loyalty; an enterprise worthy of the best talents, and one which you should feel proud to be engaged in. As regards my own feelings, I can say that I shall not urge Julia to act contrary to her wishes, for she is worthy of the hand of the King's son—though, if you permit me, I shall name the subject as delicately as possible to her; and present such suggestions as I may deem applicable to a matter of such great importance to each of you. I need not add that the best endeavors of the Commander-in-chief will be added to those of mine in fulfilling your wishes."

Julian sprung from his seat. "Why, madam, I am filled with unfeigned astonish-

ment at the unparalleled effrontry of the proposals, if they came from Sir Henry Clinton. No, Mrs. Arbuckle, I am neither to be bought nor driven by considerations of the kind; the king has no bribe which can reach me. I will never be a traitor to my country; and I know that your sister would never consent to become the wife of a spy upon his countrymen; her sentiments this morning, her character, all! all! are at variance with such a supposition."

"You know me too well," said Mrs. Arbuckle, "to believe for a moment that I would attempt to wound your sensibility, Mr. Onslow; and least of all would Sir Henry make a disagreeable proposition to you. It is likely then if you disapprove of the suggestions which I have made, that I could prevail upon Sir Henry to allow you still to retain your parole. It is true I do not look upon the matter as you and Julia do; and I must earnestly beseech you to consult your own interest and honor as to what part you will act."

The kind manner, the artless sincerity, at once assuaged any resentment which Julian felt toward Mrs. Arbuckle; but it was not so toward Sir Henry; the great disparity between their situations, was not calculated to enable his philosophy to cast a charitable apology into the scale of the commander-in-chief. If Julian felt the want of office and equality, in the light in which they were received by those who held him as a half prisoner and friend, it was not the mere lust of title. But it was that he might command that justice toward his personal rights, which he could obtain in no way except through the hazardous and dubious one of a personal rencontre with an officer of high rank; and he was too well acquainted with military usage, (even if so disposed,) to resort to the illegal, though too often practiced, method of redress—a challenge!

In the mean while Mrs. Arbuckle, perceiving the abstraction of Julian, as he stood musing over his unpleasant situation, thought it a favorable moment to bring the two lovers, as she supposed, face to face; for it never entered her head that Julian could, after the intimation which Sir Henry had given of his wishes, refuse to comply, let his modesty and prejudice be what they might. She beckoned to her sister, who came pale and alarmed, for she imagined that there was something pertaining to herself then under consideration.

Julian asked the agitated fair one to be seated; assuming a smile of cheerfulness, which with his previous excitement added

a beauty and glow that set off his manly countenance.

"My dear sister, it is useless," said Mrs. Arbuckle in the most artless and sincere manner, "longer to delay an answer to Mr. Onslow; his interest and safety require that you should come to a speedy conclusion. It is more than twelve months since you were bereft of my dear brother. I can see no good reason, as it is the wish of your best friends that you should have a protector, why you should refuse to accept the addresses of one who might after a longer period be considered as a proper suitor. With this view of the subject, I, in the name of Mr. Onslow, demand an explicit answer."

Julia hid her face in her handkerchief and burst into tears; whilst Julian, much agitated, in a deprecatory manner said,

"My dear Mrs. Arbuckle, you have done your sister great injustice, and—"

"And yourself, I suppose you were going to say; now let me," continued the rebuked lady, who by no means thought with Julian, "manage this matter in my own way. I know more of the peculiarities of each of your situations than any one else. You certainly do not deny, Julian, that you greatly admire and respect Mrs. Ormond?"

"Most certainly, madam; but I am unable to see the relevancy of such questions, or the right—"

"Do allow me to proceed without interruption for a few words, sir; and then you will not only perceive the relevancy of every word and question, but will thank me heartily for the course I am pursuing. Come, Julia, sweet! don't give way to despondency; tell me, your dearest sister, if you do not esteem Mr. Onslow as highly as any gentleman, and if his addresses are not likely to be acceptable, seeing that they have met with the approbation of Sir Henry and myself?"

"What, silent, Julia? then you know that silence in such cases always is construed affirmatively. Now I presume," continued Mrs. Arbuckle, looking at Julian with an air of good natured triumph, "you can see the relevancy of my questions; you have stated that you greatly admire and respect Mrs. Armond; and she (if she has not positively said so in so many words) has left us to infer that she has a mutual esteem for you."

"My dearest Mrs. Armond," said Julian, "I assure you I have had no agency, directly or indirectly, in this very delicate matter."

"Who ever heard the like before?" said

Mrs. Arbuckle; "the consequences be on your own head, Mr. Onslow; and you, Mrs. Armond, may manage your own affairs hereafter in your own way; and let me tell you, Mr. Julian Onslow, that you have forfeited place and preferment; and I shall never consent to be placed amongst the friends of one who has treated with such indignity the hand of my sister." In this mood Mrs. Arbuckle rushed into her room, to give vent to her wounded and disappointed feelings.

Julia caught Julian by the hand; she seemed so agitated that he immediately seated her.

"I am unable to speak the anguish of my heart; let me assure you that I have not had the slightest intimation of my sister's intentions, nor have I ever had the slightest cause from you to suppose that you looked on me in any other light than as an affectionate friend; and I assure you, my dear Julian, that I have respected you for your noble conduct to myself and husband. I saw you as the gallant soldier, far above! yes, far above! many of your titled opponents. I felt, from my first sight of you, that you were noble and generous. I felt even more, that you and St. Ille Grayson were made for each other; notwithstanding you have denied any engagement. There are few who can appreciate my character; I have looked on you as a friend, a very dear one. It is death to part with you. But, dear Julian, let me entreat you never to forget that I love and respect you more than words can express! We shall part, never perhaps to see each other again in this world; but my prayers shall ever be for your happiness and prosperity."

Julian wiped his gushing tears, and affectionately pressing the hand in his, kissed it, adding,

"Heaven will watch over you, dear lady, and I solemnly swear never to forget the generous angel who has been so kind to me."

Julian rushed out of the door, unable to withstand the scene, without taking farther leave, whilst Julia sought her room to weep, and pour out the inexplicable feelings which spring from the hidden depths of the heart; such, alas! as leave it a tinge never to be effaced, and to enter ever afterwards into all its pulsations!

Major Notwood, who had met with Sir Henry, and who had been informed of the refusal which Julian had made to his proposals, went in quest of him, hoping that he might meet with him or find him at the house where the ladies were boarding.

He was determined to sound Julian, and if possible prevent him from succeeding with Mrs. Armond. He could not brook the idea that any rebel should be promoted, and he had other designs to accomplish. He met Julian at a turn of the street soon after his parting scene with Mrs. Armond.

"I am truly glad to see you," exclaimed Notwood; "you look agitated. I know that you have had infamous proposals made to you. It is a burning shame to attempt to take advantage of a noble nature; and were not the commander-in-chief so dear a friend, and so anxious to oblige you, I would expose him. The means are unworthy of him, to attempt to reach you through the most tender process. The prize would be sullied and wholly unworthy of you, incompatible with honor and independence. And henceforward if I thought you capable of obtaining a lady's hand under such self abasement, I should discard you from my friendship. Give up your northern trip until matters are more quiet; retain your parole until you can meet with an honorable exchange. Several of us are going up into the interior, go with us. It will render you better acquainted with the country, and give time for reflection and dispassionate action."

Julian eagerly caught at the arrangement. He wished almost to fly from himself. He never suffered himself to doubt the friendship of Notwood. The mind, when once excited and suddenly thrown off its balance, is prone to listen to novel suggestions; and Julian was now the subject upon which the consummate abilities of Notwood could play with a fair prospect of complete success.

CHAPTER XI.

Look who comes, sirrah—
And next prepare the song and do it lively;
Your tricks too, sirrah, they are ways to catch the
 buyer.
I'll be with you presently—
 That slave will cost you
 An easy price.

MASSINGER.

One or two messages were sent to Julian from Mrs. Arbuckle by Captain Gant, to call and see them before they sailed; but he was not disposed to undergo the same tortures again. The mind which has once been highly excited on a painful topic, is prone to avoid all liability to a recurrence to a similar one. His resolution was fixed, and he saw no good that could arise from

another brief interview ; and as regarded Mrs. Armond, he was almost afraid to trust himself in her presence, lest he might fault in his recent determination not to accompany Sir Henry to the North.

Having obtained the necessary passports, Notwood and Gant prepared to visit the interior, in company with Mrs. Notwood, Miss Conway and Miss Dashwood.

Notwood had, either from a desire to keep proper spies on the conduct of Julian, or to avoid the supervision to which he would be subjected in his intercourse with the people, or the leaders of the different small parties on the route, proposed to Julian that he and two of his subalterns should precede them a day or so in their journey ; alledging that it would prevent any inconvenience from too large a company, and that it would notify certain friends that they were coming. He regretted exceedingly that he would be deprived of the company of Julian ; "but," said he, "this arrangement will place you beyond the mutable whims of certain women, and the cool designs of Sir Henry."

The two subalterns were directed to act with great respect towards Julian, but at the same time to keep a close eye upon his conduct, and faithfully to report his conversation ; and if there was any apprehension of a surprise from any of the lawless bands, to return back immediately for further orders.

The three travelers took necessary provisions for such a journey ; and the two subalterns were well supplied with choice liquors, and a reasonable number of pistols and dirks.

Thus accoutered, they took the road towards Camden. Few situations are more embarrassing, than to travel in a country where lawless pillage and rapine prevail ; where the laws only protect the strong and cloak their wicked designs ; when no one knows that justice or truth will avail aught, or who will prove true or false. Julian, on any other occasion, or at any other time, might have felt more for his personal safety. Young and buoyant as he was, yet his mind seemed to be oppressed with an unwonted weight. Was it parting with the beautiful Mrs. Julia Armond ? or looked he with apprehension on the future ? He evidently was in no fit mood for conversation, and in the very outset of the journey gave way to his feelings so far as to repel all efforts on the part of his companions to draw him into conversation.

After a few execrations on the part of the subalterns, on the pride and haughti-

ness of Julian, they soon fell into the same mood. A more gloomy or taciturn company seldom travelled in fair day light.

Julian looked upon his companions as hired vassals, or needy adventurers, who sought a bare subsistence in the army ; and who would, at the bidding of their superiors, be as ready to do a bad as good act ; there could be but little fellow feeling amongst them.

At last, in the evening of the second day, the one which seemed the more important of the two, and who was blessed with a wide mouth and white hair, a short compact fellow, kicked up his weary beast, and riding close to Julian, commenced a conversation somewhat in the following strain :

"I declare, friend, that we are the dumbest and most shut-mouth set I ever saw, my very ears itch to hear somebody's voice ; I wish you would not be so proud to be humming every song you ever heard, and not say a word to your best friends."

"Yes," replied the other, "I am sure we are your friends, even if we have been told to keep a sharp eye on you, and I don't know the necessity of such orders ; seeing you have never spoke a word for any one to report back, during these two days ; except it is "Yes," or "No," or "is this the road?"

"I most heartily ask your pardon," replied Julian, "if I have appeared careless or even haughty ; for I assure you there is no one who has less cause to be proud ; or, who stands more in need of friends, and if I have been remiss in any of my actions or words, I am ready to make all necessary amends in my power."

"I told you, Lieutenant Bowman," said the other subaltern, whom the lieutenant called Buzz, or Buzzy, as his fancy suggested, "I told you that you was mistaken ; that we had a fine young man to go with us up amongst the country crackers."

"Yes, you did Buzzy, and you know I told you that it was grief, and not pride, which consumed the young gentleman's words, at leaving of some sweetheart or another."

"Yes, you did, Lieutenant Bowman, I felt very much that way myself, when I left Philadelphia."

"Were you bred in Philadelphia ?" asked Julian.

"Yes, sir."

"And how came you here?"

"By the way of a slant sir," said the sergeant. "I was partly badly treated, and partly had a roaming disposition, and was partly coaxed by an officer ; and I thought

too, that I would rather be on the strong side; but if I had half a chance, I would like to visit the old place again; though I'm promoted, and it would be death from either party, one because I went, and the other because I had come back. I've been in both armies, and if—"

"And if what, sargent?" asked the wide mouthed lieutenant.

"Nothing for you to report," said Buzzy, rather musing on what he had not said. "But it must out. If I was in the first army again, I would stay there, but as I am where I am I cannot help myself."

The lieutenant began to look a little dubious.

"Of course, mister, you would assist me, if myself and Sargent Buzz, were to get into a difficulty."

"That would depend, Mr. Bowman, upon the cause which might bring you into the difficulty, and the chances to be brought out of it."

"Well, sir, would you take sides against myself and Mr. Sargent Bussy; who is a good soldier although he talked so strangely just now?"

"Come, lieutenant, no such insinuations; I said nothing except my past thoughts, not a word about what I intended to do; no more of it, lieutenant."

"Well, I know what you meant, sargent; I only asked the question, and mentioned that, to see how it affected this gentleman, and I was going to say, that you was as good a soldier as any other man."

"You will soon see," said Julian, "what side I take, and who are good soldiers," half seriously and half in jest, for just at that instant, three well armed men, with several horses and about twenty negroes, stood before them in the road. Each company halted, our three travelers all abreast.

"Friends or foes?" demanded a fierce, large-whiskered, stout man, presenting his musket.

"Friends," exclaimed Lieutenant Bowman; rather falling a little back of his companions.

"Stand," said Julian, "and hand me a pistol."

"I judge you are friends by your coats, but that does not always signify, you must give up your arms, if you are friendly," said the leader of the opposite party.

"No," replied Julian, "the weakest party cannot give up their arms, until further convinced of your pacific intentions. If any surrender their arms it should be yourselves, but there is no cause why either should. You seem not to be a party on

warlike matters, and I can assure you that we are going on business mostly of a private nature.

"Yes! yes!" exclaimed the lieutenant, "on matters of deep concern of Maj. Notwood's."

A horseman dashed up from a blind path, on the left of the other party. It was the mineralogist. He was strangely attired; he had on a dragoon's cap of the British uniform, and a coat of the same order, over the rest of his clothes.

"Why stand ye here, all the day idle?" he exclaimed, in a loud voice, "one set with your faces to the east, and the other to the west. It matters not, your shadows all are one way, and so tend your lives. Is the road so narrow that you cannot pass to the right nor to the left? And you, young man," addressing himself to Julian, "unarmed in these times of peril and rapine? Hope you to escape? Recollect that it was cause enough in the eyes of the wolf to put the lamb to death, because it was weak."

"And, pray, sir, who made you commander in chief?" asked Sergeant Buzzy.

"In times of commotion and danger, there are pilots sent to the helm; I am now ready to command you, and lead you out of danger, for, let me tell you, that ere cock-crow, to-morrow, you will have no need of commanders, no—but rather of a priest; not one of the ancient Babylonish clan; but one of the true servants of the Lord; let us cease our wrangling," said the mineralogist, "and prepare for flight, for I have seen many men dismounted and lying at rest, waiting for night fall, in order to commence their depredations."

The party having the negroes, inquired to what party they belonged?

"Of course to the rebels, to the regulators."

The leader smiled, and said that he did not fear any harm, if they belonged to the regulators, "for many of them are but attending to the King's business, and I am one."

"Your blood be on your own head then," said the mineralogist. "I have told you that there was a lion in your path, if you heed me not, then I am clear of the hazards and mishaps which may befall you."

"Let us all camp together," said the leader of the negro party, "we have plenty of provisions, good cooks, and all necessary means for preparing supper, although we have fallen in upon the plagues of Egypt."

"Yes," replied Lieutenant Bowman, "I never heard an army of savages raise their

yells, but the frogs, or the Dutch nightingales, from these surrounding ponds, certainly keep up the most incessant clamor I ever heard."

"There will be a different yell, louder and more appalling, ere the mists of the morning ride on the wings of the wind," replied the mineralogist.

"Come! Come, be seated, and let us eat and be merry," said the leader, "for the d—d rebels dare not raise their heads, and as to a British soldier, or a friend to the King, every thing will be exactly right.—If they come up we'll bait them, and give them apple brandy; and let them have the grand Egyptian chorus, to which King Pharaoh and his subjects danced, in days of yore.

"I tell thee, once again," said the mineralogist, "that the Lord has sent a Captain to thee, to deliver thee out of the hands of thine enemies; it will be well, if thou dost not meet with the fate of Pharaoh and his followers; for thou art holding, like him, thy fellow-beings in bondage and servitude."

The regulator replied fiercely, "It is none of thy business, old man, whether I am the slave, or the slaveholder; I prefer to be the latter; I have fought for the privilege of being master, and I have now gained my reward. If such be your seditious harangues, yonder, sir, is the road, broad and plain, and if you wish to preach or exhort, find some other hearers besides us, for neither as Captain or Chaplain can we take you."

"No! no!" shouted all, except Julian.

"Young man," said the mineralogist, "I like your features and your behavior, go with me; leave your companions; my heart yearns over thee; thou art young, and may become learned and useful.

"Geoffrey Jarvis?" asked Julian with emotion.

"Remain with us," continued he; "I have much to say—to ask—to consult, if thou art in truth the mineralogist."

"You can have no consultations here," said the large-whiskered leader, "and the sooner you abscond the better, or I will have you paddling mud in the frog ponds."

"Yes, you impertinent old spy," shouted the lieutenant, "how dare you to disgrace his majesty's uniform? Yes, sir, how dare you to interfere with my private orders? mineralogist or tinker, scape-gallows or what not, seek your clan and be their leader; storm our camp, and show yourself a great captain; off, sir, quickly! instantaneously!"

Julian felt anxious to interpose, but he saw that his own life, and that of the mineralogist might be in jeopardy. He knew not the cause of the strange dress of this eccentric man; he longed to speak to him in private, but he dared not. He beheld his violent gestures by the torch light just kindled, as it threw back his own and his horse's shadow, and heard his fierce mutterings as he slowly disappeared.

The night was passed until a late hour in deep carousals by the companions of Julian and their new friends. A part of the negroes were compelled to sing or dance, whilst some kept time with their feet and hands, clapping, stamping, and whooping like a band of drunken savages. The refractory negroes were bound with strong ropes to prevent their escape. The conversation had been confidential between Lieutenant Bowman and his new friends; "Notwood and Clannagan," "confiscation," "Whig," &c., were words which Julian could occasionally hear—but exhausted he fell asleep.

CHAPTER XII.

First, hang and draw,
Then hear the cause by Lydford Law.
OLD SAYING.

The mineralogist proceeded at a slow rate, full of anger and vowing revenge upon the gang of rogues, as he called them.

"I will take ample satisfaction—I went as a peace-maker, and they sent me away a sower of discord. Yes, they shall find that the sword of Gideon shall be on them—I will charge them even unto the hilt of this trusty blade," (he pulled forth his long weapon,) "deep into the craven hearts of the land pirates will I drive this, unless they repent of their sins, and bow down in humility, asking pardon of me and of the Lord. I will deliver the young man who has been betrayed into their hands. He called on me for protection and advice, and they refused it—my mind is changed—I will deliver him."

In this gust of passion and reasoning, occasionally raising his voice, or urging on his beast, he came to the top of a hill, when dismounting and resting on his horse's neck, he commenced hallooing—"Halloo! Lieutenant Coldfire—come to the rescue of a young Israelite in whom there is no guile; come to the rescue of the children of Ham, who have been taken

from their rightful owners, and are to be sent and sold into strange places, scattered to and fro, like birds before the bow of the archer; come, gird up thy loins, Marcus Coldfire, and smite them hip and thigh."

In a few minutes four or five men stood near the mineralogist.

"What want you?—why such a bub-bub?"

"Why such a hub-bub? ask you, Mark Coldfire; thou man of the scriptural injunction, 'yea' and 'nay.' I want your strong arm against the scoffers and revilers—the same thou wert in pursuit of when I left thee this evening. I have found them and left them reviling and revelling near the Frog Ponds; my mind is changed, and they are guilty of sufficient crimes to condemn them; and mark me, Marcus Coldfire—there is one, a youthful Joseph, who must not be condemned with his wicked brethren; spare him for my sake, for the sake of learning! aye, and for reasons which I cannot and will not reveal even unto thee!"

Mark Coldfire was one of the sons of South Carolina, who, from the first to the last of the war, never thought of any thing else but fighting. He was sure, if any were in the field, to be one of the company. He was a bachelor who had been the solace of a poor widow, who had given him a good common education and good advice; but the seed fell on stony ground. Mark was wild as well as his frontier neighbors; he was remarkable for his stubborn taciturnity and prompt action; he was at the time of this interview with the mineralogist about thirty years of age, a short, robust frame, active and healthful; his dark eyes and large black whiskers and eye-brows singularly contrasted with his uncommonly gray head; he was as prompt as a Mohawk to take revenge, and as kind as the good Samaritan to his friends; "cold to his enemies, warm to his friends, one-half his name to the one, the balance to the other," said those who knew him—slow to anger and slow to pacify, "he suits his name." He was familiarly known as Lieutenant Monosyllable.

"Wilt thou, Marcus Coldfire, spare the young man for my sake?" asked the mineralogist, in a low voice, of the stout soldier just described.

"Yes."

"Wilt thou, Marcus Coldfire, take ample vengeance on the kidnappers and their colluding associates?"

"Yes."

"Wilt thou suffer me, then, Marcus, to

go and be the vanguard of the true sons of valor?"

"No."

"'Yea and nay,' thou art too laconic, too much of a listener, unless thou art in the company of thy juniors; well, do as thou likest, I will go as a private under thy command."

Mark Coldfire expostulated against such a course, telling the mineralogist that this was more of a private matter of revenge, "an old debt he had to pay the thieves for their many acts of villany, and one too against his mother. They sent her to her grave penniless," said Mark, wiping his eyes, "and I have sworn to repay the debt." Saying this he ordered his five men to get ready, and he absolutely refused to let the mineralogist go with him, saying,

"This is a private affair, and you shall not risk your life in such a one; your dress shows that you are of the King's party; and if I had taken you in battle would have kept you as a prisoner. I admire your present course, and hope that you will consider well before you fight against us. I hope you have not yet taken sides."

"I did not until old Walden insulted me."

"Beware how you persecute him—he has many friends," said one of the company.

"And who art thou that warnest me of danger from Walden? I fear neither the King nor the Congress; who are they but the servants of the people? Go thy ways, man, and trouble not thyself on my account; Walden shall yet repent of his treatment towards me. It is well thou hast warned me of the numerous friends of Walden, for it behooves me to prepare for danger. Spare the youth, dear Marcus; my time has not yet come to fulfill my plans with him, and let me whisper in thy ear—he is a rebel."

"What plans?" asked Coldfire.

"None that thou art interested in yet, Lieut. Coldfire—none that thy genius suits—none that thy means could justify; but if thy industry and valor continue, perchance the second or third part of command may be given thee. 'Gideon and the Lord' be thy battle cry."

The mineralogist left the small party, giving no clue to his route or his plans, singing an indistinct song, or occasionally muttering a few words until he sunk back beneath the trees and darkness of the hill.

Coldfire immediately prepared his company for an attack on the encampment at

the Frog Ponds. They went in single file, and took the precaution to tie their horses' mouths around with cords lest they should neigh. Thus arranged, they proceeded within a few hundred yards of the described place, and dismounting they divided themselves into two wings; Coldfire taking the most irresolute and weak of his company with himself, whilst the other three were directed to approach in an opposite direction, and to go upon them without noise; he commanded each man to have his weapons ready, and when they got within ten paces, to demand a surrender. "Spare the young man—and all besides, if they yield—if not, kill the kidnappers, and the two travelers if they join against us."

Owing to the furious carousal and deep drinking, there was scarcely a single person of the whole company sober or awake. The deep snoring occasionally was heard over the chorus of the happy frogs. Every circumstance presaged an easy conquest. The two wings had approached in opposite directions, and actually stood near enough to make signs to each other. "Seize their arms," whispered Coldfire. In a moment they had taken every gun or weapon they could see.

"Let me run this bayonet through the ringleader's jugular," said one of his men, "for I know that this is Jim Joice."

"No," said Coldfire, pulling out a rope from his pocket, "let us tie him and try him by a court martial." The others followed his example, and in an instant the three Tories had a noose around their necks, whilst two of Coldfire's company stood with their guns ready to shoot the first who resisted.

"You pull rather hard," said Joice, scrambling up; "you are rather too rough, Lieutenant Bowman; quit your damn fun, and let me sleep."

Julian sprung to his feet and seized a pistol—"We are friends, young man," said one of the company. "We mean you no harm; but if you interfere in our private quarrels, you will be instantly killed." Julian's other companion suddenly sprung up also. "Stand, or you are a dead man," said each of Coldfire's men.

"Shoot!" shouted Sergeant Buzzy, "we are taken prisoners and will be hung."

Lieutenant Bowman raised up on his elbows, and rubbing his eyes, fell back again, too drunk to take part in the affray.

"If you mean no harm, why this midnight attack?—why these ropes?—this menacing attitude and threats?" asked Julian.

"We are after thieves and robbers," replied Coldfire.

The three kidnappers, though nearly drunk, began to flounder and scuffle, whilst some of the negroes also began to show alarm. Coldfire told them, in a few words, who he was, and his business.

"I come to release you, and convey you back to your lawful masters."

"I am as free as you are, and mean to join the king."

"And I," said another, "will never work another day."

"Seize and bind the black rascals," cried Coldfire.

In an instant, several of the negroes obeyed the order. A scuffle ensued amongst them, but after several blows with the butt end of a gun, the two refractory negroes surrendered.

Sergeant Buzzy fired his pistol, and was knocked down by one of the party. Julian interfered, and agreed that if Bowman and his companions were not further molested, they would take no part in the neighborhood quarrel between the two parties, but depart and attend to their own private business.

"Well," said Coldfire, "I agree to the terms. Now you and your squad take the road, and give us the ground, for you are in bad company, and the sooner you dissolve the copartnership the better."

Lieutenant Bowman was dragged up, and mounted on his horse, unable to ride. After Julian had ascertained that Buzzy was not much hurt, he began to attempt to expostulate on account of the inabilities of Lieutenant Bowman to ride.

"This will retain him safely in his seat," said one of Coldfire's men, pulling out a strong cord: "and if I had my way, it should be a cravat instead of a stay and prop for his drunken carcass."

"Up with his buffship," said Coldfire.

Julian refused to assist, and Sergeant Buzzy begged to be excused.

"Take his carcass up," said Coldfire, to the negroes.

"Don't hang me, you black devils," said Bowman; "I'll have you all whipped—yes, hung and quartered!"

"Up with the whiskey barrel, boys, and lash him to his horse."

"And me in the same way?" said Joice.

"Not exactly," replied Coldfire.

After a great deal of cursing and floundering, Lieutenant Bowman was snugly tied on his horse. Sergeant Buzzy and Julian started with their commander-in-chief, with orders from Coldfire not to stop nor un-

loose him until sunrise, "for if you do, I swear I will hang two out of three of you, and I will not say which shall escape."

"Don't hang me, my dear friend," said Joice.

"Nor me!"—"Nor me!"—"Nor me!" continued the two white men, and several of the negroes.

"We have no witnesses now," said one of the men, who had followed for some distance Julian's company, and had returned.

"Exactly right—I would have taken the whole, but I want no witnesses. To work, then," said Coldfire.

The unfortunate prisoners, though much overcome with their late debauch, quickly recovered the full possession of their senses. Fear operated as a solacing process upon them; they knew well the character of the Lieutenant.

"Will you exchange us, or let us off on parole, Mr. Coldfire?"

"No."

"Then," continued Joice, "you do not intend any thing further than a little sport by tying us in this uncomfortable way?"

"No!"

"Do you intend to carry us before the civil authorities, as every thing now is in a regular way, and the king's laws have been acknowledged by all the great men of the State except yourself, and I have no doubt that you are ready and willing to execute the laws of the land?"

"I am!"

"Lead off, boys," said Coldfire, pointing towards a creek that ran some three or four hundred yards from the encampment.

"I don't like this fun much, Joice," said one of the prisoners; "is this the way you have made my fortune?"

"I regret that we have not McQuirk and Clannagan here," said a second, "then my destroyers would see to what they have brought me. My poor wife and children, Joice, will follow you as long as you live, and haunt you to your grave."

"Oh, that will not be long—

Sing derry down, derry down,
Yes, poor Jerry Hanks will soon go down."

Thus sung the third prisoner.

"Come, Isaac Beeman, this is not the way to do; you had better be praying, than singing in this manner—

Lord be merciful to me, a sinner,
Who'll never eat another dinner;
And Jerry Hanks will never steal,
Nor lie, nor cry, nor think, nor feel."

"Now, I do declare," said Joice, "it is a d——d shame to suffer such insolence,

and when I get out of this scrape, Mr. Iky Beeman, I'll settle with you for this insolence."

"Poor Jimmy Joice, poor Jimmy Joice,
Will have to take the hangman's choice."

"Silence, sir," said Coldfire.

"There is a good tree," said one of his company to Coldfire. "It hangs exactly right; it will just fall with the bend into the water, a still, silent place, where nothing will disturb them, for their hair ropes were made out of the tails of young and strong horses, and will never rot, until the water has dissolved the last pound of flesh, or the fishes have eat the last ounce off."

"My God! Coldfire—is it possible you are going to murder us in cold blood?" asked Joice.

"Oh, my sweet friend," said Hanks, "do not hurry our poor souls off into eternity—

Pray then, Hanks, and cry Mr. Joice,
In a rogue's whine and a rogue's voice;
But Iky Beeman, let him live,
Proof against such thieves to give."

The morning's dawn began to appear, and the moon in the west threw a strong light upon the faces of the several actors.

The two refractory negroes, well known as accomplished villains, having been tied, were ordered to mount the stooping tree, and after the ropes (which had already been placed around their necks) were fastened to it, they were ordered to spring off. The desperadoes, despairing of life, acknowledged their crimes and murders, and then cursing their white accomplices and their executioners, plunged boldly off. The struggle was a brief one, for the powerful leap, added to the heavy weights which had been fastened to their legs, broke their necks, and they sunk deep, to rise no more.

Two or three pots were brought from the camp and filled with small stones, and tied to the feet of the two white men, who had been forced on the tree after a hard scuffle, in which each had been knocked over the head. Three or four of the most powerful negroes were ordered to assist in binding them. From cries and entreaties, they changed to cursing and defiance of their executioners.

"I choked your damn mother, and shot your uncle," said Joice to Coldfire.

"And I murdered your brother, Tom Ramsay; and I ran away with your sister, and sold her for an Indian pony, Mr.

Gofford," said Hanks, to one of Coldfire's associates.

After the ropes were arranged, and the weights placed to the feet of the several culprits, they were shoved from the tree. The rattling of the pots, and the shrieks of the dying men were all soon over. After they were supposed to be dead, the negroes were ordered to cut the tree down. It soon fell, stooping as it was, and effectually buried in the deep water the perpetrators of fraud and murder.

"Well, Mr. Beeman, your time comes next."

"Oh no, Lieutenant Coldfire, you must hold a Court Martial over those rascals, and I will be State's evidence against them. You know that I am at heart a good Whig; but they forced me into the scrape, as I can prove by several of these negroes."

"But they are not good witnesses in law," said Coldfire.

"Yes, massa," said one, "I am a lawful witness, for I know dey take oberseer and would be hung him if he no come—dat I know be truth!"

"Well, well," said Coldfire, "we must have a Court Martial over these fellows. You heard their last words. But this is no place for trials now; we must wait until we get to Captain Bucklebelt, who will sit as president of the Court."

Returning to the encampment, the baggage of the negroes was packed up, and a speedy retreat made along the path that Coldfire and his party had come.

"I will see you all back to your masters, and you, Mr. Beeman, must justify yourself to them, or, like your good friends, you must hang," said Coldfire, as he ordered the company to move forwards, whilst he and one of his companions pushed up the rear.

CHAPTER XIII.

He

Breaks through all law-nets made to curb ill men,
As they were cobwebs. No man dares reprove him.

Such a spirit to dare, and power to do, were never lodged so unluckily.

A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

According to previous appointment, Notwood and his party of pleasure reached the neighborhood of Forest Hill. In the mean while, Miss Conway, being impatient to see her father's family, was conducted home from Mrs. Wittingham's, at whose

house, then a kind of Loyalist head-quarters, most of the partisans of the King were in the habit of calling. For reasons which Notwood did not disclose, he pursued his journey earlier than he had contemplated, and thus arrived at the appointed place sooner than Julian and his companions.

Julian and Buzzy adhered to the terms imposed on them by Lieutenant Coldfire, although Bowman swore most lustily that he would report them to their superiors; or he would hold them personally responsible if they were not sufficiently punished, a promise which was destined never to be fulfilled, for as soon as he had learnt the particulars of his narrow escape, and the probable fate of his boon companions, he proposed that the whole affair should not be mentioned at all. But Julian said, in his own justification, that he should report most of the particulars when he met with Gant and Notwood.

Col. Ben. Clannagan, a noted Tory leader, with his trusty followers and their subaltern officers, were encamped some few hundred yards from the house.

"And you have cut up the damned rebels, root and branch, Colonel Tarleton, at the Waxhaws. It was a wholesale affair, and will settle the stomachs of the rebels for some time," said Clannagan.

"Yes, sir—cold steel well applied is a great restorer to allegiance; it was somewhat harsh, but given so effectually, so secundum artem, as my good friend, Dr. Caius C. Cain, would say, that it made up for any little want of pleasure on the part of the patients. I'm a Hessian, Major Notwood, if my friend, the Doctor, did not luxuriate over their carcasses; it would have done your heart good to have seen the old lark probing a wound under the ribs of one of the bayoneted rebels; to see the cool and quiet eyes of the Doctor sparkle as he sounded the different shoals of the poor devil, as he begged the Doctor not to hurt him, or asked if he thought he could save his life."

"Aye! you were right then, Colonel, to give but little quarter, where their sufferings must have been so considerable. I'm sorry from the bottom of my heart," continued Notwood, "for the whole affair, but it was a brilliant and truly chivalric feat, equal to the 'veni vidi vici' of Cæsar."

"It must have been a cruel and revolting scene," said Captain Gant, "and whilst I am in his majesty's service, I hope never to witness such an one."

"Yes," said Clannagan, shrugging his shoulders, and twisting his long agile frame half round towards Gant, whilst his small gray eyes shot a half suppressed glance of scorn; "yes, Captain Gant, no doubt such scenes would be revolting. The sickly philanthropist is the worst enemy of mankind, and precisely such sentiments have kept up a good portion of the resistance to the king. Your fools in Parliament, with their speeches, and your kind hearted officers here, cause more bloodshed than they will ever be able to account for."

"Colonel Tarleton," continued the excited partisan, growing warm with his subject, "these very sentiments have caused me sleepless nights and weary hours; I have to meet stratagem by stratagem, and force by force; their necks must be kept down, or ours must go down. You may retreat when you please to your ships, or to your well regulated country, and to all your ease and enjoyment; but you will bequeath us strife, confiscation, and tortures if you leave the work but half accomplished. You have only irritated—you must humble; and my advice is, that every man should be compelled to fight for his king and his protection, and that all who are not busily engaged in the field, should be compelled to contribute. Major Notwood, your good uncle Conway must help—he has not been sufficiently noticed to let him know where he belongs; he is lukewarm; stir him up, and identify him with us at once."

"Most excellent advice," chuckled Tarleton.

Julian, who had arrived with Buzzy and Lieutenant Bowman, and who had been an unnoticed listener, hearing the tenor of this conversation, unable to suppress his utter detestation of such sentiments, removed from their company.

"And who have you yonder?" said Clannagan to Notwood, fixing his small piercing eyes on Julian, who stood leaning against one of the trees before the piazza.

"A gentleman on parole, a friend of Sir Henry Clinton, a young fellow from the North, who has got sick, I think, of his fun, and would like to have a decent excuse to retire from the strife; a kind of half way lover of Mrs. Armond, the sister to the noble Mrs. Arbuckle—and I believe he is an acquaintance, also, of old Grayson's girl. You understand, Colonel," said Notwood.

"He does not look like a Northern man to me," replied Clannagan, "and I doubt

the whole affair of his honesty. Mark me, Major, that man is a spy or a rebel. I have been noticing his countenance all the while we were talking, and I saw his lip curl, and his cheeks color, and his head was thrown up unconsciously."

"Never fear," said Notwood, "he can do nothing of himself, and as I think something of him, I'll have him registered, and then let him be sent out on a collecting expedition, and his Whig friends will make him sick of them and their cause. Is it not an excellent thought?" asked Notwood.

"Unnecessary trouble," replied Clannagan; "he is a spy or an impostor. He is no Northerner—he will forfeit his word, and betray us the first opportunity."

"Perhaps," said Notwood, "the fate of the rebels at White Hall may settle his courage—but I think with you, he is not from the North."

"He acted very prudently in the affair the other night, at least from the account he has just given me," continued Notwood, watching the countenance of Clannagan.

"What affair?" asked Clannagan.

Notwood stated the whole affair of the encampment, suggesting that it was likely that the negro stealers were hung, or already safely lodged in some deep thicket or morass with those who had captured them.

"I think he acted very cowardly," replied Clannagan, "and I fear his majesty's two officers did no better. Joice and Hanks were two of my most active and confidential regulators; they never fell short of doing as much as I required of them, and I swear I will hang every rascal that had any hand in their death, or even if they have molested them. Your friend Julian may swing yet."

It was with some difficulty that Notwood prevented Clannagan from insulting Julian and the subaltern's travellers, on the ground that they should have resisted, and aided Joice and his friends.

"I shall leave here instantly to scour the country; that fellow Coldfire is only the jackall of Bucklebelt and old Walden; there is something in this affair which means more than we can see, and it shall be looked to."

Tarleton called Cain to him, and saying—

"Well, Doctor, have you got over the glorious opportunity I gave you of trying your great skill in gun-shot wounds at Waxhaws?"

"No, Colonel, and I shall never regret but one thing in that fight; I had so few left with a medicable chance—so little left to chance or skill. I had the pleasure, however, to see the most varied and magnificent wounds! Conjecture is lost in the quickness of the deed, and the variety of the victims. I noticed several fellows with ten or fifteen wounds inflicted, either of which must have proved fatal—a thrust, for instance, near the jugular—a slash across the nose, down into the mouth—a fling across the back of the neck, until the head rested on the breast—and, sir, I saw one poor fellow stretched with all his fingers off, except the forefinger of the right hand, with his left eye out, and the hand of his left arm cut off. Many were the shades and style of the different wounds; but little chance was left in such cases for the surgeon."

"Of course, Doctor, but little," replied Tarleton, with a smile of assent, and then adding—"Well, Doctor, I will give you a chance now to try your descriptive powers on a new friend, a kind of gentlemanly enemy on parole, holding a neutral friendship—a kind of reward we have invented for perjury."

"Shall I strip him of the warp and wool down to a state of nudity, and take a surveyance of the *nævæ maternæ*, as well as the *vulna* obtained in his various warfaring through life?"

"I suppose that will be rather too close and rigorous an examination. But any way, Doctor, so you get through quickly, and to your own satisfaction."

Tarleton joined the gentlemen and ladies in the house, whilst Dr. Cain proceeded toward Julian, who had continued to occupy his station, apparently abstracted from surrounding scenes.

This Dr. Caius Cornelius Cain was a bottle-nosed surgeon, attached to Tarleton's command, and weighed about two hundred pounds; he was slightly bald; much precaution had been taken to allow the hair to grow until it was long enough, and then it was plaited across the head, whilst all which grew on the occiput was carefully combed forward, making a general meeting of the ends on the top of the head, or over the baldness. The dimensions of the Doctor were very much in the shape of a sack of wool, though he tapered from his shoulders down to his feet, being a little rotund in the waist. He stood short and strong in his shoes, the personification of servility, science and egotism. His full grayish eyes, and large thick lips, were in

keeping with his greenish, greasy skin; his countenance was one which nobody loved, yet every one was disposed to pass him by with a smile of ridicule, saying or believing that he was a good-natured, self-conceited fool. The Doctor had acquired a fashion, whenever he wished to be minute, or particularly successful, to mount a pair of goggles. On this occasion, this premonitory evidence of the state of his mind had not been neglected.

Approaching the place where Julian stood, he accosted him somewhat in the following strain.

"Sir, your most obedient—I am glad to see you—hope, sir, you are prepared for my official duties."

Julian bowed to this salutation, and replied—

"I am prepared, sir, for any official duties you may have with me, unless you are the hangman!"

"Facetious! ay! No, sir—my occupation is the reverse—it is to cure, not to kill. But, my dear sir, the commander-in-chief of his Majesty's cavalry forces has vouchsafed to admit you on honorable parole, and for reasons good and sufficient unto the aforesaid, as the *Doctores legis* would say, has requested me the head of his surgical department, the propriety and fitness of which selection will be fully exemplified, and practically illustrated on you the examinee.

"These," said the Doctor, adjusting his goggles, "are necessary from hard and effective study; and especially since my immediate sojourn in this torrid zone; and let me advise you by all means to use such in preference to the more showy spectacles; provided, nevertheless, the stress of your occupation should fall upon the optic nerves."

"Why, really, my dear sir," said Julian, "I am entirely ignorant of the precise honor intended me by the commander-in-chief and his learned surgeon."

"Stop, sir," said Dr. Cain, "allow me to correct you. I mean, sir, the commander-in-chief of his Majesty's cavalry forces."

"I stand corrected," replied Julian, half inclined to be merry at the uncouth manners and appearance of the learned Doctor. "But, sir," continued Julian, "with a nose so aquiline as mine, and a pair of goggles, I might be mistaken for an owl, or something equally uncouth."

"And pray, sir," asked the Doctor, which would be most disgraced, yourself, or he who might make such an allusion?

for mistake it could not be. Sir," continued the very learned Doctor, whose wrinkled front alone gave indication of a little warmth, for behind his goggles all was darkness and mystery, "is not the *strix bubo*, or horned owl, a bird next to the eagle, or do you allude to the *strix flamma*, the screech owl? What, sir, did the immortal Shakspeare say—

'A falcon towering in her pride of place,
Was, by a mousing owl, hawked at and killed.'

There are between forty and fifty species, and I have not the time now to repeat their names; they are considered very rapacious."

"Excuse me, Doctor, I should like to know your business with me."

"Yes, sir. The commander-in-chief," said Doctor Cain, "to be brief, has directed, as you are a stranger to us, that I should take down your name, age, height, and any remarkable spots or scars about your person, whether they be natural or acquired. This, sir, is the true practice in all paroles given by the armies of the transatlantic countries, and wherever good discipline prevails."

"And for what purpose or benefit?" asked Julian.

"Why, my young friend," said the Doctor, smiling, "you certainly do not require to be told that it serves to test the knowledge of the surgeon, as well as the obedience of the examinee; but, mainly, it is held *in terrorem* over his head, to prevent desertions, or rather to prevent his disregarding his word of honor, and the confidence placed in him. Sir," said Dr. C. C. Cain, lifting up his goggles, "do you, or do you not, refuse to undergo the registration, or, as some dolts say, the grinding? If you do, sir, I shall be under the unpleasant necessity of reporting you to his highness, my commander, the chief of all the forces here and hereabouts."

"No," said Julian, assuming a smile, "I shall raise no objections to the official duties of the army surgeon, unless he infringe upon the laws of propriety, or subject me to too much inconvenience."

"What is your name, sir?" demanded Cain, preparing to register it down.

"Julian Onslow."

"Julian Onslow—a pretty soft name, but it does not alliterate like my own. It is down. Now, sir, stand up against this post—pretty high—an attitude somewhat dangerous in battle, if the opposite party should shoot high; eyes dark-brown, complexion fair, hair auburn, shape a little

slender—and, sir, have you any marks produced from frights or vitiated tastes, known as *nævæ maternæ*?"

"What in the devil are you after?" said Clannagan, coming up and eyeing Julian rather closely.

"I am making sure work, sir."

"Sure work! the rope makes sure work!" said Clannagan, turning abruptly on his heels, and walking into the parlor again.

Julian failed not to mark the fierce gaze of Clannagan, as he hastily scowled at him.

Doctor Cain having proceeded through the registration, walked boldly into the house, and with an air of exultation handed his schedule into the hands of Tarleton, who, having glanced at it a moment, read audibly—

"The dimensions, description and peculiarities of Julian Onslow, the examinee, as correctly taken down by Caius C. Cain, Esq., Surgeon to his Majesty's forces under the command of his Excellency, Colonel Tarleton, commanding, &c., &c. Auburn or dark brown hair, dark brown eyes, fair complexion, aquiline nose, rather careless cast of the countenance, and supercilious glance of the eye, a scar on the forehead, just under the hair, on the left side."

"From stealing, no doubt," said Clannagan.

"More like," replied Dr. Cain, "it is a *vulnus* from a pettifogger of those wilds, if such they have."

"Or a sabre stroke," replied Gant, "and I can tell you, Col. Clannagan, that you do Onslow great injustice, if you suppose him capable of a mean action."

"It is a matter of perfect indifference with me, whether he is or not," said Clannagan. "But this I will say, he must be started immediately, or we shall lose time until the opportunity escapes, of getting service out of him. I'll arrange the matter," continued Clannagan, and if you have no objection, Maj. Notwood, I will join your name with mine in the request," assuming an air of greater kindness.

Clannagan proceeded to where Julian was, and expressed his good wishes to him, at the same time telling him that it became necessary for him to have a guide, and to proceed immediately, for, said he, "you may meet with such as may not respect your mission. I will give you a countersign and a trusty guide; your life depends upon the faithful performance of this important errand. Deliver, sir," continued

he, "these into the hands of Col. Arthur Conway. You may rely on my determination to ascertain the manner in which you carry out your trust."

"I must," said Julian, "be excused from such an undertaking, unacquainted as I am with the contents of your letters, and standing, as I do, on parole."

"As to your parole," said Clannagan, "I consider that as worthless. You are, by our late manifesto, made a subject of the King; these letters, sir, do not interfere with any known duty. But, sir, hesitation is not in my vocabulary; you have to comply with my request, demand, or whatever you may choose to consider it, and, mark me, it will be best for you to have the business well and faithfully performed! Here, sir, are the letters."

Julian moved not a hand towards the letters held out to him, but looking the haughty speaker in the eye, calmly replied: "Seek your own vassals to perform your insolent commands."

"If you will not obey me, then I will obey you, sir," replied Clannagan, almost bursting with rage. He immediately sought Notwood, saying, "I will yet be revenged on your rebel friend; you must manage him, for the present; here are the letters and passports, I must immediately attend to Coldfire, and his dastardly accomplices."

Notwood, deeply interested in sending Julian to Forest Hill, earnestly besought him to start immediately, with Tidder as a guide, on the proposed visit; Julian hesitated, but, after a few suggestions from Capt. Gant, he agreed to set out without further delay.

Clannagan, after Julian and Tidder had departed, took leave of his several friends, urging Col. Tarleton to stir up the lukewarm royalists, particularly mentioning Col. Conway. "Yes, sir," answered Col. Tarleton, "we dine there in a few days," and he added, as Clannagan left the room, "I know not, Capt. Gant, how soon afterwards, we may be invited to a wedding."

Miss Dashwood looked at Gant, with evident surprise, saying with a sigh, "it is what I expected; it is what I have prophesied."

"You shall certainly be at the wedding, Miss Dashwood," said Gant, blushing, "if it ever takes place; but, I assure you, the preliminaries are yet to be arranged."

"The preliminaries yet to be arranged, I suppose, are such as sighing and writing poetry, and looking unutterable things, or, are the preliminaries the asking the old people?"

"I supposed you would have known all about such affairs, Miss Dashwood; and that whatever definition you might attach to preliminaries, they are already, in your case, fully settled," said Notwood, seating himself near her, and keeping up the light and gay conversation.

Clannagan complained to his trusty followers, bitterly, of the supercilious drones, who fluttered about, eating and courting whilst he and his followers had the brunt of the war to sustain. "It is a hard lot at best," he said, musing for a moment; "despised by these titled nobility, and hunted and hated by our own countrymen! Well, we are in too deep now to halt; and I have some debts yet to settle with some of the rebels, which I will execute successfully, or lose my life in the attempt. What care I for the opinions of men or women? selfish and faithless I have found all except one, oh! Rachel Walden!" He swept his hand hastily across his swarthy brow, and spurring his charger gave a shrill whistle, which was the signal for his company to hasten their pace.

CHAPTER XIV.

Barbarigo.

Yours!

They speak your language, watch your nod, approve your plans, and do your work; are they not yours?—THE TWO FOSCARI.

If the good reader will turn back to the first three chapters of these adventures, he will perceive that they might, very properly occupy this place; but, as they have been introduced somewhat out of order, for the purpose of illustrating certain facts, not so readily applicable to other chapters, an excuse will be found in the unincumbered continuity of the immediate chain of events which is now to be presented. It will be recollected, that Julian, after his fruitless mission to Col. Conway's mansion, departed without his guide, Timothy Tidder, who had been furnished by Clannagan to conduct him through the morasses and bye-paths of the country. It was on the same morning after Julian left Col. Conway's, that the following incidents occurred. In fact, Julian had left the house but a short distance, when he was met in a sudden turn of the road by three men, well armed with muskets.

"Stop!" said the foremost, presenting his musket, "you appear to be in a devil of a hurry; why so early out, upon a fasting stomach? who are you, and which way are you driving?"

"I am on business of your superiors and returning; as to the question, 'who I am,' I answer that I was a mere soldier of fortune, out of employment, and have been unceremoniously drafted a drudge, by your particular friends."

"You are a d—d rebel, and we will soon give you employment. Can you tread the wind awhile, at the end of a rope?" asked another of the company.

"Any thing for amusement, gentlemen," replied Julian, attempting a jocular air, greatly at variance with his real forebodings; "any way, gentlemen, that would be equitable; but perhaps some of you will bear me company, as we appear to be pretty much in the same way of seeking new adventures."

"Ah, ha! is that your tune, young man?" continued the last speaker; "do you expect to come round us in that way? We are rather too old turkeys to be yelped up by such a piper; you must come nearer to the true sound before we answer."

"Then, gentlemen," said Julian, eyeing the road and the prospect of an escape, which was unfortunately impossible; "I'll give you the genuine note, and if you are of the true game, you will answer, and if you are not, why then, three pluck one will be foul or fair, according to the party which is right or wrong."

"You seem," said the first speaker, a dark skinned man, with a dished face, and large white eyes, and who stooped in the shoulders, "to harp a good deal about equity, foul and fair, right and wrong; but come, my lark, sing out; we want our breakfast and we have but little time to throw away."

"Well, gentlemen, I will begin right. I am, I believe, in the company of Messrs. Snyder, McQuirk and Fawk." The two last had been described to Julian by Tidder.

"So far, so good," said Snyder, "but I should like to know how you got in possession of my name; was it, sir, when you and your carousing clan pilfered me out of my money? were you not one of the betting copartners of Notwood, at the Charleston ball?"

Julian looked for a moment at the questioner, whose fierce eyes sparkled with something of malignant satisfaction, whilst his sturdy and powerful frame swelled with conscious security. His thick, bushy, red whiskers, which he twirled with his left hand, added greatly to his ferocity, and he half laughed out as he saw the confusion which his questions produced upon the countenance of Julian.

"I have the countersign of Col. Clannagan," said Julian, pulling it out and handing it to McQuirk; for he had no disposition to place himself within the immediate grasp of such a frame as that of Snyder."

"This is very good, the real grit," said McQuirk.

"No," said Fawk. "The countersign reads loyalty and royalty, Cornwallis and Clannagan;" that would have done a month or two ago, but here is the last, which I got a day or two ago from Clannagan himself; the name of Tarleton is substituted in lieu of that of Cornwallis, since his great battle."

"Let me look at it," said Snyder, seizing it. "This is worth about as much as that green leaf, there, and now, sir, the answer, the answer to my question; and Notwood's name too, to this," continued Snyder, still looking occasionally over the slip of paper which he held, "and look, McQuirk," said he, "what do these zig zag lines mean, here at the bottom, and this H. T. B.?"

"Why," said McQuirk, it is the Colonel's private mark! Leaving the discretion with his confidential friends, but it is badly written and very small."

"What does it mean, McQuirk?" asked Snyder, somewhat impatient at not getting an answer.

"The crooked line means a rope, and the letters mean hang the bearer."

"Exactly, right," said Snyder, "*Hang the bearer.*"

Julian saw his danger, and quickly recapitulated his business with Conway, and the private charge which Col. Clannagan had given him, and the great necessity, in the existing state of things, that he should return and relate personally what he had seen and heard; and gentlemen," said Julian, "if you will look at the last letters and the countersign, you will perceive a great difference in the color of the ink and the size of the letters; no doubt Col. Clannagan had this merely as a blank, which he in his hurry overlooked; but where was the necessity of letting me off when he had me in his power, and could at any moment have swung me to the first tree that came in his way? and why may it not mean *hear the bearer*, or any other matter?"

"I can tell you why he did not hang you, sir," answered Snyder. "It was because your gambling friends were too near you, and furthermore he did not wish to have your blood upon his conscience."

"A sorry compliment to you then, gen-

tleman, to wish to throw his murders on your shoulders. I imagine that those who know Col. Clannagan will not give him a name for any squeamishness on such points; and to the gambling Mr. Snyder," continued Julian, "I have to say that it was a mere matter of accident that I was present. I expostulated against having any agency in the matter."

"A mere sham, sir, between scoundrels! Search him to the skin, boys," continued Snyder, seizing the stirrups, whilst McQuirk took the horse by the bridle.

Julian dismounted, and after having been thoroughly searched by Fawk and Snyder without finding any thing, was ordered to put on his clothes.

"The poor moneyless devil must swing," said Snyder, "for he is an impostor or a spy of old Marion, and sent to us to be swung."

"I think," said McQuirk, having mounted Julian's horse, "that if the young man could give up his horse to me, I could consent that he might take the track; for this is almost as good a nag as Shadow, and I think I could do the king some service if I owned this horse for a charger."

"Who did you steal Shadow from, good Mr. McQuirk?" asked Snyder, with a wink of the eye at Fawk.

"You need not wink, sir," said McQuirk, "I took her in war from Col. Horry, sir, and I was doing my king's business in so doing."

"And pray, Mr. Julian Onslow, for that seems to be your name, from whom did you steal this horse?"

"I have," said Julian, "already submitted to many indignities from you, more than one soldier should permit from another, and I'll answer no more of your questions, unless these other two gentlemen say that I am a prisoner of war and on my trial, and you sitting as one of the court martial."

"He's a rebel! he's a rebel!" shouted Snyder, "and prates of equality and rights as lustily as any rebel orator. I'll split his brains out at once."

Julian instinctively caught at the musket held by Snyder, and springing with a desperate leap, succeeded in wresting it from his hand, dragging him to the ground, and was preparing to follow up his advantage with a blow from the butt end of the musket, when he bethought himself that the best plan would be to act on the defensive, and if possible make good his retreat with a well loaded weapon. McQuirk in the midst of the confusion fired off one of

his pistols. The horse made a quick leap and rushed so close to a tree that he was thrown and desperately mangled; Fawk fired his gun, but Julian escaped, having chosen a part of the woods which had the most trees in it. Snyder in a rage seized the gun of McQuirk, which had been flung aside in his scuffle, or had fallen from his grasp, and ran after Julian, but finding the pursuit fruitless he showed his malice by shooting in the direction in which Julian ran.

"Is the horse thief dead?" said Snyder to Fawk; "but for his everlasting desire to steal horses that scoundrel would now be swinging instead of running off with a loaded gun before our faces; and you, sir, are a coward, or you would not have missed such a chance."

"To tell the truth, I am not quick on trigger in cold blood," said Fawk, "and especially as Mr. McQuirk did not seem inclined to hang him; and besides, my old musket frizzed and blew so long before she went off, that I must have missed him unless she had scattered more than common; and besides, I'm not so certain that the countersign was right; but still I would have hung him if he had been prepared to die."

"Prepared to die! I wonder if you expect to be prepared to die even if you were to live to be as old as Methusaleh?"

"Yes, if I'm in a righteous cause when my time comes, but let us bleed McQuirk, for his face is as black as my hat."

"No, no," said Snyder, feeling of McQuirk's pulse, "he has no pulse, and I don't hold with drawing the life out of a man; what, bleed in a collapse? no pulse, no heat? but I don't care whether the thief lives or dies! And you too are a poor cowardly puppy, or you would have knocked him over the head when I was scuffling with him."

"I am what I am, and I can't be no amer."

"No, nor nothing else; but—" Snyder stopped short, and reloading his gun told Fawk to haul McQuirk to one side of the road and to nurse him if he chose, while he pursued Julian.

Fawk seized McQuirk by the heels and dragged him aside from the road, and then sat down close to him, taking his head into his lap. "Few such men as you, my dearest friend. Yes! I have known you McQuirk, (poor fellow, he breathes difficult, let me raise your head a little,) I have known you, let me see, for fifteen years; we were barely grown; it was at a quilt-

ing in North Carolina, where we had such a dance. I think he ought to have been bled; I know Dr. String Halt would have bled him until he fainted; but if his time aint come, all the wild horses in Arabia could not kill him; and if it is, the least thing in the world would take him off. I wonder if Snyder thinks he can overtake that nimble-legged fellow. I could have killed him if I had not been so taken on a surprise. Poor McQuirk! I think you will never get over it. Well, I wish I had never been caught with two such noted rascals. I believe that the whole State could not furnish two such cold-hearted villains. I wish I could get rid of their acquaintance. I wish to God McQuirk would die; no, I was going to say, that I wished Snyder might never get back again."

Thus continued Fawk, until perceiving that McQuirk was not dead, he concluded that he would rest until Snyder returned, saying, "I must be still, I am your friend, McQuirk, and I will let you rest." He then stretched himself alongside the body of McQuirk, who groaned and muttered occasionally in an incoherent voice.

Snyder returned and found both his friends stretched on the ground.

"A pretty pair of scoundrels," said Snyder, "I'm a great mind to despatch them and leave them to the wolves and vultures. I may run my legs off, and they are as quiet as if every thing was to their heart's content."

Col. Conway and his servant Cato, as already related in a preceding chapter, had taken Julian's horse which had returned to the house of the Colonel, and had got this far in search of Julian when they came upon the group.

"Is the young man dead, sir?" asked Col. Conway of Snyder as he rode up. What, two wounded? it must have been the guns that I heard this morning; have you your lancet along, Cato?"

"Dead, I suppose," said Snyder, "or asleep, or something of the sort. Rise, you sleepy-headed calf," continued he, pulling Fawk's hair, "you woolly-headed sentinel of the woods, rise."

"Oh don't pester me so," said Fawk, "I was so grieved at the misfortunes of my friend, that it weighed so heavily on my heart that it produced a drowsiness."

Fawk was of the middle size, well set, though slender; had a curly, bushy head of hair of the reddish or sandy cast; and red eyes, which either from the climate or his free habits were constantly in-

flamed; his face was somewhat long, and his nose aquiline; he affected great politeness and humanity, and wished to pass as the peculiar friend of the distressed. On seeing Col. Conway he assumed his usual air of politeness.

"Col. Conway, I presume," said Fawk.

"Yes, sir," said Conway, leaning down and feeling the pulse of McQuirk. "He must be bled, Cato, do it at once."

"Better giv him de brandy fust, massa," said Cato, pulling out a small bottle.

"Pour it in, old boy," said Snyder, "I like your medicine the best."

"Yes, massa, it mighty good for inward bruises and misfortunes of any kind whatsoever, and de crowfoot had better be supplied to his wounds likewise."

"The nigger's right, gentlemen," said Fawk.

Cato cast his large muddy eyes at him, with a mixture of pride and contempt.

"Nigger or no nigger, I guess I hase as much experience in such things as any body; but I never did hear my friend Capt. Tidder say nigger to a well behaved respectful black man in my life."

"Who, Timmy Tidder the big fighter?" asked Fawk.

"Yes," replied Cato, still surly.

"Why, I knew him like a book, and as good hearted a little devil as I ever knew."

McQuirk having had the strong brandy poured down his throat, was so much roused by the coughing or strangling, that he opened his eyes, and raising himself up, vociferated,

"Where is the spy? I gave him one good load; where's the colt? he's a wonderful spry thing. Oh my arm, my shoulder! Wont you help me, Fawky? You lay down by me and slept while I was parching for water, and could not speak a syllable. Yes you did, friend Fawky."

"Yes, massa, he is a good colt; but I be afeard you killed one fine gentleman about him."

"I told you so, Fawk; I told you he was a spy or recruit of the rebels."

"No, upon my word, gentlemen," replied Conway, "yesterday he was sent by officers of high rank to my house on special business, and was not from the rebels."

"We are in want of a few pounds, shillings and pence, Col. Conway, and we don't mean to be put off as was the spy, your friend."

"Here, sir, is all I have," replied Conway, handing a purse containing a few shillings to Conway.

"A very scanty collection this," said

Snyder to Fawk; then turning to the Colonel, "I wish you to take McQuirk home with you, and treat him well. Come, lazy bones, we must find that rebel or get with Clannagan, or our necks will be swung before we know it."

"Who takes the horse?" inquired McQuirk, making a most rueful face, as he raised up. "Oh these pains, they will kill me; you are not going to leave me here, boys, in a strange place; do leave me the horse then."

"Yes, de sick man, de sick man must take de horse of course."

"You black mocking bird, you wish to get him back for your rebel friend, do you?" asked Snyder.

"I'm friend to all honest folks, massa, and perhaps as good a one to the King as he is to me."

"Take the horse, Fawk, and pick up your baggage; McQuirk will have horse stealing sins enough to answer for, without adding this one to his catalogue; good day to you all; and Colonel, let me warn you to keep a good eye upon your rebel friend; for he is rather a suspicious visitor."

McQuirk expostulated, declaring he would try to go with them if they would return. At length he began to swear intemperately, as they departed.

"You very wrong, massa, to be swearing, and hurting your soul so, after your narrow escape," said Cato.

Col. Conway having ordered his servant to take the sick man to the house, whistled to one of his dogs, and was about riding off without saying whither he was going.

"I know it, uncle, I know it is wrong. Lord have mercy on me! What will my poor wife and children do now, that I am crippled! Oh! I'm so unlucky and all too in defence of the king. I'm a dead man, help! help, Colonel! Come back, Colonel!"

The wounded man was almost fainting, having raised himself up. Col. Conway started Cato back after a cart, for the purpose of hauling him to his house, whilst he examined the direction Julian had taken, to see if any traces of blood were left; after an ineffectual search, he returned to assist Cato, who, in the mean while had returned, bringing his good friend, Mr. Tidder, with him; who, having somewhat sobered down, came mounted on his pony, determined to prosecute his journey, and ascertain the fate of his friend, who had so unceremoniously left him.

Tim wore a most doleful face, and came prepared to carry out all the externals of maudlin sorrow.

"The poor man is dead, uncle Cato; I feel like he is, for he lies mighty still; and the Colonel, there, looks cast down." This he said, as he slowly crawled from his ill-starred pony. Then walking in a slow gait, with his head down, he came up to McQuirk.

"May the Lord have mercy on us; this is my old friend, McQuirk, the greatest horse thief living upon the face of clay; poor fellow! I suppose, Colonel, you saw him breathe his last breath; did he pray any? he was a monstrous wicked man, I can tell you; yes, he was given to the taking of horses, and occasionally a negro or so, at a time; otherwise, he was a kind hearted man."

"I beg ten thousand pardons, Colonel, I meant no offence, and if you had 'nt shak'd your head, I would have supposed him perfectly defuncted."

Amidst the lamentations of McQuirk, and the piteous expressions, and officious efforts of Tidder, the wounded man was placed in the cart.

Previous to his departure, Tidder took a most affectionate leave of his sincere friend Cato, who whispered in his ear that there would be a big dinner in a few days at their house, and gave him a pressing invitation.

"I will come if I can, Cato; but the fact is, your master has just rode off without giving me the least hint of it, and I don't much like to be making myself plenty and cheap, both, where I am not wanting."

"Never mind that, his mind is disturbed, I see he has taken his track dog with him; he is in trouble, and God bless you and help you on your journey."

"I will soon get back to Col. Clannagan's camp, and inform him of the news, which is monstrous strange," exclaimed the little guide, as he galloped off down the road.

CHAPTER XV.

'Tis drawn, I assure you, from the Aphorisms Of the old Chaldeans: Zoroastes the first and greatest Magician: Mercurius; Trismegistus, the later Ptolemy; And the everlasting prognosticator, old erra Pater.

[MASSINGER'S CITY MADAM.]

A suitable room was arranged, and McQuirk carefully put to bed at Col. Conway's. Cato very officiously rubbed his bruises with spirits of turpentine, which caused a deal of complaint and restlessness; but the black surgeon consoled him by telling

him it was a good sign, and proved that he was not so far gone as not to feel. It be good sign, massa, for the medisin to strike in; it sure to kill all de pain; but be still and try to sleep awhile," added Cato, as he left the room to seek his better half.

"So, Prudence Conway, our good friend, big, fighting, little Timmy is gone, God bless him! I'se invited him back to the dinner."

"Now, Cato Walden, you've been wrong in that; you know what a fuss is raised a ready, 'bout his tantrums in the big house, and then if he should forget himself again 'mongst his good friends we'll be blamed about it you know."

"Never mind that, old woman, leave it all to me; I think I know that man in the house, and he is no gentleman; and friend Tidder hinted as much this morning. If he is the same fellow I think of, he tried to bribe me about fifteen years ago, at the big race, in Norfolk, when I went with Cajah Walden, it was a time when I toated too much hard silver, and was too honest to boot, to let such a fellow trick me, I could scarce keep my hands off of the roguey black rascal."

"Come, Walden, you'd better mind how you talk; your sauciness and jaw will carry you to the gallows yet, specially, as I'se seen more spicious looking men lately, than I did in all my born days before; and I tell you, I don't like the fuss this morning, and all the long faces neither, and Miss Cathena, poor thing, looks mighty solemn and down looking. I fear she is sick at heart."

"Pshaw! pshaw! Prudence Conway, you losing what little sense you have, since you've seen our friend Tidder; you believe Cathena will have any such upstarts as we see now a-days? no, never! None but a gentleman from old England, or old Firginny, will ever get her, mind what I tell you; and I'll be bound you'll see the lawyers, and doctors, and merchants flocking here in droves, to court her, when the wars get sorter over."

Cato was interrupted by a sharp halloo at the gate, and the furious outcry of his pack of hounds and dogs. But a crack of his whip soon put them to silence.

"Son of Ham, where is the worthy owner of this mansion? is he at home?"

"No sir, he is gone for a few hours."

"Yes! ever thus! out on trifling matters, not once in a dozen times can I find the owners of houses at home, and if I do, they are busily employed chasing some idle phantom! Is the good lady at home then, sir?"

"Yes, have you any business with her?" asked Cato, not altogether pleased with the manner of his new visitor, who was no other than Geoffrey Jarvis.

"Something will be in the way here too," muttered the mineralogist; "the troubles of the country, the novelty of the plan, or the base cupidity of the family, but I am determined to make one more effort on the Waldens."

"Do you know the Waldens, then, sir?" asked Cato, interrupting the audible soliloquy of the mineralogist, as he entered the gateway.

"Know them? is the sun hot in summer? will the adder strike?"

"You know 'em, massa, I see you know all of them! but then they constant friend too, when they like you."

Cato having guarded the new visitor to the door, and seated him in the hall, went to his mistress, and requested her to attend the summons of the mineralogist.

"Your most obedient, madam," said the mineralogist, rising suddenly, and advancing to meet Mrs. Conway, "I am glad once more to be in the presence of a descendant of Warwick Walden, the glorious gentleman, and man of courage; patron of the worthy and enterprising; a lover of the fine arts; though I grieve to say it, not so well affected to religious subjects, as his great good sense should have directed him; Madam, are you not Mrs. Conway, daughter of my ancient friend and patron, Warwick Walden, Esq.?"

"I am, sir, said Mrs. Conway, attempting to penetrate the designs, as well as to recollect the acquaintance of her father. "Be seated, sir, and let me assure you, that a friend of my father is, and shall always be, welcome at my house."

"Madam, I know it, I can see the most striking likeness of your parents. Oh! the memory of your pious mother is like the blue heavens after a long and furious storm; long, long shall her deeds and her examples flourish, to cheer the desponding and guide the weak; but for her counsels, I might have been a son of Belial, an unbeliever."

McQuirk, who was in a state of mind bordering on frenzy, bloody, half undressed, with a haggard countenance, hearing the loud voice of the mineralogist, had staggered to the hall door, and catching his last words, exclaimed:

"Yes, I am a son of Benjamin McQuirk, but he was not an unbeliever! Oh! send for a minister. Oh! my poor wicked soul;

I'm lost forever, send for Dr. String Halt, I'm dying! I'm gone!"

Unable to stand, from fainting, he fell prostrate, and apparently lifeless, on the floor. The whole family soon gathered to the scene of confusion, and Miss Jemima Peabody came up in time to get a sufficient fright to cause her to swoon, ere they could remove him. Mrs. Conway and Cathena, with one or two servants, assisted her to her bed; whilst Cato and the mineralogist half-dragged the fainting man to his room."

"I've seen the day," said Cato, "when I could have lifted him to my shoulders like a child, but I'm getting crazy."

"I could do it now," said the mineralogist, "but I don't care to trouble myself with such a lump of iniquity; this is a mere death-bed repentance, or the ravings of the animal; mere habit, language he used when dead drunk. But sinner as he was, he's gone to his long home, full of misdeeds and wickedness."

"Yes, massa, he were a very wicked man, for he try to bribe me once; and I hear him curse werry hard to-day, and he's been trying to murder a werry nice young man," replied Cato.

"Who was the young man?" demanded Jarvis.

"I don't know his name, but the white people know him; he's a fierce looking youth, any how."

The mineralogist suddenly walked into the room where Miss Peabody lay, pale and apparently motionless, whilst her attendants were applying salts and liquids to her face and temples, and rubbing her hands.

"Apply burnt feathers, or burnt leather, madam," said the mineralogist, "they are the most ready promoters of the circulation in all cases of the kind. My poor mother was much given to vapors, swoons and bewitchments, and nothing was so potential in their abatement."

A little negro was despatched to gather up the prescription so earnestly recommended.

"But, madam, excuse me for venturing in the room uninvited; I come to learn the name of the young man who paid you a visit this morning?"

"I believe, sir, it is Julian Onslow, and I much fear that some harm has befallen him."

"Know you his visage?" continued the mineralogist, apparently perplexed.

"I did not see him myself; my daughter has seen him, and perhaps can describe him to you."

Cathena was too deeply interested in the fate of Miss Peabody, to notice the reference made to her, on the subject of the young stranger. The sick body recovered time enough to escape the fumes of the feathers, for as they were brought in smoking and ready for application, she requested that the room should be cleared of all persons, except Mrs. Conway, or a nurse. "Let me sleep a little; let me have a little fresh air; the room is stifled with tobacco smoke, or something, which takes away my breath."

The lady was left to recover from her swoon, whilst the mineralogist requested Mrs. Conway to ask her daughter, to give him the pleasure of hearing something of the young stranger, "unless, peradventure, I may be trespassing upon the secrets of the young couple. In that event, madam," said the mineralogist, with a profound bow, "I must forego my great anxiety to learn something of this stranger, for I much mistake my recollection, if he be not the same at the rencontre of the frog pond, between Coldfire and the rogues."

Cathena having made her appearance, and taking her seat beside her mother, replied to the questions of the mineralogist, as follows:

Min. "Is he a comely youth, of full stature, and good proportions?"

Ans. "I think, sir, he is a tall, well looking gentleman."

Min. "Has he the apish fashion of laughter?"

Ans. "I never saw him laugh, sir; though he may have done so."

"Aye," said the mineralogist, "those that laugh shall mourn, and the light scoff and the joyous sound of mirthfulness shall be meted back with interest, of sorrow and wo; smile not, maiden, as at a fool; smile not at the words of one, who is looked upon with the proud eye, and the scornful brow. I read sorrow, yet, in thy destiny; the blue veins of thy forehead and eyes, show that thy lot is not free from the curse of thy first parents."

"I beg your pardon, sir, I meant no disrespect to you, I assure you," said Cathena, turning pale at the almost prophetic words of the mineralogist, and feeling as if he spoke the oft forebodings of her own feelings. Few there are, who have not heard the chill and melancholy whisperings of evil; who feel that there is laid up in store in the unwindings of the scroll of life, dark and portentous maledictions; who, alas! has not felt his blood freeze, as an invisible hand grasped him; and whispered

that he had sinned; or that the gorgon terrors would wring his soul; it matters not that the mind cannot comprehend the cause, or the consequence; the floating and incomprehensible possibility is not the less appalling, because it cannot be seen, or felt. What marvel, then, if the young and sensitive girl felt awed and alarmed at the words of the mineralogist!

"Do not be frightened, my daughter," said Mrs. Conway. "The old gentleman is only a little piqued at you, for laughing; it is some foolish conjuration or legend he has picked up in his rambles; talk with him kindly, and he will be pacified."

The mineralogist had commenced pacing the room, apparently unconscious of the attempted apology of Miss Conway, or of the observations of her mother, and muttering the words of the poet—

"Weave the warp and weave the woof,
The winding sheet of (*Walden's*) race,
Give ample space and room enough,
The characters of Hell to trace."

"You appear to be fond of poetry, sir," said Mrs. Conway, catching the sounds, but unable to trace the chain of thoughts which had brought them up in his mind.

"Poetry, madam," replied the mineralogist, "helps the memory to retain ideas; it is to prose what fine clothes are to the body; sometimes too, it condenses; but alas, the ribaldry and jests, the scoffs that flow from poetry. It is the curse of the age; every simpleton now-a-days must hum his camp song; I have no use for poetry, unless it be a pious hymn, or a denunciation against the follies and vices of the age; but the Bible is the source of the most sublime poetry, and of the most caustic and condemnatory language; aye! and all shall be fulfilled to the utmost tittle, mark that; but," continued the speaker, "my name, madam, is identified with the destiny of your house, and whether for evil or good, the stars have not yet disclosed; I have watched them after the most approved fashion of the best astrologers. I have prayed and fasted, and as yet I have not fully ascertained the issue; much will depend upon the course of yourself and husband; your brother is irrevocably lost; there is no help for him in this, or the world to come. 'But sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof;' my name is Geoffrey Jarvis, mineralogist."

"Is it possible, that you are the young man, who used to preach in our neighborhood, when I was scarcely grown? I should never have recalled you," said Mrs. Con-

way, going up to her guest and shaking his hand.

"Ah, my good lady, the great innovator, Time, has been busy with my frame, but thank God, I can see yet without spectacles and can stand fatigue; my race is not yet run; I am the chosen instrument of good to such as will hear my counsels; but a perverse generation has so far frustrated all my plans and schemes; my last hope is in you and your worthy husband."

Here, the mineralogist suddenly drew out his specimens of minerals, and his drawings, and explained at great length his schemes and his projects.

But Cato interrupted his conversation, by stating, that he believed that the man in the other room was raving mad.

"He's about to die in his sins, missus, I'm certain, for he's mighty frensy."

Mrs. Conway besought Jarvis to go in, and if he thought it advisable to bleed him," adding, "for I'm too much shocked with his appearance to be of any service to him."

"Come in, Cato, come in, doctor or minister, or whatever you are," cried the patient; "here's work for soul and body. God bless you, gentlemen—do something for me, or I'm a dead man to a dead certainty—aint I, aint I, uncle Cato?"

"You ought to been prepared for this," said Cato, as he stood cautiously looking on; "a long and wicked life and a few short prayers when you can't help yourself, aint worth much in the sight of your Maker on a dying bed."

"Were you at the great race, Cato, in Norfolk, when Fleet-foot ran against Longwind?" asked McQuirk, suddenly ceasing to moan.

"The very same, sir, and I had my feelings very much wounded by a gentleman who tried to bribe me, to tie a wire round one of the horses' feet, and to give him pizen, or something like it—he offered me fifty dollars in ready silver."

"Oh, Cato, I'm dying! I'm on my last death-bed, at least—good doctor, tell me what to do? must I confess the truth? I know I did try to bribe you, Cato, but I'm sorry for it; I'm repenting as fast as I can—feel of my feet, they are cold as ice—give me brandy—something to warm me—I'm dead, dead."

"A pretty sight this," said the mineralogist; "the caitiff dies as he has lived—a coward—I see no hopes for him here, or hereafter; his day of grace is no doubt past, and he is foredoomed to everlasting perdition—he has a red and fiery eye, fiend-like

—he has a deceitful, haggard countenance; but still his pulse is strong—hand me a ligature, I'll bleed him."

The mineralogist had a heavy hand, and he brought it to bear upon his patient, for at the time of his attempt to bleed, the patient began to rave and scuffle, and the mineralogist being determined to get blood, made a tremendous orifice. The blood flew in every direction; the room looked like a slaughter-pen. The patient attempted to rise, but fell down in a swoon, all was alarm and confusion. Cato exclaimed—

"He will bleed to death, doctor! I tell you he's mighty nigh gone."

The mineralogist alone of all (for several of the household had run in) was not dismayed. He stopped the blood and bound up the arm, saying, "if his time is come it will be useless to do any thing for him; and the sooner he gets out of his misery the better. I may have bled him too much; but it will only smooth the avenues of death and hasten the exit."

The mineralogist, having delivered his opinions, called for pen and ink, and commenced filling up his journal with the past incidents of the few last days, saying to Mrs. Conway, "there are some things in these lids which will be eventually given to the public; I have already had many efforts to get them from me; some wish to peruse them, others to pilfer, but I will gratify none of them, even if it were to save their necks from the halter."

"How is the lady who was unwell from fright?" asked the mineralogist of Cathena, who came into the room.

"She has entirely recovered, sir," answered Cathena.

"Has thy father a son or sons?"

"I have an only brother, now at my uncle Micajah Walden's."

The mineralogist paced the room for a few minutes, compressing his lips as if restraining an effort to make some harsh observation—at length he said, in a tone of anguish,

"Alas! alas! was the youth I saw at his house thy brother? He was comely and well behaved—I yearned over him; my curse is on the household; yet I repented of it on his account. I sought the aspect of the heavenly bodies diligently and earnestly on his account."

"Do, tell me, sir, were the stars propitious? did they indicate misfortune or success? do you believe in astrology?" asked Cathena, half in jest.

"Aye, I believe in the occult and sublime science. But it is not meet that I

should, in these days of unbelief, subject myself to the scoffs of the ignorant and wicked; nor can I answer thy questions as to the fate of thy brother; there must be more time for the conjunction of the stars. Alas!" said the mineralogist, "I liked not the aspect that I saw, but peradventure I may not have seen the *sidus natalitium*, the natal star."

"I hope," said Cathena, with emphasis, "that no evil will befall Edward—I hope that he who rules the stars will protect him," turning to her mother, and also to Miss Peabody, who had come in time enough to hear the conversation.

"But if he be in Sodom when the terrible tempest shall fall—think of that, madam," said the mineralogist, looking earnestly at the book which he held.

"Madam, can you tell me the day and the hour when your son was born?" asked the mineralogist of Mrs. Conway.

On the 29th day of July, 1762, at twelve o'clock, and he will soon be eighteen years of age; Cathena is precisely to a day two years younger than Edward."

"But the hour of birth, madam?" asked the mineralogist, unconscious of the contemptuous toss of the head which Miss Peabody gave as she looked at Mrs. Conway, and whispered, "Impudent vagabond to inquire into the very hour a young lady was born! he shocks my delicacy beyond all endurance."

"The precise hour, madam, if you please? it is actually necessary that I may properly cast my Horoscope, and that I may be able to tell which star was in the ascendant, and under what attribute she was born."

"I do not exactly recollect," replied Mrs. Conway, "but I think it was one or two o'clock at night."

"And do you have the presumption to believe in the exploded and absurd doctrines of astrology? What says Isaiah on the subject?" asked Miss Peabody, no longer able to restrain her indignation against the mineralogist.

"What saith the Prophet, you ask? I will tell thee—'let now the astrologers, the star-gazers, the prognosticators stand up, and save thee from those things that shall come upon thee.'"

"But you have not quoted the beginning, nor ending of the denunciation. Have you the profanity to attempt to use the sacred writings to sustain such absurd superstitions? I will not remain to hear your blasphemies—I will tell you," continued Miss Peabody, as she was about leaving the

room, "your doom from the very same Prophet, 'behold they shall be as stubble, the fire shall burn them, they shall not deliver themselves from the power of the flame.'"

"Go thy way, vain in thy attainments and quick in thy conclusions; for," continued the mineralogist, "I perceive that experience hath been lost on thee. Yes, I admit," he continued, "that all the sorcerers and magicians shall be destroyed; but, my good lady, those were such as paid no regard to the true religion; shall all wisdom be eschewed because evil has come of it? shall the sublime discoveries of the astronomers, of the physicians, and of the alchemists, be rejected, because falsehoods and deceptions have been mixed up with their systems? I trow not, madam. But," continued the mineralogist, "the greatest science of all, is that of mineralogy, that which brings the most benefits to mankind, which furnishes the sinews of war, called money; and that which is called the *ultima ratio regum*,—the inscription of Louis the Fourteenth on his cannon—the *cannon itself*."

"I should like," said Mrs. Conway, "to hear the prediction which the stars foretell of the fates of my son and daughter; although I profess to be entirely ignorant of the science, yet there is something sublime and fascinating in it; and so many eminent philosophers have believed in it, and some too, eminent for their morality, that I cannot condemn those who may be imbued with its belief."

"You speak as your noble father would have spoken. Was not the great poet, John Dryden, deeply versed in the science? not to instance others. But I must not fully determine the nativities yet. It has been so long since I have practiced, that I cannot, with certainty, enter on the sublime contemplation. But from a glance or two I have made at my calculations, I fear your son has perils and discomfitures ahead; but I must not be the bearer of bad forebodings to you. But the young man, your brother," continued the mineralogist, turning to Cathena, who was listening intently to that part of the discourse which related to astrology, "how is he disposed towards the King?"

"I believe," answered Cathena, "he is against him."

"Indeed! then I must exert my skill the more, for Walden is thus inclined, and they should not think alike. One word and I have done—danced he at the ball at

Charleston at the gathering of the revelers and revilers?"

"I believe he did," answered Cathena."

"Alas! for the foibles and lightness of the age. Madam," said the mineralogist to Mrs. Conway, "there are matters which I cannot now relate, highly important to you and to your family; how they are to end, as I before stated, has not yet been fully revealed; much depends upon my success in the enterprise, which I will disclose to you and your good husband together, when he returns."

The mineralogist, as was his custom, drew out his journal and commenced writing—having finished, he called for his horse, adding, as he departed, "prepare thy husband for the great enterprise, and persuade him to seek me at once, or make up his mind by the time I call again."

No entreaty to wait for Col. Conway's return, and no request to remain and watch the malady of the sick man, could prevail on him to stay longer. He departed in a slow and solemn pace, without asking any questions as to his route, or leaving any indication as to the time of his probable return, or where he could be found.

CHAPTER XVI.

You shall first know him, then admire him
For a man of many parts, and those parts rare ones.
an absolute master

In the calculation of nativities,
Guided by that ne'er-erring science called
Judicial Astrology.—THE CITY MADAM.

Col. Conway, after despatching Cato home with McQuirk, with a good deal of caution, had watched the direction which the two Tories had taken, for he had no disposition to encounter them again—left to his own reflection after the late incidents of the night and morning, he became extremely anxious to see the young soldier who had so abruptly left his house. Taking, therefore, the precaution to take with him a faithful and manageable dog, he determined to try to track him up, and to render him whatever assistance he might need. His fears also hinted to him, that he had been imprudent in his course towards the demands made on his purse. He had proceeded some distance, and had entered a small unfrequented bye-path, which led through a damp, thick-set swamp, when his hound showed signs of a trail; he encouraged him repeatedly, at the same time

giving him the word of command, which prevented him from leaving him. After he had nearly escaped from the swamp, the deep-mouthed dog made the woods ring as he dashed furiously on, followed by Col. Conway. On a sudden the hound ceased, and a low, shrill voice exclaimed,

"See now, Mr. Huntsman, how I have you if I had your gun. War you with musket and trailers upon a poor outcast woman? Which way goest thou with thy steed and gun, and wide-mouthed yellers? Get you home and guard your family. Get you home, for there is mischief abroad. Get you back, for I know you, and there is evil meant you. Cross not the path of one who harms you not."

This ominous language was well calculated at such a period to rouse the attention of a bolder and more daring man than Col. Conway. He looked for a moment in every direction; he at last espied the form of a woman perched in the limbs of a tree, nearly covered with its boughs. "Who are you, and what are you doing in this wild, unfrequented way?"

"Well may you ask such questions, and well mayest thou answer them, as if asked of thyself. Have you forgotten who was your wife's companion? who was thy brother's nurse? Aye, Arthur Conway, who swaddled thee? It was my mother."

"I know you not, good woman; I have not the least recollection of you," answered Conway.

"Pass on then in thy pride and ignorance! What care I for you or your household! Pass on with thy dog and gun, and cease to pursue the footsteps of one thou knowest not, and one who will not know thee—let me pursue my own business, it is urgent; but you will know others, peradventure; those who may be now thy sworn friends in the gall of bitterness, and in wailings of distress, too soon, I fear."

"Good woman, talk not thus. I meant no affront when I told you I did not recollect you. I am sure I should like to see, at all times, one who knew my family, or who was a companion of my wife in her girlhood."

At this kind assurance, the woman scrambled down hastily, and walked up to Colonel Conway, who had moved into an open space.

A rather tall and athletic figure stood before him, dressed in a half civilized costume; the head was more after the fashion of the savages than of the whites; her dress was in the common style, with an embroidered wrapper over it; whilst her

feet were covered with a kind of soft boots, richly decorated with beads of different colors, extending up the ankles. She appeared about forty years of age, with a wild and sparkling dark brown eye, and a stern set of features. Her dress, her cast of countenance, lofty and determined appearance, with her sun-burnt and exposed features, gave the appearance of one of the best models of the Indian woman. Added to her ear rings, bracelets, and other ornaments, was a large ornamented dagger, which was partly exposed from her girdle. After pausing awhile, with evident marks of great excitement, she exclaimed—

"And thou, too, hast forgotten me! Would to God that I could forget! Yea! treachery, falsehood, pride, remorse! But I lose time! Know, then, that I am Edir Immerson!"

A cold chill ran over Colonel Conway, as she announced her name.

"Edir Immerson!" he exclaimed. "It is impossible—still I can trace some resemblance to her features in your face. Go with me home, and unfold this strange meeting. Why this Indian dress? where have you lived?"

"I cannot go with you—I will not tell you why I am a wanderer. I have matters of deeper concern to you than the idle history of my dark and miserable life; and it is well that I have met you. It is well thou hast spoken kindly to me, for there might have come wailing and gnashing of teeth on thy threshold, but I will avert it if these limbs fail me not. I must turn the wolf from the lamb. Good-bye, and God be your guard, and thank Him that his providence has sent you across my path!"

Without even shaking hands, or looking behind her, this strange and singular woman turned and strode off in a rapid walk. Conway called to her to stop and explain, but no motion in her gait showed that she paid the least attention to his calls.

Conway gave up the chase after Julian, too much bewildered by his interview with one he thought long since dead. Her language and appearance were also a source of uneasiness; at times he would couple this adventure with those of the two Tories. "Is it possible she is from the Indians? Can they meditate an attack at this distance upon the white settlements? Is she in league with Julian and the two partisan officers?" Such were the questions which Conway asked himself as he bent his course homewards. Bitter and perplexing thoughts crossed his mind, and not the least galling one was the unexpected

and treacherous call upon the inhabitants to take up arms for the king.

"The plot thickens upon me—my neutrality avails me but little—demands for money from relations and friends—insolence and exactions from low bred Tories; and not the least strange, mystical allusions and threatened mischief."

On Conway's arrival home he was met by his wife, in rather a desponding mood; the events of the day were well calculated to cast a gloom over one less feminine. She told of the alarm which McQuirk had caused, and related also the dark hints of the mineralogist.

"God only knows what is to happen," said Conway; "I, too, have met with a prophetess of evil—one, too, who claims an acquaintance with you—Edir Immerson."

"Oh, that is a mistake—some vagabond who wished to impose on your known good nature. No, it could not have been her, for she has long since been dead, and furthermore, she would never have passed me."

Mrs. Conway urged her husband to examine into the schemes of the mineralogist—"for it strikes me that he knows where there are great treasures or mines of metal. I believe that he can be of service also in controlling persons who may wish us harm; at all events, it will be well not to discourage him for the present, if you can meet with him."

Colonel Conway was not sufficiently convinced of the feasibility of his wife's suggestion to acquiesce, nor was he in a fit mood to deny her conclusions; fortunately, the arrival of Dr. String Halt, who had been sent for to see McQuirk, afforded for the time being an opportunity to escape from an avowal of his opinions upon the proposed project.

Dr. String Halt, after the usual salutations, hearing of the proceedings in the case of the sick man, went in to see him. He found him in a comatose state, though with a soft slow pulse and a moist skin.

"A blister and the puccoon root will bring the fellow out," said the doctor, after a careful examination of the pulse. Having made the necessary prescription, he and the Colonel returned into the parlor.

Conway proceeded to give a minute account of the events of the night and day. After he had ended, Dr. String Halt declared that he believed there was a systematic plan on foot amongst the regulators, Tories, and lower class of Whigs, to put all law and equity at defiance.

"For," said he, "as to the tale of Edir Immerson, I believe the whole of it to be a mere fabrication of some strolling gipsy, to impose on your credulity, and to pass off some scheme of mischief. That such will be the case, I have but little doubt will be shown by acts of villany in a few days—for I have heard more discontent and clamor against the king's officers and their arbitrary measures recently, than I have since the beginning of the war. You may look out for more rank rebellion in a few months than you have heard of for years. Those who have remained neutral, or who have refrained from taking up arms against their fellow-citizens from fear of losses, or disinclination to the cause of the king, will not now consent, when his authority is established, to jeopard their necks, or incur the odium of their countrymen, merely to gratify the vindictive feelings of unbridled and arbitrary power; and stanch as I have been for the success of the royal cause, I for one will, if compelled to fight at all, side with those who may be oppressed, and assist to rid the country of those who wish to rule and plunder us."

This language startled Conway, easily moved by the most ordinary arguments for the time being, and ready as he was generally to give his assent in ordinary matters; yet he felt no disposition to commit himself upon so delicate and absorbing a question; he felt the full force of the arguments of String Halt, and on any other subject would have cheerfully acquiesced in his opinions; but he was anxious not to compromit himself, and turned the conversation by calling in Cato.

"What do you know, Cato, about Edir Immerson?"

"What do I know, massa, 'bout her—let me see, sir."

Cato threw back his head, and looked back into the past as far as the best chronologist could have done.

"I well remember, massa, 'bout dem times."

"Come, Cato," said the Colonel, "drop the new negro lingo, and give us the king's English."

"Come to the point at once, Cato," said Doctor String Halt, "for I have a patient to see. But, Colonel, have you heard of the death of Colonel Grayson?"

"Colonel Grayson dead!" exclaimed Colonel Conway; "certainly he was not murdered by any of the Whigs, or enemies of good order?"

"No, sir—he died from causes natural enough—a neglected and half cured dropsy

of the chest, patched up by every straggling mountebank or old woman that chose to prescribe, and, as usual, I was called in at the death—and, as usual, wrote his obituary. But go on, Cato,” said the doctor, dismissing the subject of Colonel Grayson’s death, and his obituary.

“But, doctor,” said the Colonel, “was he ever decided in his political course after his exchange?”

“As long as he was able to take the field. He and your stout hearted brother-in-law made friends before he expired.”

“Strange, indeed! Micajah Walden seldom forgives an enemy. I much fear that his inexorable temper will be infused into Edward; at least, I fear,” continued the Colonel, somewhat modifying his language, “that Edward has a disposition a good deal like that of his uncle, and to get Edward from him is a difficult task; he has such a control over him, and seems withal so forlorn without him, that I cannot summon courage to order him to leave his uncle.”

“Better let the boy stay, massa. His uncle will make a soldier of him, and a good one to boot, I warrant you!” said Cato.

“Well, Cato,” said the doctor, “would you know Edir Immerson now? Your master says he saw and conversed with her to-day.”

“Good Lord have mercy on us!” exclaimed Cato. “Why, Edir Immerson has been dead fifteen or twenty years! No, doctor, it was her spirit, come back to complain of some bad treatment. I tell you, master, you wont live long; you’ve seen a strange sight. But, doctor, you are joking with me.”

But Colonel Conway assured Cato that he had seen the veritable Edir.

Prudence, who was in the house when he went out, accosted him as follows—

“Now, Cato Walden, in the name of every thing that’s good and bad, why did you overburden your soul with such dangerous talk? Get a horse-shoe, and nail it over our door, and get Miss Jemima to read us some of the Scriptures, or we will be haunted to death; and you have offended mistress, for she asked me what you all was about, and she says she don’t believe a word of it. Cato Walden, there will be evil on this house; that other poor sinner will die to-night, and he’ll haunt us!”

“No danger dat,” said Cato, still musing on the affair of Edir Immerson, “no danger of dat. If he go where I tink he will, I’ll be bound they keep him fast enough—

he a berry wicked man, indeed—I tell you for once and all, Prudence Conway! But I don’t understand so well about this ghost master saw to-day, for, to tell the truth, he is middling scarry himself!”

The doctor, having examined his patient, and finding that he was doing well, took leave of the family, promising to return in a day or so, directing Colonel Conway, in the mean while, if the symptoms became worse to let him know it.

Colonel Conway and his wife then rehearsed over their several adventures during the day to each other, and, as usual when there is uncertainty, arrived at no conclusions. The proposals of the mineralogist, his hints and threats, became more and more perplexing to Mrs. Conway, and she had the singular faculty of imparting, in an eminent degree, all her fears and doubts to the bosom of her husband. Further delay, however, as usual on the part of the husband, was proposed, before he took any decisive steps, either as regarded the mineralogist, or the summons of the royal commissioners to enrol under the banner of the king.

CHAPTER XVII.

Methinks I feel this youth’s perfections
With an invisible and subtile stealth,
To creep in at mine eyes. TWELFTH NIGHT.

I had gay hopes, too—
What needs the mention, they are vanished.
CORNWALL.

The redoubtable friend of Cato, Captain Tidder, finding that Julian was gone, and that he had wearied out the patience of Mrs. Conway, (for his kind hostess, Prudence, had given him a discreet hint to that effect,) determined to pursue his course back to the camp of Clannagan, and meeting with Cato, as has already been noticed, had learned some of the particulars of the rencontre between Julian and the partisans of the bloody scout. There was in the affair precisely, so far as Timothy was concerned, enough seen and heard to cause him to pursue with ardor his journey, for he was one of those light-hearted souls that would ride himself and horse down in order to carry the first news, or be the bearer of disastrous tidings. He, therefore, no sooner left the scene of action, where McQuirk was found, than he scampered off in that never-ending gait so well known to his pony. As he dashed onwards he became entirely lost in his cogitations, fre-

quently rehearsing the particulars of the battle, and its dire mishaps to his friend, and the king's friend, McQuirk. Occasionally, he would raise his hand emphatically, enforcing his conclusions. It was during one of those unguarded gesticulations, when his body was bent forward, and his right arm was extended to its full length, that his horse suddenly wheeling to the left, flung him headlong to the ground. The little Captain soon sprung to his feet, and with curses and violent threats began to cut a club to beat his pony. About the time that he was ready for revenge, he was arrested in his progress by a voice, which exclaimed—

"Come, my friend, don't be cruel to the little Light-wood-knot. I was the cause of your fall. I suddenly stepped to the side of the road to see who was approaching, as I heard your horse's feet, and your voice."

"Why, I'll never tread the face of clay, if it aint you. Is it possible you are alive, Squire? Why, how in the name of mud, did you ever land here?"

Thus saying, the warm-hearted guide ran up, and cordially greeted Julian.

"Did you see the little devil throw me? He calculated I was about to drive a big cudgel on his head, and dodged me; but I was just speaking of the cruel and rascally conduct in attacking you single handed—for Cato says there were three or four against you. Thank God! you cut and slashed McQuirk capitally, and I don't pity him, for he's the most torn-down horse thief in the three Southern States."

Julian thanked his companion for his good wishes, and inquired minutely into the plans and designs of Clannagan.

"I should like to know whether he is an honorable enemy, Mr. Tidder," said he.

"As to your questions, Squire," answered Tidder, "I can't exactly come to a final and proper answer, seeing that I am not in the habit of having very much to do with him in his quarrels. But I can tell you a sort of secret howsomdever—which is this, but if ever you mention it, I shall forever be your sworn enemy; because I overheard it, and I should not like to be spying or eaves-dropping about Colonel Clannagan and his fellow officers; seeing as how I'm only a kind of express and guide like in these parts. They say I'm to be trusted—a hard rider—and know every hog-path better than any man in the three Districts."

"What is the secret?" asked Julian; "you may depend upon the strictest silence."

"Why, you know old Walden—whom you insulted at the ball, as I heard Colonel Notwood tell Clannagan—well, sir, you understand that he has a large estate, and many negroes—in fact, I've been there often. Well, sir, it is the plan to git him to either take an oath, or cause him to join the king, or confiscate his estates, and especially as old Grayson is now out of their way."

"Colonel Grayson dead, you say?" asked Julian, with surprise, "how did you learn that?"

"Oh, I believe Dr. String Halt brought the news, or sent it to Colonel Clannagan the evening just before we started; any how, I heard them saying, 'our prospect brightens, and we had as well make our jacks out of the enemies of our cause, as not;' and I heard Clannagan say, 'yes, and that old hag will be a constant spy on us, now her husband is dead; and that old rebel Walden has been over there already to comfort her, and prepare her mind for his treason and dark doings against the king's cause!' And he swore that he would see that boy Edward Conway at the devil, or any other Whig puppy, before they should marry Colonel Grayson's daughter, and I believe furthermore, Squire, that he has a kind of a spite against you, and your concerns; for he told me distinctly, if we were attacked, to be sure not to help you in the least, 'for he's a damned rebel, prowling about here under the protection of a parole.'"

"Is it possible that Clannagan has plotted mischief against me?" asked Julian, in a manner which evidently betrayed some marks of disbelief.

"I've never deceived you in my life, Squire, and I'll be sworn on my wife's bible, if it ai n't the God's truth—and, sir, if you disbelieve that, you may go to Old Harry head-foremost for what I care," said Tidder, about to remount his pony, which had not moved far after he commenced picking the grass.

"What am I to do, then, if those whom I thought my friends are against me?" asked Julian.

"Your friends? Why, sir, Clannagan would as soon tuck you up to the first gate-post which he came across, if you offended him, as I would one of old Conway's hounds for storming one of my wife's poultry nests. Sir, I am obliged to play devilish shy with him, ever since I and Cato Walden, that slick, black, greasy old devil that kept the dogs off us last night, helped to steal a girl from him; and that's the reason why he

hates the Conways and Waldens so much. Sir, he's got the temper of ten tigers any day—and moreover, I act also as a kind of spy for him on Bucklebelt and Coldfire, and the gang he hates.”

“A spy, Mr. Tidder, on your fellow-citizens, neighbors, friends, and perhaps kindred? Sir, have you any idea of the heinousness of the office?”

“Yes, sir, to a pin's point—to the least possible thing you could imagine during the longest day's hard thinking.” After a pause, Tidder continued—“But I'm one of those kind of huntsmen who never shoot until the game has fairly passed the stand. Yes, sir—I'm a curious sort of man—can see very well behind me, but not an inch of foresight. Ha! ha!” chuckled the little fellow—“And now, squire, just mount the Light-wood-knot, and we'll fall in to-night at my lodgings, and plan some way of getting early next morning to our proper posts.”

Julian refused to ride until the ordinary point of politeness was exhausted. Tidder swore he would not allow a friend to walk, and he ride—“for on horse or on foot-back, I'm tough as whit leather, Squire, and you look fatigued and demolished, by such work as you have had, walking and bamboozling about in this wild country.”

The two travellers, after having arranged the broken stirrup and adjusted the mock saddle, set forward, Tidder leading the way, descanting on various subjects as they came up in his mind; occasionally starting from Julian an involuntary smile, at the singular mixture of shrewdness and folly, which was displayed the more freely as Julian felt no great disposition to enter into conversation. Their route was along a narrow, unfrequented cart-way, grown up in bushes, and covered with fallen logs, which had been neglected since the prostration of the Whig cause.

“It's a pity, Squire,” said Tidder, “for things to be working as they are, and I'm thinking that McQuirk's frolic will prove for you a middling ticklish kind of a snarl; for I'm certain that he's the most noted rascal in these parts, and his accomplices will swear any thing; and as for Clannagan, he's taken such a spite against you, that I'm under the impression 't would n't be best for you, unless Colonel Conway would take a conspicuous part, for you to go right snolus bolus into the camp. I could go in and tell the Colonel the leading part; and tell him, also, that you had your horse taken. You could wait until I could gather something of the opinions of

the Colonel, for he's very apt to speak his mind pretty freely, and we must determine the matter by morning. But the fact is, Mister, I should like to know, in dead earnest, what you are—though, for as you know, I can pass—but if Lieutenant Coldfire, or his hell-skellions, were to fall upon us, it might n't be so overly well; and there's others I might name, fellows who are as still as a winged mouse—but just let night come, and they look so queer too, and knowing to boot, when any thing is said about Clark, or Marion, or Sumpter and Pickens, that they seem to signify by their looks as if they knew a good deal; but you can't get the first word out of them, neither.”

“I am, sir,” replied Julian, “somewhat of a no-party man at this time, like yourself.”

“Ay! but I knows there's something in the wind; I've heard like that you've been a Continentar—but I've thought perhaps you might have an idea of joining in with the king's party, as you've been so amazing thick with them,” said Tidder, showing a kind of curiosity, which is often exhibited, and a species of acumen which, in men of penetration and promptness, would be followed by immediate action, yet in this class is often but the effort of the imagination to exhibit its skill; somewhat akin to the uncertain guesses of those who forbode misfortunes, and prophesy the worst that can turn up, seizing upon evils which chance may have in store as most likely to show off their penetration of mind.

“I shall never be a recreant or turncoat from what I believe right—and I shall be what I was when I formed my first acquaintance with them; and furthermore, every thing is entirely gone and given up to the royalists—the people are now all of one way of thinking, I suppose?” asked Julian, pretty much inclined to believe his question would be answered in the affirmative.

“It is mighty hard to teach old dogs new tricks, Squire,” said Tidder. “But look,” continued he, rather falling to the side of Julian, “is'n't that an Indian? and I'm a little jubious of the Indians any how, peace, or no peace; we'd better halt, or file out of the road, I tell you, for there's no good in any Indian, no matter where you may find them.”

Julian, after eyeing the approaching figure for a few minutes, pronounced it a woman.

“I'll be bound it's a squaw, sir, and we'd better retreat; for they never tramp about

like other sort of women, by their lone selves; no! you may depend it's Ingins! look at the pony, how he recognizes them, for he's been used to them."

The pony had stopped suddenly, and earnestly gazed at the approaching woman, which only the more confirmed Tidder in the opinion that she was an Indian, whilst Julian, unacquainted with the country, quickly glanced at his musket, and determined to use it, if it became necessary.

"Stand!" exclaimed Tidder, "in the name of the lawful sovereign, beyond the seas, and of his right trusty Col. Tarleton and Clannagan, and also, of Maj. Notwood, to boot, and myself, who am with this gentleman in quest of our lawful and deputed duty."

"If the duty be equal to your looks, replied the bold and dauntless person addressed, whom the reader will recognize as Edir Immerson, "then it must be one of low degree; but why challenge you one, who neither comes upon you with associates nor arms? is not peace yet restored, by the mighty King of Great Britain, and his valiant men of war? thrice have I this day been way laid, and hindered by men bearing arms."

"I beg ten thousand pardons," said Tidder, advancing up cautiously, "I meant no material disrespect, but seeing that there was rather Inginy doings on your corporosity, I thought it would be well to be on my guard against a surprise, or ambuscade-ment."

"Can you tell me where I can see 'The Bloody scout,' and its torch-light leader? Those who can teach the Indians new craft in sin and murder! tell me quickly, for I have no time to throw away words upon the worthless and bragging idlers of the day." Edir suddenly gazed upon Julian, as she asked the question. "Aye! so young and yet able to keep company with the old and hardened; poor thing," said she, as Julian gazed at her, surprised by the unexpected exclamation: "You little wot of that charnel house, the heart of man.—But the sweet bloom of innocence is not yet washed away by bitter tears from thy cheeks; thou art, perchance, eager to enter into the follies which thy sex so love and pursue; come near me, give me thy hand. I tell thee, child! that these dark and hideous paths, and darker times, suit not thy countenance. You blush! Look! look! at the eye, the brow, the mouth." Edir suddenly assumed a wild and extraordinary look! Her countenance became convulsed, and her dark eyes flashed wildly for a mo-

ment, whilst the muscles of her face twitched involuntarily. She clasped her hands, and looked in every direction; then suddenly she became motionless, and gazed up to the heavens, as if earnestly employed in attempting to pierce with her vision the very depths of the cerulean vault.

"Go!" she said, as she was apparently departing. "But no, I cannot leave you thus; come hither, I have a word of advice for thee; remain on thy post for a few minutes," said Edir, turning towards Tidder, who seemed more inclined than Julian to obey the summons; "I must warn the young, ere they fall into the snares of temptation and destruction," she muttered.

"Well," said Tidder, as he rather recoiled back to his pony, "a preacher, no doubt a kind of Quakeress; but I do'n't know so well, neither; she must be an Indian, or some outlandish gypsy thing or another. I would as soon see a she wolf. I wonder if she wishes to inveigle and bewitch the Squire?" fearful of some mishap, he exclaimed: "Keep a bright eye out, Squire."

As soon as the strange being had removed to a convenient distance, not to be overheard, she said, in an earnest tone to Julian, "There is something in thy face and countenance, in thy eyes and voice, which raises up the memory, and digs up the buried treasures of the heart. Tell me, in truth, who art thou? whither thou goest? for although thy race are false and treacherous, yet, I cannot see one, so like one I once knew, go headlong into destruction. I tell you, beware of Clannagan and his bloody scout. Blood and murder is their trade, and they are worse than the rattlesnake; he will warn thee, but these will creep upon thee like the catamount.—Leave these Tories and Whigs to quarrel and fight for money and revenge; I have cause to hate them all."

Julian had gazed with deep interest on the vivid eye of this singular woman, and felt awed by her bold and fearless bearing. There was a deep and settled earnestness, which bore evidence of her sincerity. To him, then an outcast, a wanderer, this sympathy and interest, so unexpected, produced a degree of confidence, which led him almost unconsciously to unbosom his sentiments more fully than perhaps he would have done under different circumstances."

"Indeed, good woman," said Julian, "your sympathy for my situation, and proffered advice, call for my warmest gratitude, but how can they be of any service to me? It is true I am a wanderer, un-

known to any one; without kindred; no one cares for me, and none need mourn for me; I, too, may complain of treachery and falsehood."

"Ah!" exclaimed Edir, "give me thy hand; speak plainly, was it thy own sex? or was it poor deluded woman, who has paid back a portion of the crying debt of thy race, upon thy head? say, hast thou been wooing to betray, to destroy, to abandon?"

"No, no, I am idle," said Julian, and must cease such an unprofitable conversation. I thank you for your kind wishes and advice, and bid you farewell."

Julian extended his hand to the stern and solemn looking being, who took hold of it, and surveying it, said with deep emotion, "Which way, in truth, young man? dust and ashes are all that are left of mine; I, too, am a wanderer; you are in the bloom of health, and like one I once knew! Yes, you are like him, and may be would follow in his burning tracks. They say poor Edir Immerson is demented, a maniac; I know it, but it is the tempest instead of the breeze; the cataract, instead of the rivulet. They little know the magic wand that I wield; and they little ken the means that I can command. Speak, child, for your imp of idleness is getting restless; tell me thy plans and schemes, for I much fear that harm is meant thee, and I cannot look upon the stars of heaven with thy blood upon my conscience.

"I am going back, if I can find the way to the residence of Mrs. Wittingham, where Notwood and Tarleton are, and perhaps Clannagan."

"Never trust them; for I have cause to know that you will be betrayed. Already have two conspirators determined on your life; and they are in pursuit of you, by the commands of Clannagan; let me tell thee that thou wilt not be the only victim; more are to suffer; Walden, Grayson, Bucklebelt, Milligan and others."

"How?" asked Julian.

"I dare not tell more; but go with me, and I can avert the calamity or warn the unsuspecting."

"Alas! my life is a mystery, and she too is perhaps to suffer."

"Ah ha!" said Edir, catching the soliloquy of Julian, "a woman! a girl! I tell thee, if this poor hand can aid her, I will do it. But no! no!" said Edir, her countenance darkening, "I dare not betray the innocent, and I will not minister to your lusts, be it in wedlock or with the solemn pledge. I too well remember the fatal curse

upon my own head. But I will keep you out of danger, and Bucklebelt and the innocent, that thou lovest.

"Halloo! Squire," exclaimed Tidder, "you had better be tugging, for it's nearly night, and I'm getting hungry, mayhap that woman would go with us. If so, you and her can get through your confab during the night, I guess," said Tidder, starting towards them, determined to arrest any further conversation.

"Keep thy own thoughts," said Edir, "I will see thee ere sunrise, for I know the residence of that thriftless dog, of Clannagan's." Then, turning to Tidder, she said, "Thanks to thee, soldier, I must see Col. Clannagan, perhaps I may call on thee ere noon to-morrow."

"But stop, stop, you can be company for me, for I am determined to see the Colonel shortly, for I promised to meet him to-morrow, at twelve o'clock, and carry him all the news."

"No! no! I cannot go with thee now."

Edir immediately took the opposite direction, and our travellers seeing that she was gone, pursued their course towards the residence of Capt. Tidder.

For several miles, the country was flat, and overgrown with herbs and low shrubbery; whilst the tall trees hung enwrapt with the clambering grape and other adventurous vines, which almost excluded the light of the unfaded day; the incessant hum of the thousand insects, which people the air, and the mimic twilight of the scene, cast a solemn gloom over the breast of Julian, as he slowly rode behind his walking companion, whose principal conversation was taken up in questions or suggestions about the strange appearance of Edir Immerson. Julian felt all the harrowing sensations, which his peculiar situation was calculated to excite, and he found but little consolation in his present companion, or the late interview. The vague hint as to the imminent danger of Col. Grayson's family, and of Walden, whom he knew to be a true Whig, strangely affected his nerves; a violent contest ensued between his views of propriety, his personal safety, and the fears he felt for the situation of those whom Edir had indicated as liable to be involved in so much peril. He began, from a careful review of the particulars of the last few days, to apprehend that Clannagan had no respect for any who was or might be opposed to him, in the present contest; and from the acknowledged sway which he held over his followers, as well as his influence with the regular officers,

caused him to doubt his own personal safety. He found himself a solitary wanderer, hundreds of miles from his former home, a prisoner, with a parole, which, it seemed, did not, or could not, from the unsettled state of the country, protect him; his conclusions were various, and unsatisfactory. He had already attempted to be exchanged, and had failed. In this mood, he determined to await the developments of the night, and then, if nothing occurred to alter his decision, he would see Capt. Gant, and explain his situation, and demand redress for the treatment he had received, or a passport for the North. Any situation but the unpleasant one he now occupied, would be more tolerable.

CHAPTER XVIII.

He gave him of his highland cheer,
The hardened flesh of mountain deer.

* * * * *

Then rest thee here 'till dawn of day,
Myself will guide thee on the way.—SCOTT.

She would weep, that her wild bees
Sang not to her—strange! that honey
Can't be got without hard money!—KEATS.

The preceding cogitations and half formed resolutions of Julian were interrupted by the neighing of the pony as they approached the residence of his guide, which was answered by the shout of a gang of children, who came hollooming and scampering up, at the well known signal of the approach of their favorite.

"I'll ride the pony," and "I'll ride before," were the earnest expressions of the jolly band, as they approached.

"There! There now! Daddy's sold Light-wood-knot."

"You have 'nt sold the poor little fellow, daddy, to that there ugly man? If you have, I'll go and tell mammy, that I will," said one of the little girls.

Capt. Tidder soon put the whole party to rights, and removed their apprehensions by denying that he had parted with their friend; and Julian good naturedly dismounted, and packed up three or four, whilst Tidder called to Buck and Bud to get some knots to kindle a fire.

They arrived at the place in time to see the meagre hut, which gave comfort and a canopy to the family; a few rails inclosed a low cabin and an outhouse, which served for a kitchen and work house.

The cattle had come up, to escape the flies and insects, and to get their accustomed pittance of salt; and Tidder, on his arri-

val, gave a familiar whoop which collected them to the usual salting log, which had small excavations, about six inches in width and length, and a few inches in depth, for holding salt.

One of the boys was ordered to tie the pony to a mortar, burnt out of a stump; Julian remained awhile idly surveying the scene, whilst the children had grouped together, closely eyeing his gun, which attracted their attention.

"He is a soldier, I'll be bound," said Buck, as he flung down his load of torch wood.

"Come, walk in, walk in," said Tidder, light up a fire, boys; come, wife, let me introduce you to my friend, Squire Onslow; we are plaguy poor, but if we give him the best we have it's not worth while to grumble; and make haste, boys, with your light, and let me introduce the gentleman."

As soon as a light was kindled, a real Amazon, though good looking woman, advanced and greeted Julian, by shaking hands and inquiring after his health. "And that is my darter Naomi, after the scriptures; and them two boys are Buck and Bud."

"I think the gentleman will be at a loss to find out the names of your boys," said the lady, "but they are nicknames."

"Well, I'd as soon be called Buck as Bill, and I guess as how Bud does as well as Tim," said a very small, sharp-nosed, tallow-faced, white-headed boy, a little over three feet and a half high.

"And the heart's all, and not the name or size neither," continued the little fellow, with an air of consequence, as he turned around to look more fully at Julian.

"It's plaguy strange, Squire," said Tidder, "how many children dodge about, first one after me, and the other after Hons there. You perceive Buck; well, I'll bet you my pony to your musket, that you can't come within two years of that boy's age."

"Ten," said Julian.

"No, sir! he is sixteen years old this identical month; and as fine, and as honest and dutiful a child, and as free from any naughty tricks as any boy in this district or beat."

"'Tis mind makes the man," said little Buck.

"And as for his sister, she will soon be fourteen likewise," continued Tidder. "Come here, Bess or Elizabeth—let the Squire see if he has ever seen a more promising gal to your age in all his rambles."

Julian bowed to the large, blowzy-headed girl, who nodded to him, and with a shy look bounced out of the door. Julian

saw that nature had dealt pretty fairly between the two parents; for about half were almost dwarfs, whilst the others showed great size and strength.

Buck and Bud were ordered to a neighboring creek to examine the traps for fish, whilst the good lady and her two daughters prepared to furnish something for supper.

"I'm proud of my wife and family, Squire. Now some women would have met me with a thunder gust, and looked sour at you; but I've brought things to a better pass than that; for when the house gets too hot, I just mounts the Light-wood-knot, and gallops off to a cool spot, and waits till they all cool out and gets glad to see me, ha! ha! aint that the time of day, Squire?" "Here, Hons," said the husband to his wife, as she came in, "is a frock from Prudence Conway for our youngest, and here's a little stuff to put some camphor in when you get narvous."

"I don't like to be beholden to niggers neither, Tidder," said the good woman; "but as she has her own time and way, I suppose she had as well give them to me as any body else."

Julian nodded an assent, as the declaration was intended for his approbation.

Supper was soon arranged, and a rickety chair, filled by drawing the skin from the head of a beef tightly over the posts, was offered to Julian; whilst the rest of the family either stood around the table, or seated themselves on benches; and the second daughter, Peggy, held a blazing torch, the smoke of which occasionally causing her to shift her head as it blew in her face; she was one that took after the size of her father.

Julian was delighted with his supper, and proved that fatigue and hunger gave a zest to its good preparation. Indeed, few men could have objected to the fresh fish and fresh eggs, boiled rather hard for modern tastes. Milk, butter, and a little fresh beef, were objects of solicitude to any hungry man, and well calculated to solace and comfort one less squeamish than our traveler.

After supper was over the two boys proposed to take a bee tree which they had found.

"My wife's aunt," said Tidder, "is the greatest hand in this district to prepare bee bait. Sir, they will come miles, I've no doubt, to suck it. If I wasn't so much taken up with the affairs of the army, and other people's business, I could supply Camden with honey. I tell you, Squire, I have found at least as many as five or six of a

week, just by using her newly-invented bait—and, Squire, I wish you could see aunt Nanny Hart; just to see her would do your eyes good. I've a plaguy strong mind to send for her to help to take the bee tree."

"Have we time," asked Julian, "after the fatigues of the day; and would it not incommode your aunt too much?"

"No, Squire; it would be fun for her. Mount the pony, Bud, and tell your aunty to meet us by the bee tree with the fine notches on it, just at the forks of the road, close to the black lightwood stump, where she cut out torch-wood the night that I fell from my horse. Hurry, Bud, hurry!"

"Yes, I know, I know," exclaimed the overgrown fellow, as he started whooping and whistling for his dogs.

It was one of those clear, still nights, when spring and summer seem to mingle and harmonize like the soft colors of twilight; the liquid stars were cheerful, and the air was calm and filled with the aroma of flowers. The lady of Timmy Tidder prepared to accompany the two gentlemen; whilst the crying brats were suffered to be dragged along in a half trot by the elder children; or, if unable to keep up, were scolded and slung to the back, grasping the bearer around the neck. Julian was considerate enough to take one of the little girls by the hand; whilst Buck and the oldest girls were loaded with axes and pewter vessels, and wooden trays or trenchers; and Tidder led the way with blazing torch, descanting on the wonderful virtues of his wife's aunt's bee bait, and his great skill in tracing out the direction of bees.

"I've been plaguy vexed, and, by jing! Squire, if I wasn't the most persevering critur in creation; many's the time I would have lost a fat and rich bee tree; and Hons knows it."

"I know one thing, Tidder, and that's not two, that you are the greatest brag in this world; for to my certain knowledge, you havn't found a bee tree in six months; for you know the children and their great aunt have found every tree this year."

"That's the God's truth," exclaimed Buck, "and I can't see how daddy's got so powerful forgetful since he and Col. Clannagan's got so deep, head and ears together in the wars; for I know what little's made, is done by mammy and us children."

"None of your impudence, Buck; another word out of your mouth, and by jing! you'll understand why I'm so much in the warfaring way."

"I don't mean to be impudent, daddy,

but you know it's the downright, start-naked truth, what I said."

"It's every word the truth, Squire," said the lady, rather mending her pace to get more fully into the heart of the conversation.

"It's always the way; I can't say a word to reprimand or advise one of the children, but what you take their part; but when you get hold of them I might bellow as loud as thunder, and you'd only bang and bruise and beat them the harder."

"I always makes allowances as long as I can keep in a good humor; but when my hand once gets raised it's obliged to fall."

"Yes," replied Tidder, "with pretty heavy exertions behind it to boot."

One of the children exclaimed that it heard their aunty's voice, and saw at the tree a light, which hurried on the party more rapidly, all dropping their squabbles in the more profitable anticipation of taking the great prize.

Julian, on arriving at the spot, was surprised to find Edir Immerson in company with Nanny Hart—a personage, by the bye, whose exploits in the cause of liberty require a more full and minute account than can be given in these pages. Suffice it to say, that she was a very large and masculine woman, cross-eyed, and had the misfortune to be most terribly scourged by the small pox. Altogether, her exterior was rather unprepossessing; yet her face was no index to her heart, further than as it indicated great resolution and courage of the most determined kind; and, although limited in her education, yet her strong native intellect led her at once to espouse the cause of liberty; and throughout the severe struggle she was as a bulwark, impregnable to all assaults upon her firmness in resisting oppression.

Nanny, (as she was familiarly called,) at the time of Julian's adventure, had left her residence in Wilkes county, in Georgia, on Broad River, some fifteen miles above its junction with the Savannah, and had come over on a visit to some of her acquaintances and relations. She thought it most prudent to occupy a vacant house of one of the refugees who had been compelled to leave the State in consequence of the tyranny of the Tories. In fact, it was supposed that she had been induced to do so for the double purpose of protecting their property, and at the same time to act as a spy upon some of the leaders amongst the Tories.

Edir had in her travels ascertained the peculiar feelings of Nanny, and, therefore,

as soon as she had met with Julian, in whose fate she became suddenly and deeply interested, she determined to seek her residence and attempt to arrange some plan by which Julian should be kept in safety. And to apprise her of the disposition which the Tory leaders had towards him, she had already sounded her hostess on the possibility of harm towards him, as well as her disposition to screen him, if it became necessary, from the band of Tories and regulators which infested the country.

It was with great glee that the little party of children met their "Aunty," who, after a passing shake of the hand to Julian, set in with Tidder lustily to cut down the tree.

"Go talk to the strange woman, Squire, or whoever you are, and let me and Tidder attend to our business; you would cut a pretty figure with your eyes all bunged up, as if you had been gouged in a drunken spree; get out of my way; for you shall not cut a lick upon the tree, or get stung by a bee neither."

Such was the answer which the cross-eyed and cross-grained looking Amazon gave Julian as he rather persisted in assisting in the enterprise of felling the tree.

"Come hither," said Edir to Julian, "cross not the orders of one whose experience and wishes lead her to such work."

And whilst the whole company were deeply engaged in all the bustle of taking the hive, she conversed aside with Julian, informing him of the character of Nanny Hart and her faithfulness to the Whig cause; telling him that Tidder would assuredly do whatever might be required of him by Clannagan. During the brief time in which the others were engaged, it was arranged that Julian should go over to Nanny Hart's, and that the excuse for so doing would be made out by Nanny herself. "You must obey her; mind what I tell thee; I hear the tree cracking—mind you obey," and Edir disappeared.

The scene which followed was one of boisterous mirth, and affected screams from the children, as a bee, made frantic by smoke, attempted to escape or defend its home. Pieces of old rags and brimstone ignited with torches, effectually stilled or killed the bees, and then the robbing and eating commenced, Buck, ever and anon, offering his aunty or the Squire a nice bit of comb. Tidder had the address to conceal a bottle, which he now drew forth by way of "washing down the bee bread, which always made him sick, and to guard against the colic and poison," which he

said was "sometimes in certain districts of country, but is mighty seldom in our parts;" he added, "but it's well enough, Squire, to be on one's guard."

"What screaming and holloeing is that at the house?" asked Mrs. Tidder; "some of the poor marauding thieves are coming now to disturb us."

The conjecture was right—for, in a little time, a gang composed of six soldiers came clattering up to where the party was engaged; Nanny Hart whispered to Julian to make his escape; but he refused, on the ground that he had done nothing which would subject him to the just vengeance of any in the country. But judge of his surprise, when he saw the stern features of Snyder pointing at him, and heard his orders to "seize him! He is the rebel and the conspirator; he is the fellow who has murdered the King's subject, and has put to naught every law of the land."

The gang were variously accoutred, and showed symptoms of hard drinking. "I thought I could worm him out," continued Snyder, "but that infernal coward Fawk would n't come; Col. Clannagan told me where I might possibly find him, and to bring him dead or alive."

"Let's tie him! let's tie him! Captain Snyder," shouted several.

"No, I'd rather tie his neck; but he'll smell hell soon enough, when he gets to the camp."

"By what authority am I thus molested?" asked Julian.

"Ha! ha!" chuckled three or four; "why," answered a meager, gap-toothed gawk who was all mouth and no head, "by the authority of gun-powder and ball, sir."

"Yes," replied a hump-back, greasy lad, with a buck's tail in his hat, "by the power of cunning and swift horses' heels. I smelt you five miles off. I can smell rebel blood as far as a buzzard can smell a dead dog."

The whole squad raised a tremendous shout at the wit of the last speaker. "Hurra for Hunch-back! he's my man! Come, boys, let's have a dram. Whose got the canteen?" asked the lank-leggy, all-mouth and small-headed ruffian.

"I've got it," shouted a chuffy, mop-haired, squat, bow-legged fellow, with bull eyes and red nose.

"That's the time of day, faggot-nose! Never leave your ammunition; I mean the wet ammunition; can't be injured by water, unless its overcome by more than its own weight, ha! ha!

Another shout was raised at Hunch-back's wit.

"Silence! silence in the positive! I say," exclaimed Snyder. "It becomes us to be merry; but not boisterous here, before those women and children; we must make arrangements for eating and sleeping; take your drink, boys; honey and whiskey will do well after getting such a great prize in our hands! 'Get the d—d rebel renegade, if it costs the life of half your men. I've got good grounds to hate him; he's a bird that will scream against us yet; get the lark, Snyder, and you're the boy for him; for you curse him like you hated him.' Aye, Clannagan, you spoke right! I do hate him, and sure enough, my morning traveler, we lodge together to-night."

"I would as soon attempt to converse with a wild boar as with you," replied Julian.

"You speak thus to me, you impudent rascal!" shouted Snyder, threatening Julian with his sword.

"Take that! you brute," exclaimed Buck Tidder, who, seizing a piece of the split lightwood, struck Snyder in the back. "Is that the way you're serving our friend? you ill mannered rascal, is that the way you serve a gentleman, and six of you to one?"

"You little fice! I'll stamp your carcase into the earth," said Snyder.

"Then, sir, you'll have to walk over my dead body first," said Nanny Hart, walking right up to Snyder; "and over mine," said Mrs. Tidder; "and over mine," said Bud, seizing the axe; "and mine too," said Capt. Tidder, stepping up by the side of his son Buck, who stood with his stick drawn back and his eyes glistening like a badger's on his pursuers.

"Keep an eye, boys, on the prisoner; fire the first gun at him and make sure work; and now, madam, and all of you, if you all are not instantly quiet, I'll blow out the brains of the rebel scoundrel."

"For God's sake don't murder the innocent man in cold blood; he is a mere traveler, came in here to-night in a peaceable manner," said Nanny Hart, alarmed for the safety of Julian.

"Let me run back and get the gentleman's gun and blow out the Captain's brains," whispered Buck to Nanny.

"No, no! child; no, no!" whispered Nanny.

"I say," shouted Snyder, "let's put out, boys, or make a camp where we will not have such a set of fools about us."

"Come, Captain," said Nanny, with one of her most benignant smiles, "don't be offended; you see it was only my little grandnephew there that raised my temper. Go and stay with the prisoner at my house; you shall have the best I have; and what's more, your horses can have green blades; and you know that after so much fatigue you can have a good night's rest."

"Agreed, Captain! agreed, Captain Snyder!" shouted the whole company.

"Come on, Buck; you must help me to prepare something for the gentlemen's supper."

Bud, in the mean while, was sent back over to Tidder's to bring such remains of the supper as might be made use of, whilst Tidder began to grow very familiar with the gang of outlaws.

"And how is the Colonel to-day, Maypole?"

"I don't know, big fighting little Tim; but I spose he was lively and larky, as he cursed very hard when Fawk and this new Captain met the Colonel, and related the great battle they had with that young rebel, and told of his violent abuse of all of our boys; but we've got the fox fast enough."

"Well, now I must see my friend the Colonel myself on this matter, and tell him the whole truth; for I don't like to have a prisoner snatched out of my hands; for I had him fast, and was just trolling him along to suit my own particular convenience, and picking him as clean as a soft peach stone," said Tidder, as he gathered up the honey to carry it over with the cavalcade who gave the word to march.

Mrs. Tidder and her children went home prepared to discuss the occurrences of the night.

After the arrival at Nanny's house, which was about ten o'clock, the several horses were either hobbled, belled, or tied up and fed with green corn, according to the views or chances of the several soldiers.

It was determined that Julian should be tied. He submitted to the indignity with ineffable scorn and composure. Two were detailed to stand guard outside of the door, whilst the others took the floor. Nanny Hart requesting the Captain of the squad to take her bed, whilst she and her nephew would take their nap in the kitchen, and be ready for breakfast in the morning.

"I dislike to incommode you, madam, and would willingly yield it to you," replied Snyder; "but as it is your wish, I shall not disobey a lady, and as to the

breakfast, it will come very well, for we are as hungry as wolves."

"I can furnish your men with some cold victuals: boiled corn, and there's the roasting years to boot; some cold beef and collards, besides the honey and a parcel of big homminy, and some milk; but as for bread, we have no meal, and since the wars no hand-mills worth any thing can be obtained."

"And who would wish a better supper," said Hunchback, "specially since I've got the corn tears to shed over the roasting years, ha! ha!"

The boisterous songs and oaths and witticisms were kept up until midnight, when silence flung its mantle over captor and captive, and the full chorus of the snoring ruffians was only interrupted by the cropping of grass and tramp of the horses, and the sleepless notes of the green grasshopper, that forever chirps from the foliage of the trees in summer its monotonous though melancholy song, "tit-a-nink," or "caty-did'nt," as suits the ear of the sleepless listener.

CHAPTER XIX.

Per. I see the play so lies,
That I must bear a part.

WINTER'S TALE.

Julian was too much fatigued, and found too little prospect of escape, to busy his brains with any immediate effort of the kind; besides, his hands were tied and his feet secured—the rope having been fastened around the body of Snyder, as he lay in bed. The door was barricaded, and two sentinels placed outside of the house, with orders to keep a strict watch.

Nanny Hart perhaps was the only one of the eight or nine persons who did not sleep. The disappearance of Edir Immer-son; her mysterious coming and going; and the little she knew of the character of the prisoner, all contributed to disturb her mind, and to render any plan she might propose for his escape uncertain and hazardous.

Tidder had returned home, by request of Nanny, who had told him that he would do well to go home and take care of his family. "Leave me little Buck for company, Tidder, and good night," she said in a loud voice as he departed.

Anxiously did the busy brain of the hostess revolve all its chances and plans. Who in the neighborhood could she trust.

"If," said she, "I were near old Elijah Clark's or Webb's, or Blake's, or Reynolds', we could soon have these scoundrels scampering. Often have I dashed over the river, to the terror of the Tories; but here I am a stranger, and can't even trust my own relations; for as to Tidder, he cannot be depended upon; and as to Coldfire, I don't know where to send for him; and who could I send?" Full of these thoughts, Nanny crept out, and was proceeding cautiously around the corner of the house to where she supposed Julian was lying, determined to whisper to him, or attempt to remove a puncheon of the floor, and cast him loose; but in this plan she was foiled. Just as she was turning around the corner of the house, one of the horses became so alarmed as to snort, which awakened the sentinels who were half dozing on their posts. "Who's that?" they exclaimed.

She had no other chance of escape but to seize some wood and declare, "I am only getting some wood ready to cook your breakfast!"

"Who's that you challenge?" exclaimed Snyder, raising up from the bed, and cursing Julian for causing him so much trouble.

The cause having been explained, he lay down again, saying, "Mind, boys, some trick will be put upon us; tell the old devil not to run distracted about breakfast, but to go to bed and be still."

Julian fell asleep; his mind recurred back to the days of his boyhood, to the time when he was first taken prisoner. At one moment he was haranguing a meeting of the people in the cause of liberty—then he was kneeling at the feet of St. Ille, and she in tears telling him that although she loved him, yet she could not marry him without the consent of her parents. At one time he was clambering on the top of a house, and it ready to fall in; or walking on the narrow edge of a precipice, and hanging rocks above and yawning gulfs below! He would be pursued by his enemies and they ready to overtake him, and he gliding only a few feet from the ground, using his arms as wings. Next he would be in a ball-room, with the enchanting Julia Armond; and then wandering with her in the garden, and almost upon the verge of telling her that he loved her; but some unseen hand withheld the power. Then he would be dodging from room to room without his clothes, and ready to be surprised by company. Next he would be ready to plunge into the hottest of the battle—then his mind gradually fell into the

proceedings of the previous day: his interview with Col. Conway, his rencontre with the Tories, the perfidy of Clannagan, his interview with Edir Immerson, her strange and mysterious conduct—had she arranged it for Tidder to invite him home? or had she given the band who now held him a prisoner, such intimations as had led to his capture? his mind revolved half a dozen times this vivid conclusion. He would awaken and then dream it over again. It became a painful certainty—a reality—which he could not doubt. And thus, whether asleep or awake, it was so fixed, so clear, that it became a permanent and lasting impression. "They are linked together for my destruction; see the joy with which the whole cavalcade was saluted, and the hasty threats were mere clannish feelings for a child." He fell asleep with the maddening idea of having been betrayed by the concerted plan of the two old women.

Nanny Hart waited until every thing was still; then going out a second time, cautiously crept to the corner of the house, and got under the floor. She succeeded in raising a piece of the flooring, and placing her hand on Julian and shaking him, gently whispered in his ear, "don't stir! don't speak! I will deliver you! I say, let me cut your strings loose; now don't move, and I won't cut your hands."

Julian, half asleep, yet conscious of the presence of one of his betrayers, flung himself violently over, exclaiming, "Go away! you have betrayed me once, already! you shall never betray me again."

From the effort which Julian made, and the noise, several of the soldiers were roused up; those at the door saw Nanny the second time, who had, in her great trepidation, suddenly rushed out from under the house, and seizing one of the horses which was lying down, came dragging and pulling him along, saying, "Your horse must be sick, for I hear him snoring and groaning very much; give him a drink."

"Ha, ha," said Hunchback, "I'll be transmogrified if the old granny hasn't got tantrum; why mammy! it's his way to snore and nicker in his sleep; many a time I've been roused to see what was the matter with him."

"You'd better drink him, sir, for the cold, raw stalks of corn, have given him the colic; just tilt up his head, and let me pour a little weak lie in his nose, or camphor or whiskey. It's the nicest way to drench, and do'n't require so much help neither, and the brute's obliged to swal-

low, and there's no after coughs to be ruining the horse's wind."

"Is that old night hawk out again?" exclaimed Snyder. "Tell her to go to bed; some of you rascals have given her a dram, and she's perfectly on her head, cooking and drenching horses. "To bed, madam, to bed! and let us take care of ourselves; and you, Mr. Julian, or what not, what have you been tumbling the flooring about so? Blow the fire! harder, Legs, a little harder! Aye! I see now, the scoundrel's been trying to ooze out; you infernal rascal! I've a great mind to stamp your skull into your villanous brains."

"No, Captain! no, Captain!" said Long-legs, I expect I moved the puncheons with my feet, as I waked with them dangling down the hole."

Julian said not a word, except that he was in their power, and it was not his intention to hold any conversation with them. "Play out the foul plot in your own way; I have nothing to ask, and care but little how you end it."

"I'll give you to understand, Captain Snyder," said Nanny Hart, recovering from her fright, "that I am as free from strong drink, and rather further off from getting drunk, than yourself, or any of your brave and valiant soldiers; and as I asked you over, because you could be more comfortable, I thought I was in duty bound to continue to comfort man and beast, as much as in my power lay."

"Well, that's apology enough; go to bed, and let man and horse sleep a little; and mind, Mr. Long-legs, or spindle shanks, that you kick up no more puncheons, as you call them, to night," said Snyder, as he flung himself down on the bed, first taking a hearty swig of spirits out of a wooden canteen, which was then much in use.

The morning at length came, and star by star disappeared, as the light waxed stronger and stronger, in the east. The lazy and jaded horses stood motionless, or lay dozing with their heads stuck near the earth. The two sentinels at the door were asleep, or sat drowsily leaning their heads against the door, whilst the others lay scattered over the rugged floor, as if resting on couches of down.

Julian lay in sullen silence, his mind scarcely able to comprehend the realities of his situation. His limbs were cramped and benumbed by the cords, and swelled until they gave him pain; but he determined to die, rather than ask a favor of such bloodhounds.

Tidder was the first to raise a bustle; his

busy mind was restless, and he was unable to sleep. He came over and went into the kitchen and awakened his son and Nanny, then he roused up the sleeping sentinels. The sun shone in splendor; the glittering dew drops that sparkled and flashed in its beams, the busy insect and the chirping bird, contrasted with the sleepy and sluggish train, at the obscure cabin.

"Up, Buck! up, my son," said Nanny, "and let us go after water; get a turn of wood, Tidder, and build a fire, I've overslept myself; always the way when I am too anxious to make an overly early rise."

During the walk, Nanny, with many cautions to her nephew, told him that her plans were important, and that he had to act the part of a valiant soldier. After she had arranged every thing to her liking, she returned, and bringing water and having wood, she set busily to work, frying eggs and some fresh pork, roasting fresh ears of corn, by running them with the husks on, in the ashes, and frying the soft grains after they had been cut from the cob.

How long the party would have continued to sleep in the house, if Capt. Tidder had not got into a scrape with Hunchback is uncertain. It seems that the jolly Captain had thought, as good soldiers they had slept long enough, and walking up to the sleeping sentinel, he pulled and hauled at him for some time, exclaiming: "A pretty guard you are, sleeping and snoring on your posts; I swear I could take every one of you prisoners. Halloo! Capt. Snyder! both of your sentinels are fast asleep."

"You are a most black-tongued liar," exclaimed Hunchback, a well set fellow, somewhat handsome, with a brown complexion, hair, and eyes, and tolerably active, except his deformity; "do'nt you, I say, repeat that lie again, or I will quench your fire-balls with blood, you freckle-face, double-face scoundrel."

"Well," said the Captain, "I was partly in fun, but as I am dared to the thing, I say, sir, you were fast asleep, and I actually surprised you on your post, and what's more, sir, Mr. Deformity Hunchback, war'nt you a poor, half famished cripple, and if it would 'nt be too nation uncharitable to fall upon an invalid, I would thrash you until your bull hide would 'nt hold corn-shucks. Just give me leave, Capt. Snyder, to have a little rumpus, upon a fasting stomach, and you'll oblige me the balance of my born days, sir," exclaimed Tidder.

The excitement was at a great pitch; those in the house became anxious to see the fight, they all rushed out, Snyder grin-

ning and rubbing his fists, declaring that they should have "a fair fight."

"For God's sake, do 'nt kick up a fuss right where I am cooking! Tidder, Tidder, you're a fool, and somebody will be kill'd; be ashamed of yourself, man."

"No aunty! No aunty!" shouted several, "he sha 'nt be hurt, nothing but a fair fight."

"Leave the yard, go down towards the spring, where I can't hear your oaths, for I'm sure the Almighty did 'nt give us tongues, to make oaths and blasphemies."

Although Nanny Hart dreaded the fight, and disliked particularly to see her relation engaged in such an affair, yet she at the first blush of the onset determined to profit by it, to let Julian escape. Every man, except the sentinel at the door, had passed down to see the fight.

Nanny Hart watched her opportunity, and pretending to want some cooking utensils, she passed into the house; the sentinel, as she expected him to do, looked in for a moment, and finding her busily engaged in getting some pewter plates from a side cupboard, walked a few paces, to see the proceedings and preparations for the pitched battle between the two combatants. "Take this," said Nanny, and use it, fly to the bee tree, and remain there two or three hours, or near it, and I will see you." She pointed to the opening in the floor, and to the woods, near the house; it was the work of a moment. At that instant, a great shout was raised at the battle ground, and the sentinel was all anxiety to get a glimpse of the proceedings.

Nanny, under pretence of protecting her nephew, snatched the gun from the sentinel, determined, if necessary, to defend Julian; but the good natured sentinel, instead of getting another, followed her, begging that she would return it. It was the precise state of things which the Amazon wished; she delayed as long as she could, without exciting his suspicions; then, giving up the gun, she rushed down to the scene of battle, whilst the sentinel listened to catch the indistinct words, as they rose on the wind, unconscious that Julian had already made his escape.

Nanny arrived just in time to attempt to reconcile the parties; but Tidder was for battle, as Capt. Snyder had promised to be his second; and Hunchback was determined to be revenged, because his character, as a soldier, had been "aspersed." His second was a tall, bulky, tallow-faced youth, about twenty years of age, and had, on several occasions during the evening, declared him-

self the best man in the Clannagan regiment. Snyder had paid attention to the boast, and was the more ready from this circumstance, to volunteer as Tidder's second.

The principals and seconds were stripped, ready for the combat, having thrown off all incumbrances except their pantaloons, a ring was struck, and each second stood ready to see justice done.

"Fair play's the word, Mr. Second," said Snyder.

"Fair play, back again," said the second of Hunchback, slapping his fist in his hand, and running his arm at full length, with an air of defiance.

The two combatants looked unutterable things, and said many, which can never be recorded.

"Ready?" asked Snyder.

"Yes," was the reply of the other second.

The principals ran back a few paces, and Hunchback doubling himself, and dropping his head, gave Tidder a most terrible shock, which flung him prostrate on the earth,

"Foul play," exclaimed Snyder. "Foul play."

"It's a lie! and a darnation one to boot," replied the other second, "even if Capt. Snyder should say it."

Snyder laughed aloud, ending in a sarcastic and bitter smile. His eyes sparkled and he jumped up violently in the air, exclaiming,

"Buffalo nor tiger, bear nor panther in America, white, red, nor black, on four feet, nor two feet, even on this ground, shall say as much to me without a genteel dressing, or an apology: so, sir, you have your choice."

"A whipping first, and a whipping last; I'm not one of those English sort, who get out of a fight by apologizing and palavering; so make ready."

The two seconds now went to work in good earnest; blow after blow fell like the heavy stroke of the sledge hammer on the tough and unyielding iron; a gush of blood from the nose or lip, or the oozing from the scalps, showed on each where the blows had fallen. At length, panting and almost exhausted, they closed with each other. Snyder was too active and was uppermost in the fall, but his strong and athletic opponent, with violent exertions, turned him, and suddenly catching an arm under each knee, he thrust a thumb in each of Snyder's eyes.

"Part them! part them! don't gouge

out his eyes, Jake Adams! Save our Captain's peepers."

"Why don't he halloo then? Why don't he give tongue?"

Tidder had fortunately disposed of his antagonist by biting, gouging and scratching him, and rolling and kicking him down the hill, at such a rate that he gave up the contest. He then pounced upon the opponent of Snyder, and running his hands round his forehead, fastened them in his eyes; the effect was instantaneous. Jake rose like an angry bull, and shaking off Tidder, would have crushed him beneath his uplifted foot, but Nanny Hart's powerful arm interposed, as she commanded peace.

"Peace, I say! here you are fighting, and you've left the prisoner at the house with no one to guard him."

The sentinel had just run back to take a peep at the scene.

"I'll warrant you have let him escape. Why don't you command the peace, Squire Legs," said Nanny.

"Peace! peace! I say in the name of King George."

The sentinel who was left in charge ran back, and was seen to hesitate, then to walk around the house.

"The prisoner's gone, you fighting bullies," exclaimed Nanny, putting on a most dolorous face. "Is this the way the pains and trouble I take is to be rewarded?"

Snyder cursed the Americans, and swore all were a foul gouging race of wild beasts.

"Look to your prisoner, Captain," said Nanny,

"Look to hell! I can't see a wink."

"Hurra! for Capt. Snyder and big fighting little Timmy Tidder," shouted the principal as he walked up and down the battle ground, whilst Hunchback and his second walked off under pretence to see about the escape of the prisoner. A fruitless effort was made to trace him up; two or three caught their horses and scoured about after him, but returned without having discovered the road he had taken.

Great clamor was raised against the sentinel, and some few ventured to hint some little suspicion against Nanny Hart, but the sentinel readily put them to rights on that subject, declaring that he watched her the whole time she was in the house, and that she never went nearer than the cupboard.

"No!" he exclaimed, "no body's to blame, but the fighting men, for who could stand and see a battle raging and not take part, when his cousin and captain were in

it; and you all know that Jake Adams is my own cousin; and it's well that I left there, for he might have shot me, forted in as he was, with all the guns to boot."

Nanny Hart paid not the slightest attention to the accusation, but engaged heartily preparing breakfast, whilst the wounded washed their wounds and made such applications as were suggested, some using water and others a little whiskey and gunpowder.

Snyder issued orders to get the horses ready to take another chase after the rebel. "I'll have him yet, or I'll ride to hell after him."

Every soldier, now that the captive had escaped, held fast to his gun and other weapons. Breakfast was announced, and they had got fairly engaged, when Nanny suddenly picking up a horn said that she must blow for her nephew to bring them water.

With the utmost consternation she flew back, and commanded the band to come to the door. "Don't you hear horses' feet? listen, listen!—there, there! Again, there—there again!—five! six! seven!"

"Coldfire and his men," said Jake Adams.

"And pray who is Coldfire?" asked Snyder gruffly.

"Why he who hung so many regular soldiers lately," said Nanny, looking wild, whilst her extraordinary countenance added new horrors to the spectators.

Again the horses' feet clattered over the sounding flat rocks, as if in a brisk gait; presently a tremendous shout was heard.

Snyder and his squad filled their pockets with such materials as they could snatch from the table, and started out at the opposite side of the field, from whence the clattering feet and shouts arose, at a full gallop.

The shouts continued for some length of time, until Nanny Hart could run up to the place, which was some three or four hundred yards.

The reader will readily imagine, that Nanny's advice to little Buck in the morning, was connected with the present uproar; the fact was, Nanny was one of those bold and daring women, who, when an enterprise was to be carried, stood but little upon personal danger. She had directed her nephew to get the pony, and to gather the children, three or four of the largest, with his mother, and when she blew the horn, to raise a general shout, whilst he galloped rapidly to and fro over a flat and hollow sounding rock, which lay in the

path, believing that she could so alarm the Tories as to cause them to leave Julian; having determined to get between them and their arms and fight it out if it became necessary. But good luck so happened in bringing up the pitched battle, that she at once embraced that opportunity, and only allowed the present farce to be enacted in order to prevent the detection of her plot through the imprudence of the children or of Tidder; and withal she was anxious to get them from the neighborhood so long as Julian was near it.

Nanny ordered her new regiment immediately home, whilst she brought the pony, and told Tidder to go at once to Clannagan's camp, and let him know of the escape of Julian. "For," continued she, "people are very uncertain now-a-days; and you may be blamed behind your back about the escape of the prisoner; when I know you are an innocent man, and was actually fighting on the account of the neglect of the sentinel. First words make the first mind, you know, Tidder, and I will advise you to lose not a moment until you see Clannagan; and if you wish any thing, just say not a word to any body at home; but get off as quick as possible."

Tidder prepared to obey the advice, having been but little hurt in the battle, and coming off victor. He sat down and despatched a breakfast much to his own satisfaction. As he was departing he said,

"Now Aunt Nanny, didn't I keep up my titles to a fraction? Did you ever read of a more complete route even amongst the Philistines?"

"Never, Tidder, never; but mind and get back as soon as you can; we shall all look for you this very night."

"Don't be uneasy; you know I'm Clannagan's particular express rider; and since I've been so lucky as to take a prisoner and fought about it, he may have great matters for me yet."

"A pretty good morning's work this," said Nanny to herself, as she prepared to gather up the fragments of the breakfast, placing them in a basket. "I wonder if Col. Cunningham and Col. Clark wouldnt laugh when I go up into Wilkes and tell of this matter? and I rather think I'll be off up there shortly; for if I get found out, perhaps my petticoats may not exactly protect me."

After she had arranged her household affairs, she took her basket and cautiously

pursued her way to the bee tree, which stood a little distance from the road, and giving a signal Julian soon appeared.

"You were a pretty fellow last night, to be abusing me and trying to get my neck crack'd," said Nanny, shaking Julian by the hand most cordially,

Julian stated his dream as an excuse.

"I thought so, and more; we don't know who to trust, but here's your breakfast; find a convenient place, and be sure not to leave here until I return, even if it be night, for I must go over to Tidder's; good morning and good luck until I see you again, when I shall tell you of the whole scheme of your escape."

"But, madam," said Julian, "I dislike this state of crouching and hiding about the country like a culprit, why not let me know the direction to Col. Tarleton's or some British post, where I can gain protection or be treated as a prisoner?"

"Because you will be murdering yourself by such hairbrain'd foolery; if I may say as much to a man of your sense. The lady who left you in my charge has gone, no doubt, to reconnoitre and peruse the country, and you had better remain where you will be safe."

"Let me have Mr. Tidder, or get directions towards Mrs. Wittingham's from him, and I can go on without waiting for the uncertain movements of that strange woman."

The departure of Tidder was fully detailed, and all the whole morning's affair, with all the probable consequences which would result from so rash a step as the one which Julian proposed to take; and he at length agreed to wait until the next morning before he took any final determination as to the course he would pursue. He was led to this conclusion by the evident good will which Nanny Hart had shown for his personal safety, as well as from the inexplicable course which the events of the few preceding days had taken.

Having come to this conclusion, and assured withal by his kind friend, that every movement which might transpire should be instantly reported, he was directed to a sequestered spot, and such signals agreed upon as should not mislead or betray him. With these arrangements, he departed as directed, after having in the most heartfelt manner expressed his deep and lasting gratitude for his deliverance from his savage enemies.

CHAPTER XX.

The time when screech-owls cry and ban-dogs howl ;
When spirits walk and ghosts break up their graves.

HENRY VI.

The hateful messenger of heavy things,
Of death and dolor telling.—KNAPP.

The valiant Capt. Tidder lost no time in striking for the encampment of Col. Clannagan, who, for the convenience of obtaining provisions, occupied, for the present, a stand at the house of a partisan by the name of Morris Watts, who was more anxious to get money than he was to see the cause of the king succeed. Tidder arrived there about twelve o'clock, and found most of the men absent; either gone home, or out on scouting parties, plundering and harassing the inhabitants, as their peculiar inclinations of revenge or gain stimulated them. He inquired for Col. Clannagan.

"Tell him to come in," said the Colonel.

"Tidder, where's the express?—did he meet with any accident?—was she taken up?" Tidder was too full of important matters and his secret mission to speak before any one.

"I will tell your lordship very much, sir, if you will only clear the house of that scataloper."

"Interloper, Tidder, you mean," said Clannagan, mingling a little good humor with the expression of his usually cold and steady countenance—"never mind that person; he is a friend and one of the great men of the world, knows astronomy, and is a great worker in metals, a very warm enemy of the Waldens, and swears vengeance against the whole race; he tells me he has been to see Col. Conway, and that he wishes to get him to engage in his scheme; but you know well enough, Capt. Tidder, that he countenances the rebel cause, or else he would not suffer his son to stay at old Walden's, who is as poisonous against us as a rattlesnake. And what's more, Conway will wheedle and cajole with him, until he gets his money and then he may shift for himself.

"Yes, Colonel, there aint one word of what you say, but what is the truth, and the whole truth, so help me God, as the lawyers say."

"I'll see him," said the mineralogist, (for it was he who was in conversation with the Colonel,) "in the lowest depths of tophet, before I will be made a tool of; and he and his family shall rue the day that they crossed the path of one who has it in

his power to sink their name as low as hell itself can sink it."

"Tidder, you recollect what you told me, that old Cato told you about?"

"What," said the mineralogist, "dost thou, Col. Clannagan, converse on matters of such moment to the country with the idle gossips of the times? Mark me, Colonel, secrecy as deep as death—fidelity as strict as truth, or the whole scheme will be flung to the winds—none but those who can be relied on, and they noble—what! such a scheme, and such a complete overthrow of pride and pomp! hint not to man that breathes what I promised to bring to light."

"You understand the bargain? It is solemn and sacred on my part," said the mineralogist.

"It shall be kept with more strictness hereafter."

The mineralogist then took up his drawings and books, and various specimens of native metals, and retired, stating to the Colonel, that he was ready to enter into the prosecution of his great plans whenever the necessary arrangements could be made.

"Yes, I'll use you first," said Col. Clannagan, looking earnestly at the solemn and stern man as he slowly departed from the room to arrange his all-absorbing scheme of establishing a vast apparatus for the procurement of the precious metals.

"Well, I suppose, Tidder, that the fellow has met, or will soon have his just deserts; you look as if you had just such news to convey; for Edir Immerson in her wanderings has been here, and says that they had the fellow snug enough, not far from your house. I wonder the men don't come along with him, if they have not already despatched him."

Judge of the exulting feelings of revenge suddenly disappointed; the prize snatched from the grasp of an infuriated man.

"And have you the impudence to tell me, that Hunchback, and Jake Adams, and Snyder have let him escape; that he has nearly murdered McQuirk, and that Cold-fire was in pursuit of my men!"

"All too true, Col. Clannagan; I saw and heard the chase."

"There's a traitor in our camp, Tidder—there's a Judas Iscariot who sells his country and his king for money. Get ready instantly to carry an express to Col. Tarleton and Notwood; we must have a surgeon; for, as for String Halt, he's too fond of dilly-dallying. I did promise that half-distracted, wandering woman, to try to get down in the neighborhood of McIlhane's and prevent any mischief from our

irregular lads; but now, I hope in God they may root out Bucklebelt, Walden, and the whole infernal kit and boiling."

"You say there's Indians about, Colonel?"

"No! no! you cowardly fool; none in this neighborhood—not one within seventy miles of your road. Get ready; will you have a new horse? say it, and you can be supplied."

"It's a dangerous business, Colonel; but as I've fought hard on account of the matter, I'm willing to ride—although, God knows, I've made but mighty little, whilst many have made their thousands, who hav'nt done one thousandth part that I have."

"Talk another time—get ready immediately; you can have a fresh horse whilst I get my letters ready."

"None but Light-wood-knot forks my legs for me; it's rather ticklish times when Ingins are about, and I'll warrant that ther's mischief brewing, or else that infernal tall woman would not be sauntering and tramping about here; and I begin to think that fellar the Squire is'nt half as good as he pretends to be." Thus muttered Tidder as he was preparing to get ready for his new trip.

"Mind that you converse with no one, and allow of no interrogatories, for I must have Dr. Cain to McQuirk, and that fellow Onslow must be taken; for he has broken his parole, and taken up arms against us," said Clannagan, as he parted with his express rider. Tidder had time, however, to peep into the kitchen and snatch up a few hard boiled eggs and a roasting ear; and even the good Mrs. Watts was kind enough to exchange a little spirits for a bit of silver.

Edir Immerson, as has been noticed, called upon Clannagan after the capture of Julian, and had satisfactorily ascertained his feelings towards him. She obtained a pledge that he should not be immediately executed, but she was significantly advised to return to the frontier settlement, whence she stated she had lately come. Full of apprehensions for the fate of Julian, she was returning according to promise to Nanny Hart's, when she espied Tidder. Concealing herself, she waited until he departed on his mission; he had not passed from the plantation more than a quarter of a mile, when she struck in just behind him, and calling after him inquired his route and his business.

Tidder, though professing to be in a great hurry, stopped to converse, and to explain

the whole matter, not forgetting to speak of his own battle, and to take a hearty swig of whiskey, which he offered to Edir, who courteously declined his offer.

"Good-bye, madam, and I am not so nation sure but what you and your frontier acquaintance, Aunt Nanny, had a hand in his sneaking out of the house."

Edir denied having any knowledge of his escape or the manner in which it was effected.

"But why say so, man?"

"Because in the first time in her life she smiled and looked half handsome-like out of her cross-eyes, and praised me for my hard fight and carryings-on, that's what makes me think so, but mind I don't say it."

Edir became more anxious to know the nature of Tidder's communications to Tarleton.

"It's only to head and watch and catch the poor young fellow, that's all, and to send a Dr. up after McQuirk; what if you go up to the Wittingham place with me?"

"Part of the way; I've other business for the night besides sleeping there," replied Edir.

The two travelers kept up a constant conversation, and Edir tried on several occasions to obtain a look at the package, and even proposed to turn back from the pursuit of the journey and return to Tidder's house, but he was inflexible.

They passed several plantations mainly inhabited by the Tories; or such as had taken but little interest in the conflict. At length they came to a house where Edir proposed to stay for the night; but Tidder replied that if it took all night he must fulfill his mission.

"Where do you cross the river?" asked Edir.

"At the double ford, madam, and good luck and good night to you," said Tidder, as he was about to set off alone.

"Stay until the moon is up, man, your pony has traveled all day, and wait until the moon gives you light. It will be two hours, and then you will be ready for the road."

This advice met his approbation, and he concluded to obey it, not however without some observations on his hard mode of life, and the necessity of punctuality in one who was an express.

The people where they stopped took no interest in their business. The family consisted of a young looking man and woman, and a little child, and they seemed too much at ease to ask or care much for the

war or our travelers; a coarse repast was placed before Tidder and Edir. Tidder after supper went out and fed his pony, saying that he must not forget him. A few oats and a few corn stalks and blades were all that he could procure.

"You are still in the land of the living, aunty?" said the young man.

"Yes," was the reply, "and I wish you to wake up the gentleman, who is on business from Clannagan to a king's officer, wake him up at moon rise, I must depart on my own business."

"Good night, Mr. Tidder, I wish you good luck," said Edir, as she glided out of the house.

"Good night to you, and good luck to boot likewise, madam—and if you pass our way, do give me a call," said Tidder, as he turned down a chair, and threw himself down in the passage between the two rooms to sleep a few hours.

At the appointed hour the express arose full of apprehensions; the heavens, which had been clear, began to be overcast with heavy masses of clouds, and scuds drifted rapidly before them; distant thunder, which seemed to be under the earth, shook and jarred the house and its loose furniture.

"It's no use," said Tidder, "to fret—but I'm to see the mischief this very night. Listen! gather! yes, that's the signal for the clouds to gather."

His pathway lay in a dense flat country; the whizzing mosquitoes and other flies kept Tidder awake. The moon could scarcely pierce the clouds, and the thick overgrowth so effectually excluded the light, which occasionally escaped between the chasms of the clouds, that it was not of the least service. The owl hooted, and the distant howl of the wolf, or the bark of the fox, added no little to the intensity of Tidder's feelings. The little pony, fatigued, and perhaps sympathizing with the state of his master's feelings, would often spring forward as if alarmed. After plunging along a mile or two in mud, now up and then down, brushing against a tree, or getting his hat knocked off several times, and groping about for it, Tidder at length began to hear the splashing of the river. The thick clouds grew thicker, the loud and distant thunder began to roar more like the discharge of cannon.

"A pretty poor devil, to be breaking my neck about Whigs and Tories; this is the last time that I'm ever caught in such a pickle!"

Saying this, the palpitating rider kicked and urged his horse into the stream, at-

tempting to recollect the ford as a vivid flash of lightning glanced upon his vision; shivering from alarm he emerged from the first rapid plunge, and much to his relief gained a shallower place. The ford was but little known to the express—it was full of rocks and swift sluices of water; the river contained an island of considerable length, and during the ravages of the freshets, the road across the island had been washed out, so as to cause the water to communicate on either side. Not long after Tidder entered the ford, he found his horse pulled down the stream—ever and anon he heard the deep sighs and groans of distress, mingling with the hoarse lashings of the shoals. The flashes of lightning were so vivid, as almost to overpower the sight, and the indistinct ford, foam and trees of the island floated in dim confusion in the mind of the traveler. Gathering a little courage, he ventured to strike his faithful pony, but the stumbling and plunging amongst the rocks, proved that there was more danger than advantage in the effort at haste. As the thick massy clouds rolled up, muttering and bellowing, a temporary break in the cloud showed the moon; for an instant, hope brightened on the vision as the entrance to the island was distinctly seen. Tidder looked behind him—he was petrified, and almost senseless for a moment. He became reckless, and was ready to desert his beast. Awful sight! He beheld a tall figure fast hold of the pony's tail, and covered in white! No head! no eyes! but a moving lump, which clung to him! There it was—close to him! He looked again ere the moon disappeared—he became frantic, and fired his horseman's pistols at random. Far and near above the monotonous roar of the shoals re-echoed the sound—a loud scream, like the hungry panther's, answered the report.

"Oh, Lord God Almighty! have mercy on me! Protect me from Indians, and ghosts, and panthers!"

Thick darkness set in—a rustling and howling wind swept the forest, and a few large drops of rain began to fall.

Tidder entered the narrow road of the island—he had now passed over the most difficult part of the ford, except that the remainder was deepest—he had moved on silently, and he hoped he would soon be able to get on the other side, when suddenly he felt a heavy weight pounce upon his pony! It seized him by the shoulders!

"Oh, Lord! don't scalp me! In the name of Saint Peter! In the name of the

Trinity! If thou art a ghost, let me off—and I will mend my way! I will join the first church I come across!”

A loud and remarkably shrill voice, during the temporary pause in the sound of the thunder, sung close to Tidder's ears—

“Beware! beware! of a bending tree—
It stoops! it stoops to the earth for thee;
The head pops up, and the breath pops out,
The feet and hands they dangle about.

“Beware! beware! of a goblin's gripe,
It feels the neck to see if it's ripe
For the rope which stops the traitor's breath,
And gives the wretch to the arms of death!”

Tidder soon felt the gripe—it grew stronger and stronger—until nearly exhausted, he tumbled down, and horse and rider rolled over each other. Insensible, and nearly half drowned, Tidder threw out his arm instinctively, and catching the mane, was dragged out of the river. When he had somewhat recovered, he found his faithful beast standing a little way from him. The storm now raged, and the torrent which fell helped to dispel the fears of the unfortunate express. It was the extreme of pleasure to hear the wind and rain, compared to the tortures he had undergone in the river; but the brain of the little soldier was nearly upset. He mounted at the first interval in the storm, and sung—

‘Beware! beware! of a bending tree!’

“And I'm to be hung yet—what a mean death to die—and be strung up like Coldfire did the negro stealers.

‘The head pops up and the breath pops out!’

“Yes, quick work! I saw one poor devil swung with his great black tongue run out of his mouth.

‘Beware! beware! of a goblin's gripe!’

“It's the ghost of McQuirk, because I did n't guard his murderer myself. Some Indian is buried hereabouts, for yonder is one of their mounds; and there's not a flat rich piece of land on a river, from salt water to the mountains, that has n't one of them high hills where they bury their dead, setting right straight up, with their guns and tomahawks.”

Fortunately, the storm passed off, and the little rider had moonlight sufficient to carry him without any mishaps of the road; he gradually mended his pace in proportion as his path became plainer, until he got into a brisk gallop, which he kept until he rode up to the nearest house—a kind of office or

out-house, which Mrs. Wittingham had appropriated for a sleeping room.

“Halloa! house-keepers! McQuirk is dead, and Colonel Clannagan says that Doctor Cain must go and see him immediately.”

“Then, pray,” answered the worthy Doctor, who happened to be sleeping in the room, “do you or the Colonel suppose me gifted with the power of miracles? If he is dead, apply to the coffin-maker.”

“The head pops up and the breath pops out,
The feet and hands they dangle about.”

“Was he hung, my good friend?” anxiously inquired the Doctor.

“For the rope which stops the traitor's breath,
And gives the wretch to the arms of death.”

“Where's the great Colonel Tarleton and Major Notwood?” asked Tidder, as he finished the last distich. “I'm on momentous business. I've been ghost-ridden, scalped and drowned—choked until my neck was black as my hat, and I could n't bat an eyelid.”

“Ay! we have had a dreadful night of it, my friend,” said the Doctor, a little bewildered by the uncommon salutation and extravagant conduct of Tidder. “The principles which actuate the winds and the clouds are not as well understood as some other subjects—but better, I think, than the subject of *mania-a-potu*, madness from whiskey, or any other kind of strong drink, which seems to be the prevailing vice of this country. Captain Gant, I say!” said the Doctor, who turned to address him, lying in another bed—“This man bath an incipient distemper, verging upon *mania furibunda*—he must be taken in the first stage, the premonitory symptoms. Bleeding, abstinence, rest, the full anti-phlogistic regimen rigidly and religiously observed may do him good, and then the regimen mentis—”

“What regiment do I belong to? I'll tell you, Doctor, or whoever you are—to the Bloody Scouts—the Dare-Devil Dragoons—the Torch Troopers—and to-night, sir, I've joined the Water-Witch Regiment!”

“This man now needs a straight-jacket, Captain Gant—for no man of his mean abilities—for I judge from his looks, his appearance, and his pronunciation—unless in a phrenzy could alliterate so well. It is even so with ‘moody madness,’” said the Doctor, as he called up one of the servants, to inform Colonel Tarleton of the arrival of a strange express in camp.

The unfortunate express kept constantly whistling his song, whenever he got an opportunity.

"I had a letter," said Tidder, after he was carried to the parlor where Notwood and Tarleton had gone, "for you, but the Indian or ghost has so tormented me that it is lost or stolen—but I know what was in it—the Colonel told me, so that in case of an accident I might n't come with my finger in my mouth.

'Beware! beware! of the goblin's gripe,
It feels the neck to see if it's ripe.'

Beg pardon—I'm almost distracted with the song which the ghost sung in my ears; but the fact is, Colonel Clannagan wants you to catch Coldfire and that spy, for the Squire has joined the other party, and, besides, he has killed McQuirk—and Colonel Clannagan wants Doctor Cain to go to Colonel Conway's immediately—I'm to show him the way—and there's to be a dinner there, besides, for you all; so my friend Cato Walden told me—and, besides, there are Indians in the country, for I have seen one, and heard their yells this very night."

"What's to be done, Doctor?" asked Colonel Tarleton, as the Doctor came waddling into the room; "can you go to Col. Conway's immediately?"

"Do go immediately," said Notwood, "for I fear McQuirk is very ill."

"This same express, gentlemen," said the Doctor, "is laboring under a disease of the imagination; perhaps from alcoholic potations, and therefore leans towards scenes of violence; and it is likely that he hath been engaged in some angry altercation, or been privy to deeds which are unbecoming a tender conscience—his nervous temperament works upon it, and hence his incoherent and unnatural sentences."

"A trick has been played upon us—some one has made the fellow drunk and stolen his letters, and frightened him half to death with a song about ghosts and Indians. But what is to be done?" asked Tarleton of Notwood—"Is there any likelihood that the Indians will fall upon the settlements? and if they do, will they discriminate between our friends and foes?"

"Never fear, Colonel Tarleton—that matter will be controlled by Colonel Clannagan and several of his secret agents."

"And what think you of your friend, Julian Onslow? It seems that he has joined Coldfire," said Tarleton.

"My uncle's money is pocketed," replied Notwood.

"Complexion fair, hair brown-black, nævæ maternæ, &c. I have him here safe enough," said the Doctor, showing his book of registration.

"Mind that he does not register you," replied Tarleton.

It was finally determined that a sergeant and several men should scour the country, and that Doctor Cain and Tidder should start as soon as they could get ready. The little guide became more calm, and conversed more at ease whilst in the presence of the officers; but he no sooner got out than he began his everlasting song—

"Beware! beware of a bending tree,
It stoops! it stoops to the earth for thee!"

CHAPTER XXI.

Proofs rise on proofs, and still the last the strongest.
THE REVENGE.

Julian still remained at his hiding place in the care of Nanny Hart, who had learned from him that he was raised in Philadelphia, but had no knowledge of his parentage, and that he now was determined to return to the camp of Tarleton, or fall in with some respectable Whig family, and remain neutral until he had an opportunity of being exchanged.

"Neck or nothing!" said Julian, as he lay near a small rippling stream pointed out to him by little Buck, who had, as soon as his aunt informed him of Julian's hiding place, repaired to the spot with his gun, and was now but a few hundred yards distant, watching the squirrels as they were hopping from tree to tree after the different green fruits. "Neck or nothing! I'll go to their camp, or I will go to Walden's, or Mrs. Grayson's. This suspense must end, and it must end this day."

It was about ten o'clock, the next day after his escape—he and his little companion had traversed the woods and streams, and he had come back, and was indulging in the above train of thoughts, when his watchings and previous fatigue brought sleep to his eyes.

He fell into a long train of acute reasoning; the mind exercised its faculties vividly; he debated the propriety of disregarding the parole after the treatment he had experienced from the friends of the king. The laws of honor, personal safety, and a

gleam of affection seemed to contend for the mastery.

At one time he saw St. Ille, frightened, and flying to him for protection—then he would be on trial for a breach of his parole—at another time he thought he saw the tall athletic figure of Edir, her fierce eyes burning in an ecstasy of rage, and telling a band of heartless Tories to “seize him;” then the savage massacre, then the yells of the victors and the groans of the dying! In wild alarm Julian sprang to his feet, no longer able to withstand the deep agony of feelings—when behold! Edir Immerson stood before him!

“What, man! fighting and talking in your sleep, and making love—‘Sweet St. Ille!’ Tell me, where does she dwell? whose child? Perhaps I may aid thee in seeing her; but mind, thou art to act the part of honor, of justice, for thy sex are false and treacherous.”

“I have no claims on any one—an outcast and wanderer. I suppose I must have mentioned the name of St. Ille Grayson, whom I knew in Philadelphia.”

“Thither I am going, to warn them against the bloody scout!”

“Good God! is there a scheme laid to massacre defenceless women and children?”

“It will be so—let us hasten to warn them—we must be up, and must derange their plans. Read that!” said Edir, handing him a letter directed to Col. Tarleton or to Major Notwood.

“It is sealed, and I am not authorized to open it.”

“Ay! for crime too young—they would not hesitate to plunge the dagger to thy heart! and if you are afraid to read it, I will read it, and let you profit by its contents.”

“*At Morris Watts’.*”

“DEAR COLONEL—

“I have just this minute heard of the infamous conduct of that rebel Onslow—he has joined Coldfire, previously attempting the life of my friend McQuirk; he has been taken, but owing to the squabbles and insubordination of some of our men, he has made his escape.

“Tell Col. Notwood that his conjectures are verified from two distinct sources. There is some great scheme on foot, and he is, no doubt, secretly working our destruction. Just recollect his whole career since his first landing in this State! I claim the right of deciding on his conduct, and if he is taken I shall be able to bring

forward sufficient proof of all that I have written. Send a strong detachment in the Walden neighborhood. Marion or Sumpster will be up shortly, from the best hints that I can gather. There is great discontent at the proclamations, but we must stick the closer to their requisitions. Much more at sight—but at present subscribe myself,

“Yours, most obediently,

“In haste,

“B. C.

“P. S.—By the hand of Timothy Tilder.”

“Who was thy frail mother?” asked Edir, grasping her hand on his shoulder, and looking earnestly at the countenance of Julian.

Julian mused over the contents of the letter, but suddenly recollecting the question, looked at Edir.

“Yes—yes! Look at the glance of the eagle when half surprised by his foe, quick—sudden, as the flash of the red lightning! Tell me, who was thy mother?”

“Indeed, I know not, kind woman; but you have acted more like one to me, than any other has for many a long day.”

“You know not, then? You may be the child of shame! Your father, then?”

“Alas! I am as ignorant of him as of my mother,” said Julian, walking to and fro in a deep abstracted manner.

The frame of man may be compared to a volcano, and a close observer can see the outward signs of the coming convulsions, the dim mists which hang over the brow of the mountain; the gleam of false lights, the trembling and shaking of the earth, the indistinct sounds, the flashes of fire, the explosion, the desolation, are not unlike the gloom of the brow, the twitchings of the face, the smile of scorn, the burning eye, and the wild resolution to “do or die!”

Such now was the situation of Julian; the contents of the letter at first roused a temporary feeling of indignation, the hint at his despicable intentions. And then the baseness of attempting to beguile him. The fiendish hypocrisy, too, of Notwood; one who had professed so much friendship, leagued with Clannagan to keep a constant watch over him! Every incident added new vigor to each burning thought. The projected trip up the country, the visit to Col. Conway’s, and then the course of Clannagan’s men—his letter—Edir’s question. “I am fatherless, motherless, friendless,” exclaimed Julian, suddenly stopping

and looking at Edir. "It is a false plea to entrap me, or to ruin some one because he is obnoxious to the king's party! And I alone ignorant of what several seem to know? It must be false, it is a stratagem."

"I know not," said Edir, "there is falsehood and treachery amongst these Tories—they will steal or murder when they think their necks safe—but what care I for Whig or Tory—Washington or Cornwallis, Congress or Parliament, liberty or rebellion. Give me the wild woods—the mountain—the stream—the wild deer, and the green grass unturned by man, or by his stealth. Thou outcast and wanderer, go with me, I love thee, but why or wherefore I do not know."

Edir broke off abruptly. "Take the letter and keep it, but we must save the fair one; the innocent, and Bucklebelt—rouse thee, child, and let us start immediately."

"My mind is made up," said Julian, "but let me tell the faithful and honest woman, Nanny Hart, farewell."

"It is needless, I have seen her and told her that you should be conducted safely."

"And the faithful little boy now coming I must thank for his kindness."

Little Buck came up with his game, and besought Julian to return. "I'll lie out with you, Squire, day and night, and fight too for you."

Edir pulled out of a side pocket a curiously wrought shot pouch and gave it to the little fellow. "If I should need thee, boy, wilt thou confide in me; and wilt thou be faithful?"

"Yes, indeed will I, and I'll go with you both and fight until my heels fly up."

The parties took leave of each other; little Buck to look at his gift and to exhibit it to the gaze of his sisters and brothers, or to talk over with his aunt the particulars of Julian's escape, and the possibility of again being employed in some warlike exploit.

"What think you now of your friend the red coat and the turn coat?" asked Edir, after they had started a short distance.

"Guide me to the neighborhood of Mrs. Grayson's or to Walden's," said Julian.

Julian looked at Edir, her frame shook, she clinched her hands and walked more rapidly; her fine countenance looked wild, and the drops of sweat stood on her forehead; he felt an indescribable awe when he looked at his companion—there was beauty for one of her age: fine form and intelligence of countenance, yet there was

mystery about her actions and appearance; why was she so intent on saving him? Julian almost disbelieved his senses.

"But there is my true friend, too honest to get rich yet too poor to be comfortable, Bucklebelt; he and his little ones must be saved, and Grayson's family, and McIlhenny's. Young man, have you betrayed the innocent, are you married?" asked Edir, with a smile of unearthly hue.

"No, no! I am anxious to save the young, the innocent, the beautiful—a friend," replied Julian, half unconscious of what he said.

"Ah!" said Edir, looking back, whilst her fine black eye glistened with a tear. "Beautiful, young, and innocent, so was I once."

Little of interest happened to the two travelers, who pursued with rapid strides their course towards the settlements on Broad River.

Julian had but little time to survey the country, his mind was occupied by the workings of his own little kingdom; sometimes Edir would pause for an instant to point out some flower or plant and descant on its virtues; point to the hawk as it pursued the bird or the tired hare; ever and anon she would attempt to cheer him as they waded through glades and swamps, or threaded the impenetrable thicket. Julian became more and more warmed with the object of their mission; he attempted to penetrate the history of his unknown guide; the plan by which she became acquainted with the designs of the Tories. She evaded a direct answer, at last he exclaimed, somewhat angrily,

"This is strange indeed; led by an invisible hand, a stranger, risking health, life, all for those who do not know me, or if they do, care less for me than if I were one of the most insignificant of their servants."

"And what," said Edir in reply, "am I doing; think you that I bear a charmed life? think you that any will thank me for the pains I am taking? and what are thanks? smiles: they are as the idle wind, or the flying cloud of the morning—and what care you for me? None of your thanks," she continued, "I am moved to it by my own heart, and may be it may move me to harm you, who knows?" But we breathe the same air—bask or freeze in the same sun and shade—aye! and the same mother will hold us; and yet I have a feeling for thee that I cannot describe. It carries me back to my days of innocence, when the sunshine and the sweet air had no cloud and no pestilence, and when this

bosom was calm as the clear blue heavens above us. But you need sleep; the solace of the weary and of the distressed, where the pangs of sorrow are forgotten, unless like me you have your regular dreams, and see acquaintances and form friendships which vanish in your waking hours. I have my friends of the imagination, who visit me and converse with me; and I have certain fields and pleasure grounds through which I often pass. So strongly and frequently have I seen them, that I am almost ready to doubt that my waking hours are but sad and miserable dreams."

Julian pondered over in gloomy silence the observations of Edir Immerson, who, pointing to a cluster of trees, said,

"Here you rest. It is late—you must sleep—I will watch if necessary. But you are safer far than under the roof of the smiling villain who betrays for trifles and murders under the name of patriotism."

CHAPTER XXII.

The Fourth of July, 1776, will be a memorable epoch in the history of America. I am apt to believe it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival. It ought to be commemorated as the day of deliverance, by solemn acts of devotion to Almighty God. It ought to be solemnized with pomp, shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bon-fires, and illuminations, from one end of the continent to the other, from this time forward forever.

JOHN ADAMS' LETTER TO MRS. ADAMS.

"And this is the glorious Fourth of July," said Julian, as he and Edir departed on their journey.

"Yes, they tell me it is a day of thanksgiving and of rejoicing; but the Carolinians have but little cause of exultation; I have no doubt but that Bucklebelt and his friends are preparing to celebrate the day. Idle mockery!"

"I should rejoice to be with them. It is a day that stirs my blood, and makes me feel like one born to be free, and the citizen of a mighty Republic!"

"Ten miles further, and I will lead you to the neighborhood. But I fear harm has happened ere this to some of them," said Edir, with a sigh.

Our travelers, after traversing, with a rapid pace, a beautiful and undulating country, struck into a path bearing the signs of several fresh horse-tracks. Edir had the sagacity of an Indian, and watched closely this circumstance. One by one the tracks disappeared from the path.

"There is a gathering somewhere not

far off," said Edir. "I see that there were four or five horsemen, and they have designedly disappeared from the road, some turning to the left and some to the right; here is one has crossed over, and they all have turned to the right. It is in our direction, and leads towards Bucklebelt."

"Let us follow, then," said Julian, not having noticed the facts alluded to by his guide.

"Halt!" cried a voice from a hanging rock which frowned on the open space through which they were going. They looked to the left and saw a man, well armed.

"Friends or foes?" continued the stranger.

"A strange question," replied Edir; "even if foes we could do you but little harm. Let us pass, for we have pressing business and will harm no one."

"You must give the countersign. I have orders to let no one go in, or out, without knowing the why and wherefore."

Julian was on the point of passing on, disregarding the questioner, for he could well comprehend the motives, or the right of the challenger.

"You cannot pass, my good fellow. Speak, who are you, sir?"

"I wish to see Captain Bucklebelt, or some of—"

"And pray," exclaimed Edir, "as you have the advantage of ground and guns," not waiting for Julian to finish his sentence, "who are you? and what business have you to stop the King's highway, and stop his subjects in their lawful pursuits?"

"The King's highway? are you slaves? have you forgotten that this is the great anniversary of our Independence? Whether you are for the King, or even on his business, you go no further."

"We surrender as your prisoners, then," said Edir, "although we could give you a troublesome battle of it. How can we reach your eagle's nest? Shall we come to you, or will you condescend to come to us?"

In a few seconds Edward Conway stood before them; his fine sturdy form, and well proportioned limbs, and glowing cheeks, his military dress, all gave him the air of a man, resolute and ready to act promptly in whatever emergency he might be called upon to exert his mental or physical powers.

The two young men gazed at each other for some moments; they looked as if they had seen each other before; or that

some instinctive sympathy bound them together.

"You need not rack your brains, young men, in looking at each other; although," continued Edir, with a melancholy look, "perchance you may have seen such faces in your looking-glasses. You favor—but do not those flowers on different stems favor? If the Maker of the lilies can fashion them alike, why not two young men of the same age and country favor?"

Edir turned away with an abstracted air, and seemed lost to the scenes around her, whilst the big tears coursed down her cheeks.

"My name," said Julian, for he was the first to speak, "is Julian Onslow, and, if I am not mistaken, your name is Edward Conway."

"Exactly, sir, and I presume no introduction is necessary after our brief interview in Charleston."

"I hope," said Julian, coloring deeply, "that our interview there is not remembered with any grains of ill will."

"By no means," said Edward, offering his hand to Julian; "your predictions and suggestions are fulfilling to the letter; but where have you been, and whither are you going?"

Julian briefly stated that he wished to meet with some of the Whig leaders, and would have gone fully into the whole matter, but Edir suddenly arrested him by urging him to hasten his departure.

"You have no time to waste in parley and gossip; young man, you to your post, and we to our business," said Edir, as she took leave of Edward, and nodded to Julian to follow.

"But," exclaimed Edward, "you must avoid speaking to Major Walden, for he still remembers the interview you had with him. Farewell—may we live to be better acquainted, and may you enjoy the celebration."

"Never, I fear," said Edir, as she looked back and saw Edward rapidly retracing his steps to his former post of watching, "never, I fear; he is too brave and headlong for these times of trouble and villanous treachery."

"He is a noble youth," said Julian, "and, I do not know how it is, I have a great sympathy towards him—I feel a melancholy thrill pass over me whenever I have looked at him."

"You are both young, both engaged in the same mad schemes, perhaps, and mayhap expect to swing side by side some day or another."

"I could have no better company," replied Julian abstractedly, endeavoring to trace the tracks of the horses, which began to be more distinct from the several riders falling into the same trail.

When they had arrived near enough to discover the collection of persons, Edir observed—

"I must leave you. Go right up into the company, and the man with the longest legs, and longest face and chin, salute, and tell him Edir wishes to see him at home to-night. If he attempts to talk long or loud with you, tell him that Edir Immerson said, 'Be silent!' and wait till night. Time is precious. I shall see you again. Farewell! No apologies—no thanks."

CHAPTER XXIII.

'Tis liberty alone that gives the flower
Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume;
And we are weeds without.

I could endure
Chains nowhere patiently; and chains at home,
Where I am free by birthright, not at all.

COWPER.

The place selected by those who had assembled to celebrate the Declaration of Independence, was a beautiful piece of table land, or rather ledge of rocks, of an acre or two; below some thirty feet ran a limpid stream, which, falling from cascade to cascade, produced a pleasant sound. On the west a hill gradually extended, whilst round its base this elevated spot ran spirally, gradually ascending to the level of other hills; the beautiful beech trees and hollies furnished shade and variety, whilst the cool breezes which issued from the dale below, prevented any inconvenience from the heat of the summer; the day was fine, and the air serene—a large flat rock neatly washed and swept by a few servants, was filled with the bonnets and light shawls of several ladies, who came to grace the entertainment, whilst at a little distance were placed the more homely head-gear of those who, amidst the hardships of the times, had been unable to vie with their more fortunate neighbors; squads of children, with little black urchins as nurses, were seen at different distances, ready at times to plunge over the edge of the hanging rock, or to pry into some secret recess or cavity of the hill.

Julian arrived in time to hear Major Walden exclaim—

"Fie on it, Bucklebelt! in the name of

sense, why such a collection of women and children? We are to be interrupted by the squalls of the brats and the brawlings of the mothers—and suppose, sir, that some of his Majesty's cut-throat spies were just to peer over our heads from the top of the hill, what would become of this noisy household furniture belonging to yourself and friends?"

"It's just such a thing as they will not allow to happen, and just such an affair as would suit my wishes precisely; but it is useless now to complain, for I see more coming yet," said Bucklebelt, looking towards a group which came on the opposite side of the hill. "They are Jedediah Holiday, wife, and their little twins, and Mrs. Gableton, with her two children; it seems, Major, that if your house furnishes nothing of the kind, at least your plantation is blessed with future soldiers."

"Tut! tut! man," exclaimed Walden, "save your facetious remarks for more marketable ears. I've no time for genealogies and birth-days—get ready for the celebration. Who reads the Declaration, and who is the orator?"

"You must be our orator, sir," said Bucklebelt, "and Edward must read the Declaration."

"I agree so far as Edward is concerned, but I am determined, if no one will give us an oration, to call upon some one to make appropriate remarks at the table. I am no studied talker now."

"Exactly republican!" said Bucklebelt, "and meets my wishes; when the heart is expanded, when the feelings are all on tip-toe, then we may calculate for the outpourings of the spirit."

"Mr. Milligan—our parson," said Bucklebelt, as he walked deliberately up.

"I am glad you have come, parson; we must have matters properly arranged—a prayer, and the Declaration of Independence, and I hope you will favor us with some general remarks," said Walden.

"My efforts belong to my country," said the pious man, "and I am ready to do my duty whenever I can properly ascertain my part."

Thus saying, Mr. Milligan went around, and spoke to his acquaintances.

Seats had been prepared beneath the spreading trees, and a rude platform constructed for the reader.

Mr. Milligan, dressed in a garb rather indicating his profession, rose, and after briefly stating the object they had in view, and the necessity of relying on Heaven for all blessings, sung a hymn composed for

the occasion, and then offered up a fervent and appropriate prayer.

Bucklebelt was now in a situation of great embarrassment, for he recollected that Edward Conway had been appointed to the post of sentry on the leading inlet to this secret place of meeting. In his distress, whilst the parson was singing, he had in despair come to the determination either to get some one to supply the place of Edward, or to offer his own services.

"What shall we do, my dear Major? Edward is now standing sentry on the look-out peak, and I have no disposition to be forward—and withal it looks best to see the young men engage in it."

"Any way, Captain, any way—great neglect, sir, on our part—but any way! Edward is badly treated—badly treated! Read yourself, Captain—I shall not, I swear!"

Bucklebelt was exceedingly mortified and embarrassed—he looked around (irreverently, some thought) to see who could supply his place, or who could be substituted as reader.

"I'm a great mind to call on that young stranger. He looks as if he came up to cheer us and animate us—better for him than for me, not that I fear the halter, or the detailed murderers!"

Saying this, he stepped quietly round to Julian, and after having heard his message from Edir, he said—

"Sir, I shall not take any refusal—I know you will from character. Miss Grayson has mentioned you as a republican!"

"Miss Grayson!" asked Julian, starting from his seat, "is she here?"

"No—no!" said Bucklebelt; "but speak low—the parson is singing, and I notice that some of the hide-bound have been gazing at me ever since I have been on the ground."

Julian's face changed—it was in vain that he attempted to hide his agitation.

"Never dread the task, my friend," said Bucklebelt, supposing his agitation arose from a dread of the performance; "if any need of defending its propriety, I am ready to do it."

As soon as the solemn prayer was finished, Captain Bucklebelt walked forwards with an air of self-complacency, mingled with a good degree of awkwardness, and, pointing to the stand, said audibly—

"I beg, sir, that you will perform the ceremony instead of myself—read our immortal Declaration of Independence."

All eyes were turned to the new comer,

when Bucklebelt unexpectedly excused himself. At any other time Julian's dress would have been considered not remarkably fashionable. But trifles were lost in the agitating scenes of the times—the few drops of colored water which may be seen in a clear stream, are lost amidst the swelling torrent, when it is choked and full of rushing and distracted waves.

Julian bowed respectfully to the reverend gentleman as he mounted the rude platform, and looking around saw many eyes and faces fixed on him. Julian commenced in a distinct voice, "A worshipper at the altar of freedom, I have come amongst you, fellow citizens, and feel the great responsibility of my unexpected situation."

Julian proceeded, after a few such preliminaries, in which he alluded to the great cause and the great actions of those who participated in the mighty struggle. He glowingly alluded to that spirit which could impel men thus prominently to step forward to peril their lives and their all in spite of the odds which had from the beginning existed in this contest. He passed a just tribute to the memory of those who had sanctified the cause by their blood, and he exhorted all who heard him to continue to fight the battle of liberty. The effect upon the audience was first a sudden noiseless attention—then tears and smiles, and eventually Bucklebelt broke out into a rapturous shout. Julian's youthful and animated appearance produced a most powerful effect. After various remarks he read the Declaration, and uttered with solemnity the last sentence, "With a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge ourselves, our fortunes, and our sacred honor."

"And here, driven into the recesses of the forest, in our fastnesses, we come up, and in the face of Heaven we pledge ourselves to the mighty work, death or victory—triumph before degradation—the blood of the political martyrs will be the seed of our liberty—their blood pleads at the gates of Heaven for revenge. Justice is with us, success is inevitable if we are united. I feel that there are hearts here ready for the conflict. I feel that the prayers of the mother and the maiden will be heard for our success, and that the right arm and the sword will be drawn for its accomplishment."

Julian ended amidst the tears and shouts of those who felt what he said, repeating, "Yes, we pledge our lives and our all for

liberty." Major Walden walked boldly up and said,

"Sir, I thank you for the pleasure you have rendered me; I thank you for the good the cause has obtained from your hands."

Bucklebelt was in a state of complete excitement. Mr. Milligan came up and said, "Though strangers in face we are acquainted in our hearts, sir! God will prosper our cause, I feel a solemn presentiment that success will reward us."

The hardy friends of liberty crowded around Julian, and with earnestness grasped his hand.

After the enthusiasm was somewhat over, Mr. Milligan went to Julian and asked him to favor him with his company, as he was compelled to start home.

Bucklebelt, without waiting for an answer, interposed an objection. "Our young Whig friend cannot be allowed to leave the field of his glory unreaped; he must stay and identify himself with the whole proceedings."

"Yes," replied Edward, who had been a listener to the concluding speech of Julian, "I was fortunate enough to be relieved by Mr. Gableton, who came at my uncle's suggestion to my post; you cannot leave us, sir, however desirable it may be to be in Mr. Milligan's company; and, sir, if no one else will pilot you, I will to-morrow see you to any point in the neighborhood to which you may wish to proceed."

Mr. Milligan then observed to Julian aside, "My dear sir, I have heard Miss Grayson say she was extremely anxious to see you, as she has heard that you were in the South. My wife is unwell, and she is now with my daughters; I hope that you will do us the favor, if it meets with your duties and inclination, to accompany me now, or come whenever it may be convenient to visit us."

"Give her my best respects, sir," said Julian, scarcely able to restrain his deep emotions, "and say that I shall call either at your house or at her mother's, as soon as my engagements or circumstances will permit."

The company sat down to a barbecue, Major Walden presiding, aided by a couple of the oldest gentlemen present as vice-presidents.

The first toast was,

"1st. The signers of the immortal Declaration of Independence: we re-echo their defiance to tyranny."

"2d. The memory of those who have fallen in the cause of liberty: their blood

is the cement of our temple of liberty, and ours, if need be, shall finish the glorious structure.

"3d. The thirteen independent sovereignties: the hearts of all for each, and each for all.

"4th. The Continental Congress: respect for its laws and patriotism.

"5th. The Commander-in-chief, George Washington: the chosen instrument of Heaven for the accomplishment of our liberties.

"6th. The army and our friends on the seas: glory awaits their exertions.

"7th. Our allies and their generous sons: liberty belongs to all climates, ages and countries; they are adopted sons of America.

"8th. The Governor of Virginia, Thomas Jefferson, the immortal draftsman.

"9th. The orators and statesmen, writers and contributors to our defence: unborn millions will sing their praises.

"10th. The predictions of John Adams, respecting the 4th of July, 1776: may they be fulfilled until time shall be no more.

"11th. South Carolina: may the present calm of despotism be but the prelude of her future deliverance. May the spirit of patriotism burst like the avalanche and destroy our oppressors utterly and forever.

"12th. The watchwords of liberty: resistance to tyrants—to all exaction! Death or victory.

"13th. The fair daughters of America: firm as the Spartan mothers—they would rather see their husbands, brothers or sons fall in defence of their liberties, than to live dastards and slaves."

After the several standing toasts had been read and drunk, Major Walden having become excited, made a few observations, in which he briefly recounted the wrongs of the colonies—the hardships of our countrymen. He pointed to the glorious sun, and declared that over no country in its mighty revolutions had it ever passed where more unmitigated tyranny had been witnessed. "Roll on then, glorious orb, and bear the curses of the father, and the tears, prayers and cries of the mother, down to distant posterity; and thou, cerulean vault, open wide, that our wrongs may go up to the just throne of the great Avenger. Here is my toast," said the Major, as he ended his fervent denunciations—

"No concessions to assassins; no conciliation to tyrants—may the records of their deeds be handed down to the latest poste-

rity, as a beacon to those who may come after us. May their blood wash out their foot prints from our shores."

Edward Conway gave,

"Sumpter, Marion and Pickens, the three Brigadiers: may they live long enough to sanctify the name of rebel, and establish the cause of freedom."

Jedediah Holiday gave,

"Feather beds and sound sleep to our enemies—strong arms and sharp steel when our boys attempt to awaken them."

Captain Bucklebelt gave,

"The orator of the day: King George may wield his bayonets, but the fire of his eloquence will nerve the arm of the patriot; he has deciphered the handwriting on the wall."

Julian was called on for a toast, and after the deafening applause had subsided he gave,

"General Lafayette, the gallant foreigner who perils all for liberty: may his example teach all after ages that patriotism belongs to all the world. Health, honor and long life to our benefactor."

Major Walden rose after the last toast, and said that he had a document put into his hand with various donations, which as president of the day it became his duty as well as pleasure to lay before the company, first, a toast sent by the ladies.

"The third of June and its proclamations—infamy to our oppressors, glory to our defenders. Brave sons of America, protect our liberties and Heaven will reward your valor with success."

Donations by Mrs. Milligan, £50, of continental currency.

By the Misses Milligan, two rings each.

By St. Ille Grayson, a valuable breastpin and ring.

Julian thought he recognized the ring, and his heart beat exultingly at this show of patriotism.

Mrs. Holiday, five pewter plates for bullets.

Mrs. Gabbleton, a first rate suit of clothes.

Mrs. Grayson subscribes bacon, coffee and meal; and last, not least, the toast from General Sumpter,

"Our enemies: war to the knife—every tree is our bulwark—every day and every night the hour of assault—courage, courage, my countrymen—you will hear from our exiles in a few days."

The woods re-echoed when this toast was drunk, and many a tear rolled from the stern faces of the determined sons of liberty.

Many were the different toasts which the several friends of the occasion gave, but the few recorded may serve to show the spirit of the times.

Major Walden had procured sufficient wine and apple brandy to furnish a tolerably decent supply for the company—but they all departed without showing any signs of excitement from their potations, and about three o'clock the whole company had separated, first, however, concerting amongst the leaders such plans of concealment and co-operation as subsequent emergencies might require.

Bucklebelt stated to Julian that he had momentous matters to communicate, who readily agreed to accompany him, especially as Edir Immerson had charged him to meet her there.

Edward Conway advised Julian to go with Bucklebelt, as he believed that it would be the best arrangement; his uncle, he said, was irascible, and he would sound him on his course in Charleston.

"I will be over early to await your commands," said Edward, as he parted with Julian.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Mercy! Porphyro, hie thee from this place,
They are all here to-night, the whole blood-thirsty
race!

Get hence! get hence! there's dwarfish Hildebrand.
He had a fever late, and in the fit
He cursed thee and thine, both house and land!

THE EVE OF ST. AGNES.

Julian, as he walked leisurely along with his new friend, deliberately surveyed him; first he looked at the stately gaunt figure, a modern Saul amongst other men, with a depth of face, or rather chin, which served as the basement for the eyes, nose, and head to rest upon. The eyes were small, quick, and penetrating; they flashed and rolled with angry energy as he descanted upon the proceedings of the day; the countenance was bony, hard, and inflexibly firm. He wore a thin greasy queue, whilst the rest of his hair had grown neglected, and fell carelessly about his ears and temples; it was coal black. His hands were large, long, and brawny; his arms seemed hung upon his shoulders by hinges, as they dangled about at random. He had on a blue fringed roundabout, which was infinitely too short in the waist and arms; his buckskin pantaloons, originally too short, had retracted from his tremendous feet, which were covered with high stiff leather

leggings, over which he wore a huge pair of rough spurs.

"I am, sir," said Bucklebelt, "about to engage in a perilous journey. I go as an express from General Sumpter to the Governor of Virginia; the game-cock (for such is his name) wishes me to convey important news to his Excellency. Lieutenant Coldfire has just returned from the up-country, and says that we may expect hot work shortly. The enemy are asleep, or in a frolic, or perpetrating great outrages, and Sumpter is determined to strike a blow at once, with forces from North Carolina and Virginia, that in a regular campaign the broken down spirits of all may be healed up, and I hope, sir, that I may obtain your services in this important mission."

Julian thanked the Captain for his good opinions, but he doubted the propriety of his proposal, assuring Bucklebelt that he was too little of a woodsman, and not sufficiently acquainted with the peculiarities of the country, to be able to master all the arts, necessary for a successful journey upon so important a mission. He also unfolded his situation in regard to the course which had been pursued towards him, and the contents of the letter of Clannagan.

After Julian had gone somewhat into the embarrassing situation in which he found himself, Bucklebelt exclaimed—

"Even so—what else could I have expected from Clannagan and his followers? They are generally the vilest and most implacable of the country. But Clannagan has some private pique at you, or he supposes you have done him some injury; rest assured he knows something of you, or supposes you are likely to injure him—he pays all debts, great and small, with full measure; and God grant, in his mercy, that I may have the good fortune to meet with him. I feel that ere these wars are ended, we are to meet in deadly strife, and the sooner the better."

The two soldiers, or friends, arrived at home about sun-down, the family having started immediately after the oration.

"You will find, sir, that I have a fine family of boys, preparing to follow in the footsteps of their father; I believe in names after great men; it sets the mind to work in search of the deeds of the heroes of antiquity—it causes the mind to search, also, into the favorite studies of their namesakes; for instance, my own name, Coriolanus Bucklebelt, has always been the cause of my military bias, and from childhood I have sighed for fields of battle, and

have spent my time in reading of the mighty exploits of heroes, and particularly of the mighty Romans. I have," said he, "named our oldest twins, one Julius Cæsar, the other Cneus Pompey; of the next twins I have named one Demosthenes, the other Cicero; the third set of twins I have named one John Wesley, and the other Jack Calvin; the fourth set are named after our modern Generals, George Washington and Gilbert Mottier Lafayette. I have the fifth set about a month old now, and I have some disposition to wait awhile until the wars get over, or let them choose their own names. I had a good will to-day to call one after you—Julian Onslow, I think, sir, is your name?"

Julian nodded an assent, whilst the little urchins were variously grouped around, listening to the opinions of Bucklebelt, who continued—

"The other I thought I would call after myself, or Thomas Jefferson; but I must wait until things are better developed. It has vouchsafed the Almighty to strengthen our family with male children."

The cab in which Bucklebelt lived was a comfortable one, with a shed room; a square box, stuck on pegs, contained the books of this military gentleman, most of which were on military tactics, or the lives of military men; several pamphlets, bearing the name of Major Walden, lay scattered amongst the books, and had been sent over for the purpose of edifying Bucklebelt; orations on the massacre at Boston; essays on the causes of the war, and a few newspapers; Plutarch's lives were amongst the collection.

Mrs. Bucklebelt was one of those happy looking women, who appear contented at all times, and under all circumstances; she seemed to be willing that the whole military knowledge of her husband should be given undiluted by any additions of her less informed mind; a nod or a frown at a child which obtruded itself too familiarly, seemed to show that she was somewhat particular on the proper points of domestic government; whilst Captain Bucklebelt had studied acoustics to such an advantage as to raise his voice in proportion to the difficulties to be overcome; for when one of the family of noisy urchins, either from a desire of joining in the conversation, or from a more selfish disposition to defend or enforce his own opinions, attempted to interrupt his discourses, (whose fund of knowledge appeared to be inexhaustible,) he uniformly raised his voice to a pitch fairly above all competition.

Julian listened as well as a mind harassed as his would allow; his equanimity was a little disturbed as Bucklebelt occasionally brought up one of his military sons, Julius Cæsar, for instance, or Cneus Pompey, to run over the leading traits of their great cognominals; or as Demosthenes or Cicero rattled off a paragraph from the orations of those great orators.

"I am prepared for any ordinary emergency," said the Captain, as they walked to supper in the kitchen, anxious not to lose any time in his discourses.

"Yes," replied Julian, eyeing the stock of arms, consisting of muskets, rifles, pistols, swords, &c.

The information which Bucklebelt had conveyed, that he was about to act as an express to the Governor of Virginia, and the insinuation that Sumpter was shortly to take the field, all floated across Julian's mind; hope sprang up at the idea of resistance, and he once more began to have hopes of future success.

"You adhere to the arrangement," asked Julian, "of which you spoke to-day?" nodding his head towards the North.

"Yes, sir, and the fruits of it shall soon be seen. Alone I will weather the storm, and assist in carrying out the plan, if life and health hold out."

The family had scarce retired to bed, when they were roused by knocks at the door.

"Rise, Julius Cæsar and Cneus Pompey," exclaimed Captain Bucklebelt, "Demosthenes and Cicero—the whole rise, and make up a light."

"Yes," said a voice at the door, "the children in this neighborhood are as plenty as fools at a frolic."

"Is that you?" inquired the Captain, recognizing the voice. "Daughter of the woods! whither goest thou in these hours of sleep? Bringest thou good, or art thou a harbinger of evil?"

"Be up, man! no time for history nor parley. Leave off thy long discourses of military men, and thy quotations of battles and armies—the Bloody Scout are out upon the wing! The young man—is he here? Has he obeyed my commands?"

"I am here, ready to hear your counsel," exclaimed Julian, whose mind had been too busily engaged on the exciting topics of the day to yield readily to sleep.

After order was somewhat restored, and a light procured, Edir told Bucklebelt that she had learned that Clannagan and his associates were in the country, and medita-

ted evil to himself, and the other leaders of the Whigs.

"Confiscation, house-burning, and imprisonment will be the order of the day."

"Yes," said Bucklebelt, "no doubt. The great works on military subjects must be secured, Rollin and Plutarch, and all the precious orations, ancient and modern, must be secured. Boys! boys! you must carry all my books, except the Bible and Psalter, and hide them in the big sycamore tree. As for the Bible, and Baxter's Call, and the Psalter, they'll have no great relish for them. Mind, boys—do as I tell you—and as for myself and Avalanche, (given to me by my patron and friend at three years old,) they will never get us, for I am off at break of day. But the wife and her children, the five twins! For," said Bucklebelt, turning to Julian, and taking hold of his button, "it has vouchsafed the Almighty to send a goodly number of male children, ready, no doubt, to fill up the ranks of us who may fall in defence of our country; for I should not be surprised, sir, if this war were to last as long as the Peloponnesian war of twenty-seven years, or the first Punic of twenty-four years, so ably described by Rollin, Plutarch, and other great masters of the historic pen; and I learn from the great Drs. Stahl, Boerhave, Hoffman, and others, that in all countries the male children outnumber the female."

Edir became exceedingly impatient under the long and elaborate discourse of her friend, and, seizing him by the collar, forcibly whirled him half round.

"Look," said she, "at the helpless children! Shall they become fatherless? Wish you to see their brains dashed out by your enemies? If not, depart from this neighborhood, pursue thy journey, and let not this young man be taken, for he is called thy accomplice, and thy spy! His name has been sounded as a hot-headed brawler. Already have his words, spoken to-day, been conveyed to those who seek his life."

The parties determined to separate. Mrs. Bucklebelt and her boys were directed to seek protection with Jedediah Holiday, and to hold consultations with Major Walden, if their safety required his protection or advice.

Bucklebelt prepared to depart toward Virginia, in accordance with the arrangements made by Governor Jefferson to hold constant communication with the Southern States; he received the parting advice of Edir, as to the necessity of assuming the

humblest garb, and of divesting himself of all appearance of military character.

"I'll obey to the letter," said Bucklebelt, "but if they come in close quarters, they must expect to find me prepared with a pair of good pistols, and this trusty dagger, which has already seen some service in these wars."

Bucklebelt shook Julian by the hand, and wiped away a tear from his eyes.

"God bless you, my dear friend," said Bucklebelt; "at the hour of midnight I am ever ready to serve you; I am a man of few words on the subject of friendship, though they all say I'm rather prosy on the military art; but let that pass; I do not know how it is, but you feel inexplicably near to me."

"I hope," answered Julian, as he shook hands with his honest and warm-hearted friend, "that time will prove me not unworthy, nor ungrateful for such evidences of good will towards me."

Edir and Julian again set out seeking a place of safety. Julian was, at times, determined to remain and face the danger—but the hitherto good counsels of Edir, her great anxiety that he should escape from Clannagan; her hint at his probable visit to Bucklebelt's, confirmed him in his course. He followed Edir's advice.

After a severe journey of two or three hours, they reached the destined place.

"Here," said Edir, "is the house where you will lie perfectly safe, in the very den of the tigers and their whelps. It is a bold plan, but the best; it is even taking the wolf by his ears, for I learned yesterday that spies would be placed on you. Even the negroes are waiting to seize you in the name of the King. Clannagan, Snyder, and Geoffry Jarvis will be here this day with their followers; I have dogged them until they were all asleep, and now is the hour for your escape. They have their spies at every point. I will save you, or have blood for blood!"

"I wish to God! I had gone with Bucklebelt, and died arms in hand with him!" said Julian.

"No, no! young man—he is on important business, and can look the fool, the farmer, the tinker, the Tory, or the Whig—you can only look what your heart feels. Not yet! the day may come when both of you may have your hearts' content of fighting."

Edir then explained to Julian that McIlhane played into the hands of both parties, as far as interest carried him—always

managed by a dread of personal harm—"and he knows full well that, at the twinkling of an eye, he and his whole family could come to the gallows."

Julian shuddered at the description, and felt loath to be placed in the power of such a wretch.

"He dares not offend me. His safety and his interest both teach him that; and he knows that were I dead, he would be given up to the vengeance of those who would sweep his house from its foundation, like the nest of the eagle when the hurricane passes in its fury."

She further explained, at some length, her plan. It was to place Julian under the special protection of McIlhaney and his wife, and to hold them personally responsible for his safe deliverance as soon as the marauding party had left the neighborhood; whilst she scoured the country in order to ascertain what schemes and plans were on foot.

"I overheard them last night, whilst round their fires; they expect intelligence to-morrow from McIlhaney of all that is afloat, and I will place you in a situation to hear all their schemes."

"Remain here," said Edir, "a few moments, until I go into the house, and prepare the family for your protection."

Edir soon returned, and told Julian that arrangements had been made for his safety. She explained, that by a singular contrivance, the house had been built so as to admit of an easy access to a deep cave, which had an outlet some distance from it under the rock, and from which, if necessary, he could make his escape.

"But," said Julian, "I fear that some of the negroes, or some of McIlhaney's clan are acquainted with the cave of which you speak, and may betray me."

"Do as I bid thee," said Edir, emphatically, and urged Julian along to the house.

"Are all asleep?" asked Edir.

"Yes, all except Judy," replied McIlhaney.

"McIlhaney, thou hast never deceived me, and I swear by my own life, that if any harm happens to this young man, through thy perfidy, (who is the friend to Buckle-belt, and who is also he whom Clannagan and all wish to entrap,) that I will raze thy dwelling from its foundation, and all that thou hast shall perish! Ohilca, remember, will fulfill my wishes, even if I should fail; I swear this, by the Holy Evangelist. No hesitation, the bloody scout will be here by twelve o'clock, and I must be far o'er the hills."

McIlhaney agreed, apparently with cheerfulness; but he knew it was useless to refuse, especially as the threat which named Ohilca, a friend of Edir's, might be fulfilled.

"Take these," said Edir, "as she departed, handing a brace of first rate pistols to Julian, "they may be of use, should any attempt to molest thee."

McIlhaney whispered to Julian that he was entirely safe. "It is not the first time I have seen thee, I tell just enough to cause thee to confide in me; under that bed you will find a trap door, it fastens strongly underneath; we are both now in equal danger; I must play my part well, or you die, and I shall be massacred hereafter, by Edir, or some Whig or loyalist! To bed, then, and here is the key to the door of this room; let no one in unless my wife, or myself; your name for the present is Mr. McIlhaney, no other name."

"No, sir," said Julian, "I bear my proper name, Julian Onslow."

"Well! well! there will be none called, and therefore you are to have none at all, that is the understanding. There's the bed," said McIlhaney, as he closed the door.

CHAPTER XXV.

Ah why wilt thou affright a feeble soul?

A poor, weak, palsy-stricken, church-yard thing.

THE EVE OF ST. AGNES.

The precaution of allowing Julian to have the key on the inside, nearly led to his detection, for he, from his long day's previous journey, sleepless night and agitation, was so exhausted, that as soon as he found himself secure he flung himself on the bed, and fell into a profound sleep; McIlhaney saw the party of horsemen dashing up in furious style, he knocked and bawled to no purpose at the door; at length, in despair he sprang up into the loft, and displacing a plank, dropped himself upon the floor, and seizing Julian, who sprang in great agitation to his feet, with his hands on his pistols, "don't shoot! don't shoot! don't shoot," exclaimed the affrighted host.

"What do you mean, then?" demanded Julian.

"The cave under the bed! the devil! dragoons! the bloody scout are on us."—Saying this, McIlhaney rather shoved Julian into his hiding place, and falling down on the bed in great agitation, waited until the whole company rode up.

Mrs. Judy McIlhaney, went out to meet the squad.

"Where's Cyclops, the beauty, your husband, madam?" demanded Hunchback, who was one of the party.

"There's the beauty," said Jake Adams, pointing to Mrs. McIlhaney.

"You must be thinking of old Nanny Hart, and her bee tree," said Long-legs, to Hunchback.

"I command silence," said Snyder, in the name of Col. Clannagan.

"Aha! McIlhaney, is that you?" asked Clannagan. "It betokens indolence, to be lounging and lying about such weather as this."

"Why do you all sit so fast to your saddles? light, and look awhile at them gentlemen, come, Colonel," continued McIlhaney, "I'm glad to see you, although I have a smart touch of the rheumatiz, and a smack of my old complaint, the hardness of hearing."

"This is my good friend, McIlhaney; and this, sir, is the Rev. Geoffrey Jarvis, mineralogist, a gentleman who has come into this neighborhood, expressly for the purpose of examining whether there are any precious metals hereabouts or not."

The mineralogist made a profound bow to McIlhaney, and declared that he felt great pleasure in renewing his acquaintance with him, "for, sir, at a proper time, I shall be able to show you many important metals, and as you have leisure, I shall, perhaps, unfold more at large the great advantages to be reaped from the recent discoveries I have made in chemistry and mineralogy."

"Prepare us a private room; I have matters which must be fully understood between myself and this worthy friend. And mind sir, that no one, not even my own men, shall overhear us; let dinner be prepared, let provender be ready;" thus spoke Clannagan to McIlhaney, somewhat apart from the others.

"What did the gentleman say, Judy?" asked McIlhaney, inquiring of his wife, who stood near him; he had become suddenly rather deaf.

"None of this pretended deafness, with me, it may do of nights, and under other circumstances, but not at the present, at all events," said Clannagan.

Mrs. McIlhaney beckoned to her husband to open the door. "A tight dark room, this," said the mineralogist, as they entered it.

"Yes, it causes my friend to take cold; it is the cause, McIlhaney, of your deafness."

A small window was thrown open, and after Clannagan had given directions to his men, he asked McIlhaney, (having seated himself and the mineralogist, and shut the door,) "what is the latest news, sir? any thing from Walden, Milligan, Bucklebelt, Coldfire, and that young spy, Julian Onslow?"

These questions were asked in the room under the floor of which Julian lay! But a few feet separated them, and Julian distinctly heard the questions, and prepared for the worst.

"Yes, I heard of most of them yesterday, eating and drinking with a parcel of women."

"Where did the young scoundrel go? did you ascertain?"

"I believe he went home with Bucklebelt."

"Yes, a hereditary scoundrel! Yesterday was the Fourth of July, was it?"

"Exactly that day, new style," said Jarvis.

"Were there plots, or treasonable schemes of insurrection going on?" asked Clannagan, earnestly.

"I can't exactly say; my boy, Big Harry, says, that Mr. Milligan sang, prayed and preached, and that a young man exhorted very well, and set them all to crying."

"Call the boy in, sir," commanded Clannagan, whilst he continued—"now, my dear friend, if we manage the matter rightly, we'll have the whole scheme perfected. Your glorious plan of filling the country with the precious metals, and I to ferret out the opponents of your projects. And you say old Walden refused to treat your scheme with ordinary courtesy; I would not be surprised if that young spy was at the bottom of it."

"I am loath to believe that the youth of the frog ponds would thus suddenly turn against me. And if he be like one I once knew, though versatile and full of pride, yet he had an ear for the great science of mineralogy, and if I could fairly lay my plans before this one, I think he would give them the fullest approbation. But wo to the scoffers and wine drinkers," exclaimed the mineralogist; recurring to the scene described as having happened yesterday.

Big Harry walked in, with his large white eyes and teeth, prominently visible; he was huge and heavy footed, with a large, iron frame, broad and strong shoulders, and expanded chest; he was a model of brute strength, and was in the very pride of manhood. "Your servant, gentlemen, I am here," said he, as he bowed,

scraping his foot backwards against the rough flooring.

"Well, Big Harry, as you value your character for honesty, tell me the whole truth concerning the affair yesterday; were you there?"

"Well, master, as you seems to be a big officer, and in your regimentals, which always 'larms me, I'll tell the truth, sir, I war 'nt not there at all."

"Did you not tell me so, Big Harry?" inquired McIlhaney.

"No master, no sir, your deafness did not dissarn, and understand me."

"Sir, did you not tell me that Mr. Milligan preached, and that a young man exhorted, and that they had liquors?"

"Well, now, master," said Big Harry, his forehead and nose wet with the trickling perspiration, "if the whole truth must come out, it must."

"Yes," said Clannagan, "every syllable."

"Well, sir, master sent me over to Mrs. Grayson's, to hear what was going on; and there I learnt from one of her maids, who told me that Mr. Milligan's Zebe told her, that there was praying and preaching, singing and cursing, and clapping of hands, and all sorts of doings; some cried and some laughed, and some almost fell on the ground."

"And, sir, is that all?" asked Clannagan.

"Yes, master, upon my word and salvation, sir; if I was to be hung, out yonder, to that horse rack."

"Nothing about one Julian Onslow?"

"Oh! yes, sir, they say, Mr. Milligan said, he gave a wonderful discourse, which caused them all to cry; so they said, he told Mrs. Grayson."

"Do you hear that, Jarvis? He is turned to a field preacher; and the young impostor is complimented for his hypocrisy by old Milligan;—but it runs in my mind it was a kind of celebration of their Independence; but they dare not openly avow such, as their object. Where is that fellow, now?"

"Master knows where he is."

"Do you hear that, Mr. McIlhaney?" sharply demanded Clannagan.

And the reader might well ask, "and do you, too, Mr. Julian Onslow, hear the question?"

"I should not be surprised, Mr. McIlhaney, if you had the fellow snugly fixed away in a trap door. You may go, Big Harry, 'tis like master, like man."

"Come here, Judy, and show the gen-

tleman where that fellow lay," said McIlhaney.

"Is he here? thank God," said Clannagan, "I hope my prey is secure;" his eyes sparkling like a terrier's.

"What did you agree to?" asked Judy, looking with an inquiring look at McIlhaney, unable to divine his meaning.

"Where that fellow lay, and where you made him hide."

Julian heard them rise from their seats; a thousand vivid ideas rushed through his brain; he thought they could almost hear his heart throb, whilst he was almost on the point of rushing out at the trap door.

"The bed is warm," said Jarvis, putting his hands under the cover.

"Why, Judy, what are you doing?" exclaimed McIlhaney.

"I am about to open the trap door to show where the man was put?"

"What man, Judy? what man? the spy that I caught last year, and sent over to Col. Grayson before he died?"

Judy took the hint. "Yes, yes, but I am now getting out some potatoes, and as to the warm bed, it's where my old man has just been sleeping! And, continued she, I know I could 'nt see any man in this potato hole, even if there was one in there, and I would 'nt go in there without a light, I'm too fraid of snakes for that, and what's the use, old man, to be raising anxiety about that old worn out tale; that's your way always, you're getting so deaf that you are always tantalizing people, by your mistakes."

"What a cock and a bull story," said Jarvis, "have we just heard!"

"It beats the devil to be deceived thus," exclaimed Clannagan.

"Stop, my worthy friend," said the mineralogist, "that is somewhat too irreverent, in a leader of the people."

"Very well, my good friend. You for the soul, and I for the body; you fight for conscience, and I for the gratification of my hatred."

"Ay," said Jarvis, "we wish to see the continental currency driven from the country. A plague on those who have counterfeited the real metals, and banished them from circulation, by rags and chaff."

"Yes, my good friend," said McIlhaney, not having fully recovered from his great trepidation in which his wife had precipitated him, "yes, I think the fellow I sent over to Col. Grayson before he died, was a real counterfeiter."

"It's a great pity, Aunt Judy," said Clan-

nagan, as he arose, to look at the proceedings out of doors, "that your good man has suddenly become so deaf, and seems to have lost his senses at the same time."

"He has taken fresh cold, and has turned the wrong ear towards you, I can place you so he can understand you, very well; speak to him on the right side.

"I'll be back to ascertain the fact, directly; I must see what my boys are after," said Clannagan.

"Go, old man, and take the men to see their horses," said Judy, "whilst I get out some potatoes and some brandy, for our good friends' dinner."

"Ay! for dinner, that's right! Let us walk out," continued Clannagan.

Judy waited until she thought all were gone out of the house, and having mistaken the hints and blinds of her husband, determined to save Julian.

"I'm only getting out some potatoes, brandy and ham, for your enemies. He's here! he's here!" she said to herself, hearing Julian move, and being delighted to find that he had not made his escape.

The words "he's here," although said to herself, were spoken rather louder than the others.

"Don't shoot! don't shoot me, your best friend!" she exclaimed, as she heard the cocking of Julian's pistols.

The mineralogist, who had walked into the passage, had returned to the door, and had overheard the whole of Judy's conversation; he even heard the sound of Julian's pistols, as he prepared to defend himself—a momentary flash of anger, at the idea that Julian avoided him, and the exciting words of Judy, caused him to rush out towards Clannagan, and exclaim—

"He's here! She has found him under the bed!"

These words were scarcely spoken, ere the mineralogist repented of them, and he ran back to warn Julian to prepare to defend himself, whilst he demanded that he should receive no injury at the hand of Clannagan.

But the acme of despair had come over Judy; she immediately fled back, after she had fastened the trap-door.

"Feel, sir, yourself—nothing but potatoes and this whiskey, or brandy, for I'm no judge. And is this the way you serve a poor woman, who is haunted by an evil spirit? I am always hag-ridden, whenever I get where a pious man is; you had better attempt to pray the evil spirit out of me, than to call the company up to make fun of me! He's about rending me now!"

Judy, dreading the exposure which would fall on them if Julian were found, saw several of the company returning; it was a critical moment. She suddenly became violently convulsed, and went through a spasmodic fit; foaming at the mouth, throwing about her limbs, chewing her tongue. The whole passage was covered with potatoes, bacon, and broken bottles.

Clannagan ran up with several of the party, and found the mineralogist attempting to hold the afflicted woman; two or three of the servants from the kitchen with terror depicted in their countenances, and bawling at the top of their voices, "Poor Missus is dead!"

"My poor wife is dying!" exclaimed McIlhaney, "she is about to die; she is worse than I ever saw her before; take her to bed, take her to bed, and give her asafœtida and onion juice! She's got the convulsions worse than I ever saw before!"

"It's an evil spirit!" said Jarvis, "and can only be cast out by fasting and prayer, and ministering to the Saints."

The good lady was placed in bed, whilst the mineralogist and Clannagan repaired back into the room; the latter seemed like a chafed tiger.

"I have hints from Notwood that this Julian Onslow is a man of note—that he is connected in some way with our enemies; he has special agency in coming to this neighborhood. Coldfire's villanies—the meeting yesterday! He is in league with the whole of them! If I get him he shall rue the day that he was born."

"And I," said the mineralogist, "will have my revenge, too, on that contemner of my profound studies, and my favorite schemes for the glory of the age; and the vow which I made many years ago is not to be told to the right ear, nor to the left; my vow is not yet fulfilled; I must see him again, face to face, lay down my schemes and plans, warn him that his life, fame, and the safety of his friends and country, depend upon his course; ten righteous men might have saved Sodom, and one righteous man can save this whole generation. But the single word, *nay!* and the proud head bows to the power of the mineralogist."

Clannagan watched the workings of the countenance of the mineralogist; a stern and placid ray played on his manly face, as he seemed to feast on his future schemes; anon a flash of darker hue would follow as he imagined a probability of defeat.

"Now is the time," thought Clannagan, "to fathom the whole of this affair; fear first,

and bribery next. My men, reverend father, are getting impatient at the delay in not obtaining this refugee; Snyder and Adams are almost ready to fall out with me, because he has not been forthcoming; and I have promised them that you would deliver him up to us."

"What! have you violated the solemn injunction which I gave you, when that skipping sparrow garrulously attempted to talk to us? and thinkst thou that mortal man can bring fear to my breast? Thou, and all thy clamorous clan, cannot cause me to utter a whisper until my vow is fulfilled!"

"No, I have not stated our conversation, but I told them that through your knowledge of the occult sciences, you might enlist some aid into your service, which could give us some clue to the whole matter; I allude to McIlhaney, for I never knew him fail to ferret out any scheme which he set about."

"It is well that thou intended no threat," said the mineralogist, "for thou hast the manners of a noble friend to my science, and thou speakest fair; and as to thy boasted followers, charge them not to essay to dive into my actions, for I brook no compulsion, and I fear no penalty. The youth I spoke of may be a rebel, and as to his origin, aye! from the hour of his mother's travail, until I left the city of brotherly love, I know; yea, the very marks on his body. But this Onslow I know not. I first encountered him when Coldfire chastened the insolence of the highway robbers near the land beset with the plagues of Egypt."

Julian had so far recovered from his apprehension, as to have become intensely interested in the conversation of the mineralogist and Clannagan; he heard the same grave, full, and earnest voice that had so wonderfully excited him in former years; the same mysterious allusions to the beauties of science; the same bold denunciations of those who should oppose his schemes.

"It is the same mysterious being who haunted me in Philadelphia," thought Julian. "I am in the midst of adventures—one word, a single interview, would unravel the mystery of my birth, and the strange connection this man has with my fate. Not twelve months ago, and he was in the North! No sooner does an unexpected chance of war throw me here, than I am pursued by the same voice, the same schemes."

Julian listened again, full of anxiety;

he hoped that some expression would fall to confirm him as to his birth, his parentage, and his history.

"Dark brown eyes and hair, fair complexion, and a fair figure to look upon, hath the youth; and a scar just under the hair, and two large moles near the left breast, and a supercilious glance, which never cowers—such were the features and the marks," continued the mineralogist.

"The same! the very same which Col. Tarleton's surgeon registered. I then persuaded them to hang him, but Col. Notwood told me that we could use him, and through him we might get wealth and revenge. Come, come! my good friend, let us carry out our mighty schemes; divulge me one fact. You say you know his parentage—is he of this State? Establish that to me, and I swear thy schemes shall prosper, and all my powers shall be exerted to further them."

"If this Onslow should prove to be my protege, my pupil, never will I betray him into the hands of his enemies; until he rejects my grave discoveries, never will I divulge his mysterious history, until my vows are fulfilled."

Clannagan was baffled; force could, as a dernier resort, be used; but now he determined to set McIlhaney and the mineralogist to work upon each other, and between both, and through Notwood, he might fathom the mystery; he thought further, that in some way the good feelings of the mineralogist towards Julian might be used for his apprehension, and once in his power all would be safe.

"Far be it from me," said Clannagan, in a tone of mortification and disappointment, "to interfere with your schemes or your conscience, for sooner or later will be brought to light all which you now conceal. You ought to remain here, and get McIlhaney to assist you in penetrating the darkness which surrounds this affair—names are nothing. Keep an eye on this Onslow—why does he shun you, unless he has laid his head with Walden and Bucklebelt to prevent you from seeing him? Be wise as a serpent, and harmless as a dove, and you will unravel the affair, and find out, also, certain plots against your science."

"And this man of blood quotes scripture, and so did the devil, and so did Saul amongst the prophets," said the mineralogist, as Clannagan left him to prepare McIlhaney for his plans. "Well, I shall use him for my purposes; and if he be the chosen instrument for banishing the coun-

terfeittings of the continental Congress, and of bringing to light the art of the transmutation of metals, proud should he be, even although he were to become but a servant of servants."

CHAPTER XXVI.

The fellow, that
Sits next him now, parts bread with him, and pledges
The breath of him in a divided draught,
Is the readiest man to kill him: it has been proved.
TIMON OF ATHENS.

It is needless to describe the scene amongst those in attendance upon Clannagan. The incessant oaths, and the various efforts at wit, were all silenced as soon as McIlhaney announced to the party that dinner was ready.

The mineralogist and Clannagan were not a little astonished to find that the good hostess had so far recovered as to be able to take a seat within the kitchen, where all was neat and inviting. A long table had been set on the clean ground, and seats made of slabs were so placed that the whole company sat down to dinner. It would be useless to attempt to describe the contents of the various trenchers and pewter dishes, which evinced that care had been taken, not only to fill them, but to keep them perfectly neat.

"It's but a sorry place for gentlemen to eat in," said Judy, "here upon the naked floor; and as to the dinner, times are hard and very difficult; I'm sorry that I've nothing fit to eat."

"No apologies, Aunt Judy," said Clannagan.

"Be thankful that thou art able to provide and preside over the bounties of nature," said the mineralogist.

"Ask a blessing, my good friend, for certainly this dinner deserves one," said Clannagan.

"Aye! and all others," replied the mineralogist. "But let us offer thanks," continued he, elevating both hands, and in a grave tone commenced—

"Righteous Father! inasmuch as thou hast commanded us to offer up prayers for all in authority, therefore, we beseech thee, seeing that we are sinful creatures, and inasmuch as we are prone to forget thee, now incline our hearts to thankfulness, that thou hast vouchsafed us health to see these savory and well smelling meats, and gravy, and fried eggs, and coleworts, and big hominy, commonly called Indian maize, and potatoes, both foreign and domestic,

fried and roasted, and other preparations which greet our nostrils; and also, we beseech thee, to give us temperance in eating; and bless thy servant the Governor, and thy hand-maiden the Governess, who hath a sore affliction of an evil spirit, vouchsafe her a safe deliverance from the same; and restore the hearing of thy servant her husband; and bless thy well beloved son and servant King George the Third; and remove all pestilent innovators on the precious metals, and give peace to us here and hereafter, Amen."

"Amen!" reiterated the whole company, who began to give sly glances towards each other at the long and somewhat extraordinary grace.

"Help yourselves, gentlemen," said McIlhaney, who stood nodding to, and directing his servants, "help yourselves. It's but a sorry dinner—flour is not to be had—the negroes and Whigs plundered every thing; and our cows, too, lie out continually, and I've been afraid to be seen driving cattle about the country, for fear I might be branded as taking things which did not belong to me. But, never mind, the wars can't last always, and I think things will shortly take a turn, since you all have turned out."

"No apologies, no apologies," said Clannagan, "you may be glad that you have not been driven up and penned by the rebels before this; I fear you are getting into favor with them."

"Mayhap the Colonel," said Judy, wiping her clean face, then reeking with perspiration, "would like to taste a little brandy, for the sassafras tea is a wishy-washy drink, and is apt to sour on the stomach."

"Your grace, parson," said Snyder, with a sneer, addressing the mineralogist, "has given us all a good appetite; it's strange you did not catalogue the brandy in your benedictions. If it hurt not thy tender conscience, I should like to wash down these good things, and prevent them from overloading the stomach."

Judy, in the mean while, brought forth a huge black square bottle, with a short neck, and with just transparency enough to show that it was well filled, and setting it down by Clannagan, brought horn cups and placed them to the several plates.

"My good friend," said Clannagan, attempting to fill the cup of the mineralogist, "I hope you will gratify me by drinking my health, and that of our friends?"

"Your health I have already asked

from the fountain of all gifts; a teacher in Israel, one whose vow is yet unfulfilled, should not tamper with the accursed fire. Those who are waxing faint in pursuit of the Egyptians, the Amalekites, and Jebusites, may provoke their zeal by such excitements; as for myself, I will taste not, handle not, nor even ask a blessing, though taunted by a son of Belial."

The huge bottle was soon emptied, whilst ample, or rather unexampled, justice was done to the cooking of Mrs. McIlhane.

"Where?" asked Clannagan of his host, "where, my old buck, did you get this? Is it from the still worm of a Walden or a Grayson?"

"Not from that stingy aristocrat, whose very dogs are insolent," said the mineralogist, "not from him who vents threats as the swine doth its grunts; yes, I was ordered off hungry and my beast starving, and threatened by a menial. If he had touched me, I should have sent him howling down to his father, the prince of all liars."

"Hurra! for the parson," said Snyder, whose free potations added a fiery and glaring aspect to his whole face. "D—n it, he can curse as round an oath as any poor devil amongst us. Landlord, our horses; come, parson, to horse! to horse!"

"To horse! to horse!" shouted Hunchback, "and let us storm the d—l with the parson at our head."

The mineralogist was exceedingly irritable, and the several taunts led on by Snyder, had wrought his temper to a pitch of great excitement. Rising deliberately from the table, and turning toward Colonel Clannagan, (who had taken sufficient brandy to fire up his stern and stubborn disposition,) "My worthy friend," said he, "excuse me if I decline to dismiss the table—I cannot consent to throw pearls before swine, or to profane my calling so far as to attempt any thing of the kind."

"You are excused, by G—d, sir," said Clannagan.

The mineralogist then turned towards Snyder, and looking him sternly in the face said, "Let there be no strife between us, I pray; I have given thee no cause for thy ribaldry, oaths and jests; whence thou comest none know: and thou tellest no one; but whither thou goest few can hesitate to foretell; yea, even to thy father the prince of all drunkards and liars; and if such be the will and decree of the Lord, Amen! I say, to his righteous judgments."

"Take that, you canting hypocritical

knave," replied Snyder, slapping the mineralogist backwards with his strong open hand. "I understand that you are for lying back, and feasting and eating and tantalizing every body about your knavish projects of metals. You have been drumming and flogging us up against the Philistines. You have furnished precepts in fighting, and I have given a little of the practice. Aha! my old lark, have I?"

The unfortunate mineralogist quickly sprung up with his knife drawn, and shouted aloud, "Stand back, one and all, and I will chastise the refugee from justice; I will spill the cut-throat's blood as quick as I would smite a viper."

"Peace, peace!" shouted Clannagan, seizing the uplifted arm of the mineralogist, whilst with his right arm he suddenly drew a large pistol, which was concealed under a hunting overcoat. "Shame on it, Snyder; dare you strike a man of his sacred character and stricken in years; one whose duty leads him to reprove in season and out of season?"

"Aye, sir, I dare strike the devil himself, or any of his trusty followers," replied Snyder, eyeing the menacing look and pistol of his leader.

"No time to be showing your ill nature again, Captain Snyder," said the swaggering Jake Adams, who was closely backed by his former principal, Hunchback, who now had to cling to him for support.

"I'm the second this time, Jakey—go ahead, you'll have a fair tussle where and whenever I'm on the ground, even if I get squeeze through the touch-hole of the Colonel's pistols."

"Be silent, sir," said Snyder, running his hand in his bosom and laying hold of his dirk.

"Be silent, Mr. Adams, your superior may catechise you, but no man can run over me unless he was born in old England."

The sudden turn given to the quarrel, drew the attention of all present to the known ill blood between Adams and Snyder. Clannagan turned to use efforts to arrest it; although at any other time he would have resented the words of Snyder. In the mean while the mineralogist seized the black bottle and threw it with tremendous energy at Snyder, shouting, "You foreign mercenary, you shall never insult me with impunity."

Fortunately for Snyder, the blow was so ill-directed as only to brush his head; the only injury done was the pricking of the hand of Fawk, who, in attempting to

save the spirits, incautiously seized too eagerly the broken portions of the bottle.

"Villains, be still," exclaimed the furious leader, shaking with rage, whilst he instantly presented his pistols. "Jarvis, you must cease your fooleries. It does not become your character; and you, Mr. Braggart, were there not more brandy than battle in your words, I would give you what you have so long deserved."

The deserter bit his lip and shook with rage; his love of strife was alone mastered by his cool and deliberate passion for plunder.

"I know I am in your power, but every dog has his day, Col. Clannagan, and three to one would not deter me, if I had a mind to be refractory; but we have a common interest in the goods and chattels of the country, and I therefore obey you."

"'Tis well, sir," said Clannagan, replacing his weapon.

"Get ready to scour the country, molest every one not ready to enlist with us. Spend but little time where there are no negroes, lands, cattle nor money—but carry fire and sword to the houses of the rich or the rebellious; destroy their coverings and set them to suing for mercy; a hungry stomach and bodily fear will make humble knees. What say you, friend Jarvis?"

"Aye," replied the mineralogist "do no violence to the women and children, but subjugate the strong in spirit, and give the spoils of the fat and rebellious to the needy."

"And mind, my lads, that your love of good liquors lead not your necks into a halter. Find out what that long-jawed alligator, Bucklebelt, is after—trip him up, and gather all you can against him and that aristocrat Walden. Their long talks about liberty and oppression must be proved upon them. And all boys capable of bearing arms are to be looked to. Coldfire must be ensnared—offer him a share in the fat of the land; he shall swing before twelve months roll over his head."

The speaker suddenly turned to McIlhaney, who had approached near to the scene of conversation.

"And you, McIlhaney, no double-faced dealing. I don't like the failure in getting that spy."

"How could I get what was not to be had?"

"Why, sir, this way," replied Clannagan abruptly, drawing out his pistol and cocking it, and placing it directly against the breast of McIlhaney, and steadily gazing at him full in the face.

"What, Colonel, send a soul to hell without a minute's warning?"

"Would it not have been so decreed, Mr. Hypocrite?" asked Clannagan, half tauntingly; "and mind, sir, that good minister and mineralogist must have good quarters for himself and beast."

"May it please your honor," said Judy, "our provender for beasts is all out."

"I'll see to that horse," replied McIlhaney, whose fears were not the less from seeing that the pistol was not removed during the whole conversation. "I'll see to that, Judy, the beast shall be filled; I'll bell and hobble him, and turn him into the burnt woods."

"Never!" exclaimed the mineralogist; "he cost me 20*l.* 5*s.* and 8*d.* in gold."

"Well, my boy shall fill him with oats and every dainty, and hold him to grass in the meadows, and keep the horse flies off him, or lead him to the sand hills to let the horse-guard flies devour every one that disturbs him."

"To your work, boys," said Clannagan, "whilst I strike through the country to hear the news about Sumpter and his followers."

Thus ended the chase after Julian. The ravages of the bloody scout were not unlike those of the animal or insect tribe. They often spared cornfields or provisions, with the expectation of needing them at a future day. They loved a good dinner, and a plentiful rick of provender for their horses. And most of the inhabitants readily yielded to them. Thus they passed on from place to place—sometimes getting drunk, and insulting those who had supplied their wants—arranging their plans of petty revenge and spite—whilst the more sagacious prepared their schemes of ambition or future accusations against the lives and property of those whose political principles or defenceless situations rendered them a prey to their proclamations and confiscations, or the blind fury of the wicked and profligate clan they let loose upon the community.

Clannagan knew too well the despicable beings which surrounded him, and withal he could fathom the views of those high in power. He saw them actuated by the ordinary excitement of associations, either of fear or revenge—whilst the more wary, such as Notwood, were actuated by ambition and avarice—his plans were often formed and executed by himself—banded together by a common principle of hatred and safety. He used or was used as best suited his leading and absorbing passion of

deadly hatred towards the Whigs, and especially towards the Walden family. He trusted his counsels only to those whose fortunes were desperate, or had inextricably involved themselves so far in the struggle, as to be compelled to pursue steadily a course of desperate warfare against every Whig family.

It was for the purpose of laying some successful scheme of attack, or to guard against a surprise, that Clannagan now separated from his associates, telling them when and where to meet him.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Sylv. Then talk not thus;

Though but a jest, it makes me tremble.

Jer. Jest?

Look in mine eye, and mark how true the tale
I've told you.—THE BROKEN HEART.

No sooner had the party left the house, and the mineralogist had stepped out to see whether the promises about his horse had been attended to, than the good spouse commenced a fierce lecture upon the hypocrisies of her husband.

"It's a pity, old man, that you are getting so foolish, your palaverings come near getting us into trouble, pretending to be deaf, and acting the hypocrite."

"Now, Judy, have you not been fitified and carrying on your highstrikes and lying the whole evening, in word and actions, both? and besides the old family black bottle is broke to boot."

"Yes, sir! and pray did not the Tory leader accuse you of stealing and all that kind of stuff, and you stood and grinned, like it did your very soul good; and if these are the thanks I am to be getting, McIlhaney, your neck may swing, for I will not risk soul and body, again, to be called a deceitful liar, not even by you."

"Come, Judy, don't be hurt, I know you did very smart, but I thought you carried on most too plain, some how or another; but don't never be so bountiful and wasteful again, for I'd as soon die by the sword as by famine?"

"But, McIlhaney, what do you mean by my carrying on? I guess I've as little deceit, or undecent ways, as you have."

"But, hush, Judy, I see the old minister coming," said McIlhaney, glad to get rid of the tongue and temper of his better-half.

"I tell you, what, brother McIlhaney, this is the way that I have been served

these twenty years; soft promise and non-performances; your ostler says that he has strict orders never to feed, without your express orders, during my visit."

"I gave no such orders, I only said that he must be sure to give your horse nothing unless by your directions; and that you would make the money fly out of these rocks, yet."

"Yes, every body wishes to make a tool of me, but I will be hewn into ten thousand pieces, before I will become the tool of any one. And, to think, how that dumb brute, which now has on his sixteenth pair of shoes, is ill treated; he has carried me faithfully over the gold regions, and has more knowledge of the land, which contains it, than every member of the rebel continental congress, to boot; for he never gets on the soil, but what he is inclined to stop, and wait until he gives me time to examine it."

The conversation was continued by the mineralogist; he descanted on the ill treatment of Walden, his visit to Conway's, his probable success, by uniting with Clannagan.

"Here is a book," said he, "which I purchased at a low price, of a woman in Philadelphia, on the 21st of March, 1770, O. S., whose husband was a learned chemist and mineralogist; it is the only copy of the kind, now in print, and I mean to have it reprinted, with copious notes and additions, after I get my great scheme into operation. I shall prove that the different veins of metals run as straight as a surveyor's line; I have traced them from Maryland to Georgia, I have seen their glittering ores in Virginia, North Carolina, and amongst the Indians; and they grow richer and richer; sometimes diving and rising until they rise in Mexico and Peru. The day is coming, and I hope to live to see it, when no metals need be imported from abroad, when every poor man shall have his plates and spoons of precious metals, unless I am deceived; but if I am, I will die, and let the secret die with me."

"Ah!" said Judy, "how anxious I am to see the day when every bit of the continental trash will give way to good hard money."

"I have a mind," said McIlhaney, "that I know where there is a mine, at least Jedediah Holiday thinks that there are precious metals, of some kind, in the ores I showed him."

"He knows nothing about metals, said the mineralogist, indignantly, "I have the only true knowledge on that subject; I

have spent twenty years, day and night, in their study, and if you are a true friend to your king and country, you will never encourage the ignorant or knavish, in tampering with matters of so much importance to the country and to posterity."

Judy, who had stepped into the next room, whilst the mineralogist was thus despatching upon his favorite science, returned, with deep anxiety depicted on her countenance.

McIlhaney, full of gloomy apprehensions, unguardedly exclaimed: "Is it possible that he has escaped?"

"Even so," said Judy.

"Yes, dear sister, conscience has at last done its duty; truth at last hath been spoken by thee; I have watched both of you, and now perceive the whole truth."

"How did you find it out?" asked the woman, with great surprise, "I'm sure you did not see him."

"You need not attempt to hide the truth from me; you have been keeping him in the dark, even in the strong hold of concealment, amidst the waters of perdition, though pleasant to the taste, amidst the fat and the meats, which hath this day shown that thy hearts have been guilty of dissimulation; perhaps thy heart still longeth after him, that he might return."

"No, no," said McIlhaney, "let him go to the devil, I hope our private transactions will not be shown to the world; I know that my negro has been telling you falsehoods."

"No," said the mineralogist, "accuse no one unjustly, but the scripture sayeth that whatsoever is done in secret, shall be proclaimed upon the house top?"

"Perhaps you speak of the inward man of sin," said Judy, winking at the agonized husband.

The mineralogist saw the sign, and suddenly combining all the facts together, exclaimed, "Aye, of the inward man, and the outward man; recollect Sapphira and Ananias, beware of their fate; nothing but truth will suit me. I attempted to speak and hear the truth from Walden, but he was beset of an evil spirit, and wo and wailing shall come on him and his household."

"Ah! Judy, our good brother is most excellent in parables, and speaketh things which cut as a two-edged sword; but I hope he doth not wish to intermeddle with our private concerns; Edir Immerson hath never done so."

"Aye," exclaimed the mineralogist, "where is she, and where is the young

man she entrusted to your care? Knowest thou aught of that transaction?"

"How am I to know?" said Judy, falling into a most violent fit, similar to the one which had so horribly tormented her in the early part of the day.

"Fasting and prayer," said the mineralogist, "will alone cure this malady; I perceive that thy wife hath as many devils as Mary Magdalen, but I will never leave you whilst the whole truth is not confessed."

The same remedies and efforts became necessary; but in this instance there was but little dissimulation.

The mineralogist examined carefully the specimens of ores furnished by McIlhaney. "One thing I will request of thee," said Jarvis, "that you discover the precious metals to no one, or, command that they be held in the name of the commander in chief; if thou dost not, I will feel constrained to apply to Col. Clannagan, to that effect."

"Promise secrecy on the proceedings here, and I will give them all up, solely and surely, to thee."

"I must have the whole truth then from thee and thy wife; on no other conditions will I agree, and even when my vow is ended, I must do as the great interests of my scheme may demand."

The matter was thus partially arranged. When night arrived, Jarvis was exceedingly anxious to follow up his discoveries, and full of suppressed indignation, he requested the privilege of praying in the family.

The negroes came in, whilst Judy retained her bed, and her trusty husband seated himself near her. It is needless to describe the group of family worshipers; some squatted on their hams, and rested their heads on their knees, whilst others of more consequence were honored with a stool or bench.

The mineralogist read with great solemnity, and turned from chapter to chapter, and verse to verse; the illustrations were well chosen, and the annotations all pointed to the day's conduct; next came a song bearing on the same unpleasant train; the prayer was pointed and personal; he invoked the judgments of the Almighty, on the hardened hypocrite, on the deceiver; but mercy upon the repentant, on those who confessed their sins and misdoings.

McIlhaney and his wife were occasionally alarmed; they first commenced chiding their little negroes for laughing, and the larger ones for their sleepy and snoring doings, whilst the minister was at

duty. It is not to be disguised that they felt themselves awkwardly situated. On the one hand they stood in fear of Edir Immerson, on the other, their treachery toward Clannagan; Julian, too, had disappeared; had he not heard enough from them to cause him to be anxious to have them punished? and the mineralogist had discovered or knew something of a transaction which would lead to their destruction. After a full consultation they determined to entrust the mineralogist with a portion of the truth, and ensure his silence by promises of discovering mines and ores to him; and play upon his fancy, for the purpose of drawing him off from Clannagan, and if he betrayed them, to deny the whole to Clannagan.

During the night, the mineralogist heard a conversation in the yard, and carefully creeping out, overheard the whole proceedings. In the morning before prayers, after inquiring after the health of the family, he said the weather was foul last night, and foul doings, I fear, were carried on by some designing persons, against the inhabitants of this neighborhood.

"I heard nothing of the kind," replied McIlhaney, evidently wishing to evade the subject.

The fact was, that during the night some trading was carried on, between McIlhaney and some of the neighboring negroes; and the mineralogist had sufficient interest in passing events, to turn every circumstance to his own advancement. His knowledge of the scriptures furnished him with new and appropriate texts, and the conduct of his host the pretext, and he improved his knowledge of the last night's disclosures with terrible severity. They winced under his second castigation.—"Thou shalt not steal." "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's goods." His song was selected with equal skill, and his prayer was earnest in its half warning, exhorting and imploring words.

The mineralogist arose from his knees, as if conscious of having done his duty; whilst the host and his wife presented a melancholy spectacle of two persons whose thin veils of hypocrisy had been so far removed, as to leave but little doubts that they had been fully exposed; yet they still clung to their faint hopes; but these were dispelled when the mineralogist authoritatively demanded, "where is the young man, you concealed from us yesterday?"

"He has escaped without our knowledge, we know not where he has gone," said Judy.

"The Lord knows I had no hand in it," sighed McIlhaney.

"The papers you obtained last night, through your midnight traffickings, where are they?"

"What papers?" asked McIlhaney, with consternation.

"And darest thou," continued the mineralogist, rising up in great agitation, "to tamper with me,—thinkest thou, that the Lord would suffer you to prosper in your iniquity, without detection?"

"Here are the papers," said McIlhaney, "and I have barely looked over them; they are nothing but the love-sick strains of old Grayson's girl, about one Julian Villoc, when she was in Philadelphia.

"The Lord be praised," said the mineralogist, "I have materials to fill up the hiatus! An inexplicable mystery always hung over some part of my intercourse with him."

"Who is this Villoc? did you know him?" inquired McIlhaney, with apparent anxiety.

"Did I know him? did I know the hour of his birth? Start not, 'the hour hath come, when the hidden shall be made known.' I perceive, that thou art," continued the mineralogist, "in the gall of bitterness, and clouds of ignorance hang over you. But my grand scheme shall yet be accomplished, through this young man, the chosen instrument of the Lord."

It was in vain that McIlhaney besought the mineralogist to leave the papers; urging that he could read them at his leisure, and that if it became known that his negro had purloined them from Mrs. Grayson's (where they had been left by St. Ille, she having obtained them from Amelia Milligan, on her return from Philadelphia,) it would leave a stain on his family.

"No," exclaimed the mineralogist, "will the sea-tossed mariner refuse to quench his thirst when he reaches the shore? will the alchymist give up his newly discovered elixir? never! these papers shall yet bring me to the goal of my ardent wishes. My horse! I must meditate, I must throw myself upon the wings of the fresh air, beneath the warm sun of heaven, and cogitate over the events of the last few days, and prepare your minds to develop the whole truth, or prepare to feel the vengeance of the long sleeping judgments of Heaven; when I come again, I shall present proof upon proof; and truth upon truth; concerning a mysterious affair, of which you twain wot."

The mineralogist, as was his wont, de-

parted, not telling whither he went, whilst the two culprits were left in hourly tortures, fearful of the indignation of some Whig or Tory partisan, and lashed by the no less strong and relentless stings of a guilty conscience.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Wo to the land where such hold sway,
A lawless band, who mark their way
With torch by night, and sword by day.

ANON.

The reader need not suppose that Julian remained pent up in the cave, filled with the gathered plunder of the whole surrounding country; nor was he sufficiently provident to appropriate its spoils to his future comfort. He had heard enough to determine his future course, and he had also heard enough to believe that McIlhaney or his wife intended to betray him to Clannagan. In the absence of Edir and Bucklebelt, he determined to go to the residence of Major Walden, and make known his history, and the declarations he had overheard, and if he failed in his mission, he would seek an interview with the mineralogist, although he feared his associations with Clannagan and Notwood and the whole party would end in his betrayal. Julian escaped from his hiding-place before the party had left McIlhaney's, and travelled by his idea of the course towards Bucklebelt's; he succeeded, after much difficulty, in getting about night to the spot. But he was greatly surprised when he arrived there to find the whole house and settlement literally burned to the ground, and the disconsolate woman and children looking at the scene. The little children pointed to such articles of household gear as their recollections served to recognize.

"There," exclaimed one, "is the knee-buckle which Major Walden gave to father!"

"And there," exclaimed another, "burns the great buck-horn which daddy killed one Christmas morning, when the dogs ran the deer up to our house."

"I wish daddy was here," said one of the boys, "I'll be bound he would have ruined the whole posse."

Such were some of the observations and the fervent denunciations of this group of houseless children.

Julian learned that the act of barbarity had been done by Snyder and his drunken clan soon after they left McIlhaney's.]

"Ah, Mr. Onslow," said Mrs. Bucklebelt, "we were poor enough before, but now we have not left even a cow-pea to live upon; not a garment, except what we had on, and all because my husband is friendly to Major Walden and the Continental Congress. God knows! they have done their worst, unless they murder my poor children!"

Julian was too much affected to give any consolation, or to trust his feelings to words.

"And this is war!" thought he, as he looked upon the defenceless family, "innocent children and weak womanhood are caused by inhumanity, houseless, to suffer and perish, from a mere whim of drunken malice. Could the ministers of Great Britain see what their cruel friends are doing—could they hear one sigh of distress, as it rises up to Heaven, they would dread the angry cloud which will gather over it to avenge the wrongs of the oppressed!"

"Where will you now go?" asked Julian, deeply affected.

"My oldest boys shall find out General Sumpter, and the rest of us will divide amongst our neighbors, or do the best we can!" said Mrs. Bucklebelt, with calm and firm energy.

"Yes," said Cæsar, "if daddy don't pay them, I know that Lieutenant Coldfire will; for he swung the fellows that stole his mother's horses and burnt her barn; and we are determined to have a pull at these rascals, and if it had n't been for mother, me and Pomp," continued Julius Cæsar, "would have given them a flying shot or two!"

"Where is the Lieutenant?" asked Julian.

"He's about and about!" replied the two boys, both using the same expression, either from sympathy or from constant intercourse.

"Can I see him, or can you find him?"

"No, sir," said Mrs. Bucklebelt, "he comes and goes only when he chooses; first one place and then another; in the swamp, on foot, or horseback, just as the notion takes him."

"I wish to see Major Walden," said Julian.

"And you'll find him darnation mad!" said one of the second twins, "about this affair of burning down daddy's house, whilst he was gone off from home."

At this juncture a company of horsemen rode up.

"The Tories are coming back," said

Julius Cæsar, "and let's make sure of two!"

"Yes, of six!" answered Pompey, "for there are guns enough for half a dozen shots."

"Don't shoot, my sons," said Mrs. Bucklebelt, "for I can see no use."

"As the Lord lives!" exclaimed Julius Cæsar, "it's Coldfire and his boys!"

"A pretty spot of work this!" said Cæsar and Pompey, at the same time.

"Yes," replied the Lieutenant.

"And they hamstrung the colt, and cut off the duck's necks, and stuffed dirt in the throats of Demosthenes and Cicero, because they might hereafter make speeches against their tyranny and corruption; we had been out hunting, and just got home in time to see the mischief, for we broke for home as soon as we saw the smoke begin to rise right cleverly."

"Enough," said Coldfire, looking earnestly at Julian, as if he recognized him.

"It's a friend, Mr. Coldfire," said Mrs. Bucklebelt.

"He's the man who made the big speech t'other day," said one of Coldfire's company, coming up and shaking hands with Julian; "ain't this enough to make the gall rise, and the blood boil, my young friend?"

"It's a most dastardly act of cowardice," replied Julian.

"We've talked enough!" said Coldfire.

The several persons then departed, Julian having stated his desire to proceed to Walden's. Mrs. Bucklebelt and all her children, (except the two oldest, who joined Coldfire's party,) were to proceed to Jedediah Holiday's.

"Go home with me, my young friend," said one of the party, "too many of us must not be seen together; to-morrow you can find Walden's, for it is very uncertain to-night, whether you will be admitted at unseasonable hours."

The speaker was a middle-aged man, of a calm and serious aspect, and spoke slowly and deliberately.

"My name, sir, is Jedediah Holiday."

"I have heard Captain Bucklebelt speak of you, and I am happy to become acquainted with one he seems to prize so highly. I accept the invitation, with gratitude," replied Julian.

Jedediah was a most benignant and sanctified looking man, quiet in his gait, air, and gestures, and always wore a large brimmed hat, turned up behind, and dressed as nearly like a Methodist or Quaker as he could, not exactly to have been taken for one or the other. It is true that it was ra-

ther dark for Julian to have seen distinctly the features of Jedediah, yet in lieu of the ordinary and mixed conversation of those who were going to his house, (for Julian and the whole of the Bucklebelts, with the exception of the two oldest, were on the road,) it seemed better to give the outlines of this revolutionary hero, whose long straight nose, wide mouth, and pliable lips, and long receding forehead, and dark sparkling eyes, and thick oily complexion, are no longer seen, to enliven and cheer those who knew him; he was an orderly, quiet man, and was full of the milk of human kindness; he was precise as to dates and facts, and circumstantial in his details, loved tobacco in all its applicabilities, and believed somewhat in the ghost and goblin stories of the country.

The first thing which Jedediah did, after telling his wife of the house-burning and all its circumstances, which the fine graphic fancy of the narrator supplied, was to show Julian his children; he went over most of the observations of Bucklebelt, for they interchanged ideas so freely, and had such a mutual respect for each other's opinions, especially Holiday for what Bucklebelt advanced, that to hear one was to hear the opinions of each. Holiday, however, towards ten o'clock, took compassion on the drowsy looks of his guest, who once more threw himself on a tolerable bed, and, although in a neighborhood full of adventures, yet he slept soundly, not even having been awakened by the twins and young soldiers. He awoke, however, by the time the sun was up, and, as had been previously agreed upon, he and Jedediah Holiday started for the residence of Major Walden, which was but an hour's walk from Holiday's.

"What is my prospect of seeing Major Walden?"

"Now, as to that matter, Mr. Onslow," said Jedediah, rather halting his pace, drawing out his tobacco, and taking a large quid, "I am thinking on that subject, sir; and the first question I would ask you is, whether you are the identical friend and associate of a strolling gipsy, known as the 'Daughter of the Woods,' and cognominally known as 'Edir Immersion?'"

"To be brief," said Julian, "I have received some acts of kindness at the hands of the woman; and further, I have traveled with her, to warn this neighborhood of the very evils which have transpired."

"Yes, sir," said Holiday, "I was relating the history of the Blue Witch and the

Black Cat to one of Lieutenant Coldfire's men, (though Marcus himself has never been raised to a due sense of the beauties of history, and is withal rather lacking of words to convey his ideas, and therefore I opine that he eschews any lengthened discourse;) I had barely got fairly into my tale, when we discovered the smoke of Bucklebelt's cabin; and I can assure you when that Boanerges returns, there will be no disinclination, as in our cases, to pursue the enemy."

"Allow me, my dear sir," said Julian, "to be the judge of my own motives in this case. Do you think I can have an opportunity of seeing Major Walden?"

"That question," replied Jedediah, "you have already propounded to me, which brings me to the second head of my answer, which is, if you are indeed a bona fide Whig, prudent and trustworthy, I should imagine that there would be no just grounds for Major Walden to refuse you an interview, especially if you give in advance good credentials from those who have his confidence, such as your humble servant, Mr. Gabbleton, Captain Bucklebelt, and last, though by no means the least, Edward Conway, his adopted son, and blood nephew, by the sister's side."

They approached the mansion of Major Walden; but Holiday, who was in the secrets of the party, halted against a double log cabin, stating that "Mr. Gabbleton must be consulted before we approach the main dwelling, for he has a great regard for Major Walden, and alone knows when he sleeps, and is, withal, exceedingly ticklish of allowing raw strangers from suddenly disturbing the Major, ever since that old tinker has threatened his life."

"What," asked Julian, "did the mineralogist make any such threat?"

"No, not an open one; but they had a stiff quarrel about some projects and notions of the old counterfeiter, and Gabbleton thinks he was merely sent as a spy upon the Major by Clannagan, or some of the Tory crew."

The reader is already acquainted with Mr. Gabbleton. He came out with an air of great briskness, in his shirt sleeves, and still masticating his breakfast, having his large whip, which was his usual appendage, over his shoulder and neck. He exclaimed—

"Mr. Holiday, your most obedient—out early this morning—have the Tories burnt you out, root and branch? I look for them shortly, unless they are a little afraid of

Coldfire and the rest of us; they must have got wind of him, no doubt."

"Let me introduce to your acquaintance Mr. Julian Onslow, our late orator at the flat-rock, on the 4th of July last."

"I wish," said Julian, offering his hand to Gabbleton, "to see Major Walden, and will thank you to inform him, if he is at home, of my wish."

"Very well, sir," he replied, taking off his whip, and twirling it in his hand, "I will see if it is the Major's will to allow and permit you to have a chat, talk, or interview; but he has been so much of late haunted and interrupted and aggravated, by the riff-raff and populace, and the pell-mell, and helter-skelter pickle, of these colonies, or States, I should have said, and the off-scourings, and the outward-bound, and the refusings of France, Germany, England, the Hessians, the Dutch, low and high, and other foreigners, outlandish savages, buccaneers, brigands, and maurauders, spies, tattlers, tinkers, counterfeits, and needy beggars, Whigs and Tories, regulators, and orphans seeking guardians, and widows wanting husbands; besides many other kinds, sorts and descriptions, too tedious to mention, to call over, or speak of, that I am doubtful and perplexed, Mr. or Squire, especially if you are in confidence and friendship with McIlhaney, or be the traveling companion of that Indian witch, which Mr. Edward saw, on the Fourth of July last past, or have any knowledge of, or fellowship with a certain man known as a mineralogist, chemist, spy, and hypocrite, otherwise called Geoffrey Jarvis—"

"I have nothing to communicate to you, sir, in reply to your multifarious words; I wish to see Major Walden on important matters, which alone concern both of us."

"But, sir," continued Gabbleton, "in these days of assassination, chichanery, mineralogy, arson, house burning, and hamstringing horses, cattle and poultry; and choking innocent children, and insulting females and innocent women; and seeing that insults and threats have been offered to Major Walden, I do not feel inclined or willing to give aid, comfort or assistance to any person or persons whomsoever, under any suspicions or inuendoes; not saying, however, in any way that such is your situation, predicament, disposition, or inclination."

"For Heaven's sake, ascertain whether I am to be allowed the interview, for I have but little time to spare for any kind of con-

versation, however interesting it may be to each of you."

"Exactly right, stranger, I have as little time to throw away in words or verbiage as most men or people; but, sir, this may be a *coup-de-main*, a stratagem, ambuscade, or some devilment, to take a running start upon the Major; and I perceive that you have arms, or rather I see the swell and bulging of one, and there may be many others concealed, hid, and secreted about your body or person."

Holiday instinctively stepped back.

"Yes, pistols, dirks or knives, are equally dangerous," said he. "Go, Gabbleton, and see the Major, for you will lead Onslow into some overt act of treason against us; or cause some of us to break the peace."

Julian deemed it unnecessary to make any reply. At one time he was tempted to resent the observations of Gabbleton, but it was a momentary impulse; for he perceived that he used words instead of ideas.

In a few moments Gabbleton stood in the portico, and beckoned to Holiday and Julian. He used signs, being disposed not to disturb the composure of the Major by any garrulous display of his powers of lungs and speech.

CHAPTER XXIX.

'Tis a sweet picture, mid the parted locks,
The brow is white and open, it confides
On the fair features.

L. E. L.

Julian and his friendly guide, Jedediah Holiday, were conducted by Gabbleton into the usual sitting room. It was supplied with furniture, rather of the fashion of former times, and a dingy and somewhat faded carpet kept up the *tout ensemble* admirably; various prints and portraits were hung indiscriminately on the walls, once whitewashed, but now in full keeping with the carpet and furniture. Amongst the portraits, that of Edward Conway's was immediately detected by Julian from its exact likeness. The daring and bold bearing of the elder Walden's, contrasted finely with the settled and melancholy features of his lady's portrait. The feelings of Julian were strongly and strangely excited—doubt and hope alternately swayed his breast, as he gazed upon the relics and images of the living and the dead. But the reflections of Julian were soon inter-

rupted by the appearance of Major Walden, who accosted him and his companions by saying,

"Good morning, gentlemen. How are you to-day, Mr. Holiday?"

"I am well, Major Walden, except a bad cold, and a little touch of the rheumatics, I give you thanks. Major Walden, this is the young orator, Julian Onslow," pointing and advancing towards Julian, "and this, Mr. Onslow, is Major Micajah Walden."

These salutations and introductions being over, breakfast was announced. Julian, whilst at the table, did not fail to notice the somewhat supercilious air which played over the features of Major Walden; he encountered his full dark brown eyes—he marked his manly bearing, his strong broad masculine frame, his full high rounded forehead, swelling temples and dark heavy eye brows, all of which gave, in addition to the firm, hard and compact chin, compressed lips, and a large well set nose, slightly inclining to Roman, the appearance of pride and irascibility. Nothing but a half laughing cast of the eye or a transient smile was seen to take off the regularly haughty aspect of his features—his politeness barely escaped bluntness, and his air of condescension savored largely of self-esteem and a conscious superiority. Major Walden attempted to be jovial. Julian was all attention, marking with minuteness each word and variation of his features, attaching more meaning, as is too often the case, than their real importance would justify. But if Julian was thus immoderately excited, his friend Holiday overbalanced it, by the calm and determined attack he made upon fried eggs and ham, and other appendages to a good breakfast. Slow and deliberate as he usually was in speech, yet in the use and direction of the implements of intrepid feeding, he had at least, in the eyes of Julian, few equals; he seemed to act upon the principle of doing but one thing at a time, answering with a grunt or a nod the questions or observations of his host.

But Holiday had no sooner risen from the table, than he marched boldly up to the cause of his visit, remarking to the Major that he had come over with his young Whig friend to pilot him the way; and that no doubt he had much choice and interesting news to convey; "for," added Holiday as he concluded, "he has been in the very midst of the enemy's camp."

"We are all friends," replied the Major, "and if the gentleman has any matters of

importance to relate, he will please proceed."

Julian briefly stated, that however anxious he might be to furnish important information, yet his visit was one of a private and personal nature; "and," continued Julian, "I wish the ear of Major Walden alone, if his engagements and convenience will admit of a private interview."

"Certainly, sir! certainly, sir!" replied Major Walden, "we will retire to the hall. Mr. Holiday, you and Gableton, if you can find him, may take the fresh air, for it is a pleasant morning, bracing and exhilarating; nothing but our oppressions prevent us from being a prosperous and happy people."

Julian, with a heart throbbing with anxiety, now about to unravel the hitherto inexplicable mystery which shrouded his life, and to seek advice from a haughty stranger, began by apologizing for obtruding himself upon the privacy of an unknown gentleman, and the time he might take up in the present interview.

"No apologies, sir," replied the Major quickly, "I shall be poorly paid by them, if you have nothing of importance to communicate; and if you have I shall be the debtor; proceed, sir, at once."

After this command, Julian frankly related that he had been taken a prisoner by the loyalists in Philadelphia; had been from some unknown reason conveyed to Charleston, and there paroled. He spoke of his obligations to Notwood and Gant; his journey to the interior; his mission to Col. Conway's; his attack from Snyder and McQuirk; his strange interview with Edir Immerson, and her ominous predictions; his mental misgivings as to the proper course he should pursue whilst holding a parole; his great obligations to Nanny Hart for his second escape from Snyder and his party; his determination to find some leading Whigs, and his great desire to see him. He spoke of the intercepted letter between Clannagan and Notwood—his fortunate acquaintance with Bucklebelt—his narrow escape at McIlhaney's. In fine, he minutely detailed most of the leading particulars of his adventures already recorded.

"Why!" exclaimed the Major, "you have had many ups and downs—adventures and narrow escapes. It has been the misfortune of many of us, and no doubt others, with the same fruitful fancy and happy command of language which you seem to possess, could narrate and embody many incidents, as full of marvel and strange

concurrence of wayward circumstances as have befallen you."

"Very true, sir," replied Julian, "I lay no claim to be the peculiar football of fortune; but the matter which most concerns me, is the deep absorbing mystery which hangs over my parentage, and the multiplied difficulties which surround me."

"'He is a wise son who knows his own father,' says the old proverb, but to be serious, my young friend, why have you come to me on these particular subjects?"

"Simply," replied Julian, "because Clannagan called me a hereditary scoundrel, and I must be of Whig parentage—and I understood you knew most of the inhabitants of the South, and I hoped that I might learn some clue from you."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the Major, suddenly springing to his feet, and thrusting his fingers in his hair and striding across the room, whilst he glanced his eyes fully upon Julian—"Indeed, sir," continued Major Walden, after stopping and looking on the fine healthful and somewhat flushed features of his visiter. "This," said he, with a cast of countenance laboring between anger and a smothered smile, "is the last, the very last notion, of all the wild notions which any man in his senses could possibly have conceived. Now, Mr. Onslow, if you had hinted that you were my son, nephew, (and I have no brothers and but one sister,) cousin, or even half brother, there might have been some grounds for such imaginings. But as your hand is in, be so good as to give me all the particulars which lead you to the conclusion that I have the honor of an acquaintance with your progenitors; for I vow, sir, that I have seen few better looking men, whether born in or out of wedlock; and for your especial benefit I will candidly tell you, that I believe that I am talking to the son of an impostor, aye, sir, of the mineralogist."

Julian, at all times ready to resent the slightest infringement upon his rights, now sat irresolute; he scarcely comprehended the last words of Major Walden; they seemed with others that he had heard to put an end to all his high wrought expectations; he at length seemed to recover himself.

"It is a duty which I owe to myself, and with your permission I will avail myself of the present opportunity," said Julian, who proceeded to state his utter ignorance of his relations. He assured Major Walden that he came in a spirit neither of idle curiosity, nor was he actuated by pecuniary

interest. "It is, sir," said Julian, with evident agitation, "the deep feelings of the heart which prompt me. It is the dark and mysterious heavings of a breast oppressed with doubts and darkness, attempting to shove a mountain from crushing it! Sir, I would rather be the son of the mineralogist—yea, of the commonest yeoman of the country—although hated and execrated, and know the truth, than remain with the torturing doubts and uncertainty which forever perplex me, and unnerve me in the best schemes which I attempt to execute."

"Aha!" exclaimed the Major, "who are the parties urging you to this interview? a clan of thieves and hypocrites, and needy partisans of the British? Let me tell you," continued the speaker with a scowl of deep meaning, "I hope that one so young has not lent himself to an unholy alliance to extort money from me, or to alienate my affections from Edward Conway, or to have my property confiscated; to be claimed after I have been either banished or murdered!"

"I am here," fiercely replied Julian, "in the character of a gentleman, and have made my statements fairly; you may draw what conclusions you please—I am done with the subject forever; and however I might have been honored by a kinder reception, or a more patient hearing, yet I shall leave you with the consolation of not having merited your disingenuous insinuations—and elsewhere, let me tell you, and under different circumstances, you would not venture safely upon such an imputation to my face."

"Threats are but wind, my young braggart, and always give me time to cool down—a look or gesture is the signal with me—but I war not with adventurers; but enough of replication, of threats, when you get fairly in my way, then, sir, the closer the conflict the better. Recollect for an instant—admitting that you are honest in all that you have said—the slender testimony, and the character of those from whom you draw your pretended facts, would not in your own mind establish their truth; and surely you must confess, that I have seen but little, so far, to cause me to wish to become your acknowledged collaborer in ferreting out your parentage. The cities of antiquity may enter the lists of contention for the honor of giving birth to a Homer, or a successful general, but when the competition is opened for the honor of claiming you, either as a friend or

ward, I imagine that the contestors will be few indeed."

Julian's situation was singularly perplexing; the stern and candid bearing of Major Walden forbade the conclusion that he was acting his part through the mere design of concealing or excluding truth; but Julian, like others, when a strong and cherished thought has taken possession of their minds, could not so readily believe that his conjectures rested on a slight or trifling foundation; but whatever mortification he experienced in having his high wrought expectations suddenly dashed to the ground, yet he determined to depart at once.

"Excuse," said Julian, taking his hat to depart, "my intrusion, if one it may be called; for I confess that I have been loser in this interview, and let me beseech you to dismiss all your fears of any combination on my part with others, to rob you of your reputation, or your money, for I most cheerfully forego all the prospective honors likely to be reaped in such a field."

"Pretty well spoken," replied the Major, biting his lip and suppressing his voice, "I like the game, though it shows itself after repeated prickings."

"I came not hither to bandy harsh words, nor shall I, in your own house, willingly use any language unbefitting a stranger or a gentleman; the conference I now break off forever."

"Oh! not so fast, neither," said the Major, rather going between Julian and the door, "I must hold a short consultation over your case, with our two friends Holiday and Gableton; a council of war; certainly one so very valiant cannot object to the military standard."

"A council of fools, the confusion of a team of wild horses, and the creeping gait of the snail."

"You grow facetious, as I grow serious; come Mr. Onslow, let us drop the quarrel, and let me treat you as a Whig. If you have been deceived and disappointed in your views, I am anxious that you should not suffer as a defender of our common cause; let me hear your future prospects."

There was so much kindness in the tone and manner of the request, that Julian almost regretted his previous ill-natured remarks; and he was still more inclined to relent, when Major Walden added, after a short pause, "Why sir, you have not told me any thing concerning your early history. I am anxious to hear more of you, and let me assure you that nothing shall prevent me from weighing every particular, and

giving the necessary attention due to the facts you may present. If they lead to any claims upon me as a member of the Whig party, I shall be willing and ready to do my duty."

This was touching the right chord again; Julian still clung to the hope that he might learn something, might strike out a spark, which would furnish a torch to light him through the many windings of the labyrinth which had hitherto proved so inextricably dark; and he who a few moments ago was breathing defiance and threats, again seated himself and detailed the following narrative:

JULIAN'S ACCOUNT OF HIS EARLY HISTORY.

"I am unable to say where I was born, or who are my parents. I know not a human being with whom I can claim relationship; my first impressions recur to a small stream, on the banks of which I used to gambol—a large flat rock on the west side of a log-cabin, with a shed attached to the end, I recollect well the large flat rock and an excavation in its middle, I recollect seeing a gentleman pour water on his head and letting it fall into this excavation, I think he had a large white spot on the right side of his head, I further recollect the name of his horse, it was Speed; I recollect his feeding the horse with peaches, from his hand, and then directing him to wallow."

"Important incidents," muttered the Major, to himself, apparently attempting to recollect some indistinct image, which he could not call up.

"The next I recollect, was riding in a vehicle, a kind of carriage, with a gentleman who was kind, and gave me many little presents; the journey was long, and I have nothing but a vague and floating recollection of the incidents of our intercourse; the features of the man and those with whom I had associated, are like an ill remembered dream. In vain have I strained my memory to call up the past—but the thick mists were impenetrable; I have told all that I could rescue from the days of my earliest childhood.

"The next epoch of my life begins with my distinct recollection of what transpired in Philadelphia; my arrival, my associations at school, and many impressions made on me, are still distinctly remembered, but they shed no light on the bewildered mind, and leave no hope that they can materially assist in unravelling the mystery. My mother and father, as I supposed, the persons with whom I resided, taught me to

call them by the endearing names of father and mother; but it is useless to go over all the incidents of a school-boy's days, they have again and again been scanned, to no purpose; they furnish no clew to my birth or parentage."

"But," interrupted the Major, "it seems that one so active, so anxious as you seem, could ere this have combined particulars, or learnt from your associates some data, upon which you might have built a reasonable conclusion; although," added he, "it will be necessary for you to be exceedingly circumspect, as to the testimony and conclusions to which you may arrive."

"No, sir, the lame and unsatisfactory conjectures to which I was lending my belief, and which now are to be numbered with the fictions of fancy, were those only which had any claims on my belief."

Major Walden shook his head, as if saying, "No more of that."

"I have just learned," continued Julian, "your opinion on that subject, and of course have no disposition ever again to pursue it. You may well judge of my great surprise, when I first had misgivings that the persons with whom I lived were not my parents. In my sixteenth year, I had made some progress in learning and occasionally attended the Theatre; one night, as some allusion in the play was made to chemistry, a man muffled in a cloak, after various questions concerning the play, the science of chemistry, and other subjects, earnestly solicited an interview with me at the corner of certain streets, as he had something of importance to communicate. I met him, and for the first time heard the startling fact that those I supposed were my parents, were not. Step by step he led me on, descanting on the glorious discoveries in chemistry, and principally with its conquests over the metallic kingdom; he described the pleasures and benefits of the study to the student and its magnitude to the world. 'Columbus,' he exclaimed, 'discovered the surface, the mere hulk, we shall unbosom the treasures of the world; we shall read nature in its elementary operations. Leave! leave!' he continued, 'the poisoned air of the city, those whom you call father and mother are impostors; look at their French names, their French skins, and physiognomies, do their features or hair favor yours? look, too, at the coming struggle between this country and England; your parentage is noble, your father's blood would rush to your traitor cheeks, if your tongue were to acknowledge that you were the child of Villoc! and if you do

not pursue the destiny to which you now have been dedicated, the deed would be damned to your conscience.' This appeal," continued Julian, "unfixed my resolutions. But even without this direct encouragement, to take sides with the oppressed, my readings and admiration of the ancient patriots, would have led towards the Republican standard; and I dwelt in my studies upon the wrongs of our country. I treasured up every sentence and found parallels in the history of the oppressions of every country. I could not believe the man an impostor; in all his letters and interviews he warned me to secrecy, he always wore a mask."

"Can it be possible," asked Major Walden, "that you did not learn his name, nor his features, nor his reasons for showing so much interest in your actions?"

Julian continued—"To every effort I made to discover the relation he bore to me, or to fathom his designs, the reply was, 'you shall know all at a proper season, and especially when you engage in the study of the sublime science of chemistry, and especially of mineralogy.'"

"Would you know him by no peculiarity of his person—you could never forget his voice?" said the Major, earnestly.

"No doubt," answered Julian, "circumstances being the same, I should recognize his person and his voice, but unless he knew something to disclose, it would avail me nothing; I have at times doubted whether he really knew any thing of my early history."

"But to continue," said Julian, "when I first announced my doubts to Mrs. Villoc, my reputed mother, she exclaimed, 'some vile traitor has killed me,' and I had to use every means of solace to prevent her from sinking under the terrible shock. A visible and rapid decline came on, and I had the inexpressible mortification to see that the disclosure of my belief had contributed in some degree to bring on more rapidly her dangerous illness. Her husband, under the excitement of my fears for her health, extorted a promise from me not to listen to, or believe in the designs of those who might suggest an idea that he was not my father. In the meanwhile, the public meetings and proceedings against the mother country, began to attract my attention; and I received a letter from my mysterious acquaintance, calling on me to join the patriots. 'I swear, said he,' in one of his letters, 'that you will become a benefactor to your country, and the pride of your now unknown family; urge on the colonists to re-

sistance, and study the sublime science of mineralogy,' such were the glowing words which he often used, and I confess they had some effect to impel me to take a decided stand in defence of our liberties."

"Let me ask you, candidly," said Major Walden, "if Geoffrey Jarvis, mineralogist, as he calls himself, is by possibility the same man, to whom you have made so many references as the mineralogist?"

"On two occasions I thought that I had met with my mysterious correspondent," replied Julian, "and I have been exceedingly anxious to see and converse with the person you have mentioned; but I found he was in bad odor with you, else my suspicions, or rather hopes, should have been mentioned to you."

"You are right, he is in exceedingly bad odor with me. I tell you, sir, that a more consummate hypocrite and knave cannot be found in this whole state; overrun and filled, as it is, with the very dregs of villany; let me warn you against his machinations. Sir, I may offend you, but I must, I will speak my mind; I say that his whole course, in this state, points him out as your father, endeavoring to obtain a fortune, by hook or by crook, for his son."

"I confess that I have no such suspicions. And my mysterious adviser denied that I was his son; and Mrs. Villoc on her death bed exclaimed, 'forgive me, my dear Julian, instinct stronger than stratagem could not be overcome—no, you are not our child—all I know, is, that you came from the South, from whence, funds have through some agency been regularly transmitted, until lately an arrangement has been made for your maintenance and education with my husband—excuse me, he will explain all.' My feelings were overcome, and I fell on her neck, asking her forgiveness; and I assure you, that I have always regretted that I ever learned that she was not my mother. I saw the hectic flush that so falsely deceives; the brilliant eye kindling its last fires, before they expire; the sharp attenuated features; I saw the settled and stern composure of a death-bed. The damning unbelief which I had cherished, now rushed upon me, and although she had confirmed the fact, yet I could not forgive myself; like shafts of barbed steel, the thoughts pierced my inmost heart. She saw my agony, 'I forgive you my child, my son, you have my parting blessing and my parting injunction, to meet me where there is no more parting.'"

This part of the narrative greatly affected Julian, and he paused, to recover

from the melancholy recollections of the past. Major Walden, in the meanwhile, sat with his eyes fixed on the carpet sternly, attempting to stifle his feelings.

"The shock," continued Julian, "was too great for each of us—she soon expired, and in the appalling disruption of all my earthly ties, of all that I really loved, I fell almost lifeless to the floor; when I had recovered from the shock, Mr. Villoc upbraided me with my want of prudence, declaring that my excessive grief had no doubt hastened her dissolution; from that moment, I became estranged in feeling from my reputed father. Often have I repaired to the grave of Mrs. Villoc, to soothe my grief and keep down my angry feelings towards her husband, who treated me with marked unkindness. In vain I appealed to him to disclose the secret of my parentage—my history. Debauch after debauch followed in constant succession, until death put an end to them, and to my expectations of learning any thing from his lips."

"What a horrible exit," exclaimed Major Walden, "but, continued he, did not his papers furnish some facts to your purpose?"

"Not a syllable," replied Julian; "his creditors were clamorous for the payment of their debts; and he previously told me that every vestige of my secret was destroyed in order to make me more subservient to his designs; but I looked upon it as a mere threat, and although he told me that the secret should die with him, yet I hoped to find something amongst his papers to assist me in my inquiries. Hostilities becoming more and more open; having but a short time previous to Mr. Villoc's death refused to listen to his proposals to join the loyalists, I made diligent inquiries after my unknown friend; but to no purpose. I immediately assumed the name of Onslow, because I knew no one by that name, and volunteered as a soldier, and after the battle of Germantown, I was commissioned to go on an expedition into the city to ascertain the strength of the enemy and to learn the disposition of our friends. My company, few in numbers, started with high spirits. I soon learned, after I had entered the city, where the head-quarters of the British officers were; we determined to surprise them, and from my acquaintance with the different streets we succeeded in eluding the guards. We assumed the habits and appearance of the common country people; and by various well understood arrangements, succeeded in placing our hooks and ladders so admi-

rably, as to gain an entrance into a portico which led us to a passage, giving free access to the different rooms in which several officers slept. So little noise was made, amidst the loud wind and rain, that the sentinel was surprised without giving any alarm of our approach. The sentinel pointed out the several rooms occupied by the officers.

"We had secured four officers, and had given them the necessary paroles, promising a speedy exchange, when we ascertained that a newly married couple were in the house; a brother-in-law to Major Arbuckle, (the aid to Sir Henry Clinton.) The eagerness to arrest him, and the wicked delight of some of my men, accorded illy with our delicate and perilous situation. At my request, Major Arbuckle stated the situation of affairs to the officer and his lady.

"Are you a prisoner, Major Arbuckle?" asked Captain Armond.

"Yes, my dear sir, with two strong men at my elbows, with their pistols cocked, ready to blow out my brains—surrender at once."

"Let them shoot, sir! if you wish me to surrender to the kidnapping rebels," replied Capt. Armond, to the friendly request of his brother-in-law.

"We could distinctly hear the sighs and sobs of his lady, entreating him for her sake, for his life's sake, to surrender.

"You must surrender quickly, time is precious, we are in danger, and we must force the door, however unpleasant the task." I shall never forget the wild shriek of the lady, as I announced my determination to force open the door."

"Was the lady Mrs. Julia Armond, recently on a visit to Charleston?" asked Major Walden.

Julian gave a nod of assent.

"Then," continued Major Walden, "you committed a most ungallant act, however much soldier-like hardihood was exhibited in the enterprise."

"I admit the truth of what you have said," replied Julian, "but there was no alternative; the scene had to be acted out. I called to Capt. Armond to say that he would abstain from hostilities, and consider himself as paroled, until he could be exchanged; you owe it to your lady.

"His reply to my request was quick and menacing.

"I mean to defend myself to the last extremity; and let me tell you, sir, that I know my duty to my king, my wife and myself, without your impertinent advice,

and the first man who enters my room shall die.'

"We have the lion pent; your wife shall have a safe exit from the room. If you will not come to terms, we will make them for you. We heard nothing but sobs from the wife and defiance from the husband.

"I surrender him as a prisoner, or when exchanged, I place myself in his place, or an officer of equal rank shall be exchanged in his stead.' Such was the agreement which Major Arbuckle publicly made. We hastily took down the names of the captives, and gave them paroles; amongst the first handed in was that to Capt. Armond.

"To whom,' asked he, 'am I indebted for this voluntary honor?'

"Your parole, sir,' replied Major Arbuckle, is subscribed Julian Onslow.'

"What!' exclaimed Captain Armond, 'the reputed son of Villoc, and the discarded admirer of Miss Grayson? Do you hear that, Julia? I am sold and betrayed to your pretended friend and admirer.' I did not wait for an answer, time was too precious."

"Let me understand you on one point, Mr. Onslow, did you allude to St. Ille Grayson?" asked Major Walden.

"The same," replied Julian, coloring deeply, "who, if I am not misinformed, resides in this neighborhood."

"Did you know her in Philadelphia?"

"I had that honor," answered Julian.

"Well, sir, my nephew must brace himself up, as he is to be supplanted—is to be blown up," continued the Major, rising from his seat and walking to the door with his hands thrust in his breeches pockets, whilst Julian, somewhat confused, began to offer a flat denial of meditating any scheme against the rights or interests of Edward Conway whatever.

"I am busy, Mr. Gabbleton," exclaimed Major Walden, scarcely noticing Julian's answer—"busy, sir;" at the same time waving his hand to Gabbleton to retire.

"Excuse me, Major, I only came to see if the traveling companion of the daughter of the woods, and a visitor of old McIlhane's, was walking a chalked line; for I have just learned from my friend Jedediah Holiday—"

"You interrupt me, Mr. Gabbleton, go and hear him over again," said the Major impatiently.

"I'd rather by your leave be at something else this fine weather, for Holiday is so particularly tedious, and so used to long harangues, that I rather dread to encounter him a second time; as he generally

very much uneasys and distresses me." Thus continued Gabbleton as he left the Major, who turning to Julian said,

"Excuse the well meant intrusion of Mr. Gabbleton, sir! he is as faithful as my faithful Tom Thumb;" at the mention of his name, a huge yellow mastiff of the Spanish bull species, remarkable for his full deep chest and heavy head, and full red eyes, sprung up from behind the door and walked forth, looking eagerly at Julian as if he wished to show his sagacity and strength. "Go back, Thumb—go back," said Major Walden, who still thinking of the matter last under discussion said,

"Edward little imagines he has a rival in one of his Whig friends; one who, according to his own account, seems quite enamored of adventures."

"Sir," replied Julian earnestly, "Mr. Conway has my warmest respects, and shall always be treated by me as a gentleman and friend."

"You know my nephew, then?" asked Major Walden.

"Yes, sir, I saw him on the Fourth of July last, and yourself also."

"True! very true, sir; but that was a public occasion."

"And," continued Julian, "I saw him at the great conciliation ball, as it was called."

"And me also? By heavens!" exclaimed Major Walden, "you are the fellow who so officiously insulted me there!"

"You are mistaken in that affair," replied Julian, rising suddenly to his feet.

"I have racked my brain," continued the excited Major, "to recollect when and where I had heard your voice."

"I tell you, once for all," replied Julian, "that you are sadly mistaken in that transaction."

This fierce and quick answer again roused the vigilant mastiff, and he rushed forward this time ready to fly at Julian as an enemy of his master; but Major Walden seized him by his strong collar, saying, "Down, Thumb." The sagacious animal submitted with a show of considerable reluctance, growling and attempting to look back, although wagging his tail to each admonition as he was led to another room. After Major Walden had secured him by fastening a door upon him, he turned to Julian, and with some show of warmth said,

"There is one conclusion at least I cannot be mistaken in, Mr. Villoc, alias Mr. Onslow; although you may not be in league with my enemies in word, yet so

long as you associate with, aid and abet them, you are in fact a *particeps criminis* against myself and my nephew Edward Conway."

"A conclusion, not more sage, nor half so just, were I to go hence," replied Julian, with a smile of cutting severity, "and say that I had just witnessed the exhibitions of a menagerie, comprising the lion, the jackall, the dog, and if it were not doing Mr. Holiday too much injustice, (notwithstanding he appears to be a special retainer of yours,) I would add the jackass to the list."

"Quite complimentary, sir, coming from the source it does," retorted Major Walden, with ill-disguised irony. But he suddenly checked himself, and with an air of more calmness said, "Be seated, Mr. Onslow, I am wrong, sir, and here is my hand in token of good feeling, and I now offer you an apology for any harshness of word or manner I have used or exhibited. You are my guest—and by my earnest entreaties related words and transactions which excited me into a momentary impropriety of conduct towards you. The rights of a gentleman at my house shall at all times be respected."

The noble and manly tone of candor—the glow of the countenance heightened by the temporary excitement—the sincere and generous words of apology and regret, exhibited Major Walden in his true character: a warm-tempered and noble gentleman—quick as a lighted match, and as generous as the noble lion, to which he had just been compared, after it has conquered its equals.

Julian was too well bred to refuse to take hold of the proffered hand, or to accept the chair which was presented to him; but after he had heard Major Walden out he rose, saying,

"If I had had any desire to receive apologies from you, I am now precluded from doing so. You have retracted nothing of the force of your unjust insinuations and charges; but rather made them more palpable, and have left them quite as objectionable, by withdrawing the covering with which momentary anger might be supposed to have imbued and invested them. It is true, sir, you have shown that your sense of politeness was commensurate with the station you occupy—a trite and cheap, though merited homage, due at least to self-respect. But you deceive yourself if you suppose that I can be induced to endorse the injustice done to my best motives, as well as to that of some of my

friends; and you certainly mistake me if you suppose that I can be led to acquiesce silently in the justice of your intentions, so long as I give you credit for a common share of penetration; nor shall your politeness extort a heartless acknowledgment from me. Be assured, sir, that whilst the Parthian weapon is left unplucked, I shall deem it worse than folly to entrust the same hand which threw it with the cure of the wound! I hope I am at liberty to depart."

"Most unquestionably," replied Major Walden, "you certainly should enjoy the same freedom in departing, that you exercised in coming. I made my apology to you frankly. I retract nothing except the warmth of manner and language. Truth at all times, and under any circumstance, should not lightly be evaded or suppressed; and if it has been felt this morning—if any hidden recesses of the heart, unaccustomed to its salutary lessons, have been reached—if any good should be the result, then after all you are my debtor. Sir, I wish you better success," added the speaker, determined to shake hands with Julian, who seemed impatient to start, "hereafter in your search after truth, and in forming associates and friends."

Such was the result of the interview between Major Walden and Julian; one which ended in mutual irritation and distrust; confirming the former in his previous belief that a league of unprincipled men was formed and actively prosecuted to involve himself and Edward Conway in ruin, and lay the foundation for further persecutions and frauds from the loyalists and Tories.

CHAPTER XXX.

Jeron.—Go on.

Sylv.—And figuring many a shape grotesque,
Camels, and caravans, and mighty beasts,
Hot prancing steeds, and warriors plumed and helmed,
All in the blue sky floating.

THE BROKEN HEART.

The incidents recorded in these chapters are necessarily confined to the prominent traits and events calculated to delineate the different shades of character, or the temper of the times; and the under current which is so seldom seen by the casual observer, although it may agitate the very floods beneath, cannot well be disregarded by those who wish to look beneath the surface of the historical stream, however laden it may be with rich collec-

tions which have and still present their treasures for the diligent and faithful historian. The more humble task prescribed to him who gleans his facts, and draws them, one by one, from the shadowy regions of tradition, although full of difficulties, is not less profitable than the employment of him who digs for the hidden ore, or dives beneath the waves in search of pearls—when polished and combined they add wealth and beauty—so with the faithful delineator of the transactions of private individuals, or isolated facts. But to proceed with the design already indicated.

Julian, utterly disappointed in the pursuit of that phantom which beckoned him on with so much ardor and hope, in the cherished expectation of reaching the long looked for goal, where the mystery of his birth was to be cleared up, and he could enter on the busy world with new connections and ambition—outraged in person and feelings—now determined to visit Mr. Milligan. The mind, under deep disappointment and care, naturally looks to some source for solace and advice. The reader will recollect, no doubt, the kind invitation which that good gentleman extended to Julian at the celebration at the flat rock, and the kind intimation from Miss Grayson, which he conveyed at the same time, that she desired to see him. The reader will also recollect the arrangements made with Edward Conway and Julian to accept that invitation. The scenes through which he subsequently passed—his perils and disappointments—the fierce anger of his enemies, and the distrust of some of his Whig friends, were well calculated to depress, almost to despair, a less elastic and buoyant spirit. But Julian was accustomed to the waywardness of fate, and with an unsullied character, and a pure and patriotic heart, pursued his journey from Major Walden's towards Mr. Milligan's—the child of circumstances, he cast himself once more upon the billows of fortune.

About evening, on the 9th of July, after a sultry and exhausting day, Julian reached the residence of Mr. Milligan; with some slight exceptions, the arrangement and buildings corresponded with those of Mrs. Grayson's, having been copied from the model which they furnished. It is always a moment of trial to approach the spot where a dubious reception may be expected, but Julian summoned up his accustomed resolution, as he perceived the figures of several persons in the portico, all directing their attention towards him;

his heart beat, and its very sound tingled in his ears. The first of the group that he recognized was Edward Conway, who started to meet him as he approached the gateway, which stood about twenty yards in front of the house.

"I am glad to see you," exclaimed Edward, advancing warmly to greet him. "You perceive how I have kept my promise?"

"I have kept mine," replied Julian, as he grasped the extended hand of his friend.

"Oh, it is Julian!" exclaimed one of the three ladies in the portico. "I know his voice—I will go with you," she said, seizing the arm of Mr. Milligan, as he advanced down the front steps to receive his new visitor.

A word, a look, a sound, the very shape of the person, will light up the slumbering embers of the memory. Julian heard indistinctly the voice, he trembled from head to foot. It was St. Ille, who rushed forwards to meet him, almost fainting on the arm of Mr. Milligan, who, fortunately, expecting that her feelings would undergo a great shock, retained his hold until the salutations should be over.

"Oh, Julian, I am so happy to find that you are well. Why have you so long delayed paying us a visit?"

Julian still grasped her hand; his eyes rested on hers; he saw the workings of her feelings; he cursed in his heart the laws of cold formality; he panted to fold her to his bosom, and to ask ten thousand pardons for his seeming indifference; his words choked in his throat; their peculiar standing to each other, the presence of strangers, all conspired to show him as a cold and selfish formalist. How variant! how far removed were his actions from the tumultuous throes within. Whilst St. Ille in a moment threw off her embarrassment by words and vivacious inquiries after his health, Julian but illy concealed his agitation under the more repulsive and chilling exterior of affected calmness and self-possession. Alas! they who assume them must pay the penalty in secret, in lingering remorse and self-condemnation.

"I hope I find you well, Miss Grayson?" said Julian, as the now blushing girl relinquished his hand.

"Very well—yes, sir, quite well."

Julian beheld the starting tear as she hastily left him and the two gentlemen.

Edward Conway, for a moment, looked with some degree of distrust at the warm reception which St. Ille had given his friend. Even the observations on his pic-

ture, as reported by Gableton, rushed to his recollection—a momentary flash of chagrin flushed his cheek, but her sudden disappearance instantly dispelled it. Mrs. Grayson, when introduced to Julian, met him with that frank and open manner so well practiced by ladies of that day, and which adds so much to the disembarassing effects of a first introduction. The other three ladies were the two daughters of Mr. Milligan and his lady, to whom Julian was introduced by Edward Conway.

St. Ille had, in her short interview with Julian, exhausted all her stock of assumed equanimity, and the reception she met with, although respectful and unexceptionable, did not render her happy; that homage which the generous gush of her own feelings demanded had not been returned—hence she sought her room to weep, to accuse herself of frowardness, and then, in a moment, to think of each look and each expression, to contrast the present with the past; the rainbow and the tempest occasionally seemed to present themselves over the sky of the future. Innocent and beautiful creature! 'tis better to weep over imaginary phantoms, temporarily floating in the mind, than to shed bitter tears of anguish, which flow from an accusing conscience, or irreparable misfortunes!

But to return to the portico.

Julian gazed on the stern features of an elderly man, who had sat undisturbed, reading some manuscripts, and who suddenly thrusting away his papers into a pair of saddle bags, rose hastily, and walking up to Julian, said in a clear, distinct voice—

“Sir, my name is Geoffrey Jarvis, mineralogist—do I know you or not?”

“I am unable to say, sir—my name is Julian Onslow.”

“Aye!” replied the mineralogist, with his eagle eyes dancing, and his hitherto stern and fixed features assuming a variety of emotions, “civilities are well enough in their place, mere weather-vanes, though more false.

‘Man may smile, and smile and be a villain.’

But neither of us have any time to throw away in the acquirements of such fashionable pantomimics; let hypocrites and courtiers, and the ambitious, ply their arts; they thrive, and get worldly gear, and die, the deceived of the deceivers. I have been busy reviewing some important and valuable papers; when I have leisure I mean to favor you with my grand scheme, for the purpose of procuring and developing the

hidden treasures, which a beautiful providence has incorporated into the bowels of the earth. Aha!” exclaimed the mineralogist, watching the eyes of Julian, “Strange sounds or familiar ones? Come they upon the ear, like the war trumpet, or like soft music o’er balmy slumbers? Fall they like the half forgotten words of the morning of life, when the first throb of ambition almost pained the heart? Yes! I was right. ‘In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper either this or that, or whether they shall both be alike good.’ But enough for the present.”

The mineralogist abruptly broke off his discourse, and taking up his hat, left the company, seeking solitude, where he could unobserved give full rein to his now excited imagination.

“A singular being,” said Edward Conway, “a walking transcript of pithy texts of Scripture, and choice selections from the English classics.”

“And,” replied Amelia, as she and the other ladies left the portico, “he carries us back to the days of the alchymists.”

Julian was almost unconscious of the presence of Edward. A deep and absorbing abstraction came over his mind; a few fleeting moments served to summon up to his recollection long forgotten emotions; his acquaintance with St. Ille, their long separation—the mineralogist, the same mysterious being who had so often urged him on to deeds of noble intent, was now near to counsel, and perhaps to unravel the hitherto inexplicable interest he had taken in his fate. His feelings gradually became placid and calm; he felt the bland influence of the hour of twilight; the full moon was just rising, as the sun disappeared in the far west; the fading glory of one was reflected in the mellow and borrowed light of the other; the thick quiet clouds piled on each other skirted the southern horizon, crimsoned and burnished with the flaming rays of the sun, changing their colors and their shapes, like the gorgeous palaces of an enchanted land, whilst the side next the moon seemed like the undulating brow of a towering mountain, canopied over with fleecy snow, and the dark shadows of its own native pines; the flickering flash of lightning, which ever and anon leaped from different portions of this aerial structure, might be compared to the bright and shifting lights of the one, or the unfettered rills of the other, seeking by precipitous falls the quiet valleys beneath.

"Who that looks," thought Julian, "upon the bright and glorious sun as he sinks in the crimson mists of the West, and looks at the pale quiet light of the rising moon, but draws a melancholy picture in the history of the world? A ruler, full of might and power, sinks to rest, and a lustreless one, scarcely a faint reflection of the one he succeeds, imbecile and weak, attempts to follow in his burning course; he wanes until he sinks in darkness, and leaves none to regret his disappearance—or, to shift the parallel, a bold and daring intellect, full of power, runs his fierce and bloody course without a rival; all shun his burning track; he disappears, and is succeeded by one who is benignity itself; he calls around him the stars and beauties of his realm; all is harmony and pleasure."

Julian was interrupted in these reflections by Edward, who had noticed his musing air.

"You seem to have found a fair and interesting acquaintance. I hope it may be an additional reason to induce you to spend much of your time with us."

"I have no right," replied Julian, "to take advantage of that circumstance, however highly I may appreciate the honor to be classed among the friends of Miss Grayson. I have some wish to join the army farther North, more in the *gaudia certaminis*, the glory and conflict of arms."

Edward urged the anxiety he felt for the co-operation of Julian in their local struggles, and predicted that the field for daring adventure and military skill was abundant, and the time not distant when the most valorous would find full employment for all the resources which he might possess.

Julian briefly recounted his late unpleasant interview with Major Walden; his dislike of the mineralogist, and the belief he expressed of a secret league for the injury of himself and his nephew. He even hinted that *he* had gone there for the purpose of attempting to trace up his parentage.

"This is strange," replied Edward, "for I heard the mineralogist darkly hint at some hidden mystery to my uncle; and Major Notwood told me that you would supplant some one yet. I suppose he jocosely alluded to some probable love affair; he further added that, sooner or later, some of those full of high hopes of future wealth, would be left penniless. All I have to say," continued Edward, taking hold of the hand of Julian, "is, that I care not how soon the mystery is dispelled, and I, for one, shall rejoice if the conjec-

tures and hints should prove true and beneficial to you."

Julian pressed the friendly hand of his generous and disinterested companion; the tears of gratitude imbued his glowing cheeks; he faintly declared that he felt honored in the wish, and his future life should prove how earnestly and cordially he reciprocated his kind and delicate expressions of friendship.

Mr. Milligan and the mineralogist returned to the house, and the gentlemen were invited to supper. Julian soon perceived that he was the observed of all observers; three or four volunteered to introduce him to Mrs. Milligan.

The mineralogist was invited to say grace. After commencing and proceeding in the ordinary manner, he suddenly raised his voice, and emphatically continued: "Grant, likewise, that we may, each and every one, become the willing partakers of thy bounties and grace; and furthermore, that thy judgments which are suspended over a particular family, may be averted and turned away, if so be that they shall hearken kindly to the admonitions of thy unworthy servant, Geoffrey Jarvis, mineralogist. Amen! and Amen!"

The whole company were taken by surprise; some believed it as a threat to the family of Mr. Milligan. Edward, it was true, was at some loss to determine whether the knave or the fool predominated; whilst Julian felt an indescribable awe, although he regretted that one for whom he entertained so much respect could unnecessarily say any thing to disturb the feelings of those present; but the gay and frank air of the mineralogist, as he noticed the two younger children of Mr. Milligan, who sought with ready instinct the most accommodating around the table, and received with gleeful faces the officious offers of sweetmeats, completely restored the company to their usual dispositions, to render each other agreeable, and to overlook, as a mere vice of education, this singular and unusual course of their strange guest.

Julian caught the full, liquid eye of St. Ille; some would compare it to the dark and lustrous berry of the poisonous vine, which flings its beautiful foliage around the boughs and trunk of the forest oak. Those who behold such an eye, can never forget its language; had the coiled adder flung its full length unexpectedly upon him, he could not have experienced a more thrilling feeling, than that which then curdled his heart's blood. It seemed to demand, "Hast thou become cold and callous? has

the remembrance of the past been obliterated so easily, by a few short months?" She saw his confusion. It was well that the dim lights and the busy scene prevented those around her from noticing the deep crimson tinge, which suffused her whole countenance. There is light enough by the aid of a good eye, and a faithful imagination, to give an outline of St. Ille. She was a little taller than those of ordinary height; her hair was dark and sufficiently abundant, her eyes were full and quick, her complexion was clear and full of bloom; her features were harmonious, not long nor round, her form was elastic and almost slender; she might have been taken for the sister of the two young friends; the eyes alone, and the eyebrows, perhaps the mouth differed. The two young men had been exposed to the air and sun; great decision was marked on their features; Julian was some taller and apparently more grave; and there was Amelia Milligan by the side of St. Ille, sweet child of nature! The blue sky in its serenest moments may have lent its pure blue, and its quiet light to her eyes, and her lambent blushes. She was small, quite small and delicate; and as sensitive as the frail mimosa; her voice in ordinary conversation was as soft as the silver tones of the melancholy lute; she seemed too tender and perfect for the chill and harsh winds of heaven. She was of the same age of St. Ille, and had always been her bosom companion from their earliest days of childhood. Mildred Milligan, too, was seated next to her sister; she had more size; a full blue eye, light yellow hair, not so brown as Amelia's, and their two hands were so alike they might be compared to the finest specimen of Parian marble; she was just fourteen, beautiful and intelligent. At the foot of the table, sat their father; of a fair complexion, his cheeks slightly furrowed, and deep and lasting lines of thought marked his high and intellectual brow; his eyebrows when at rest were heavy, his eyes were of a pale blue—he seemed to be of the sanguineous temperament; ardent and benevolent; he was of the middle stature. He had attached himself to the Wesleyan Methodists, although the new sect had not organized; nor was it possible for him to carry out the full church discipline; his dress merged towards the fashion which many of them so constantly observed. Mr. Milligan was about forty-five or perhaps fifty; his lady, not much younger, was round and full-faced; had light flaxen hair, and blue eyes; her complexion, once clear and fair, has,

through the wear and tear of life, and constant exposure to the air, lost something of its original freshness, although she still retains beauty enough to be called a lady of fine appearance; she was silent and quiet, ordinarily; but she had great energy and promptness of action; she was well calculated to bear up the less unyielding disposition of her husband. At the hour of midnight, when the wearied and exhausted seek repose, and, overcome, leave even their dearest friends to the kindness of others, 'twas then, that the unwearied and untiring exertions of Mrs. Milligan were found adding comfort and consolation. She was truly an uncommon woman, showing her energy at the very moment when that of others seemed to flag, or require aid. But let us not forget the social circle. Julian was at a considerable loss how to demean himself; his conversation was irregular and desultory; a few words to St. Ille on the different appearances perceptible between the country and city. But his main discourse was with Mrs. Grayson, who interposed her kind offices to relieve him of his embarrassment.

Edward Conway seemed unusually gay, the vivid flashes of wit, the sprightly and delicate repartees between himself and Amelia, were not unlike the first bold flights of young eaglets. Mr. and Mrs. Milligan noticed, almost in mute astonishment, this first familiar interchange of friendly conversation; apprehending that some word might escape from Amelia, too piquant or ill timed; but she bore herself through the conversation with evident satisfaction to herself and to Mr. Conway. Blithe morning of youth, sparkling with hope and anticipated joys, the evils are all unseen and unfelt which always arise! alas! too soon! their hearts were like two gushing founts ere they have mingled with the bitter waters below.

How different was the situation of Julian and St. Ille; they had known each other; had loved; but a stern and unconquerable barrier was between them; they are now face to face, with the bitter recollections of the past; but as sorrow and experience are the parents of true wisdom; so adversity to lovers is the best cement of affection.

After tea, Edward Conway proposed to the young ladies and Julian to take a stroll in the beautiful moonlight; Mr. Milligan made somewhat of an excuse for Julian, intimating a fear that the fatigues of the day would be repaired more readily by rest. But Julian promptly thanked him, and gave

his assent to the proposition of Edward, smilingly saying, "that he felt but little fatigued, and that change of scenery and of company, often, as in the present instance, produced a corresponding influence in restoring the exhausted energies of the mind and body."

Mildred Milligan is left to warble her fine voice for the especial pleasure of the old people; whilst, strange to say, Julian has the arm of the little sylph, and Edward is by the side of St. Ille. So goes the world, and so it will continue to go; the course of true love never did run smooth. Julian of course did not wish to be forward; St. Ille had no disposition to seem anxious to seize his arm. And Amelia was determined to show the company, that in a spirit of hospitality she would pay proper respect to her father's guest, and Edward too had come up, pretty much to fulfill his uncle's earnest request, that he should pay a visit to Miss Grayson. The moonbeams slept, danced, or undulated, as best suited the fancy of those who chose to look at them; the whip-po-wil threw in his dolorous note; whilst the tinkling of bells might be heard, as the restless wearers unconsciously cropped the grass. But our friends scarcely noticed any thing extraneous to themselves. These things belong to the lonely; to him, or her, whose feelings love solitude, and who seek a solace in the mighty works of their Creator. The glorious moon, that sheds its benign light on sea and land; that cheers the wanderer in his course, and the lone prisoner in his cell; it waxes and wanes and renews its lights a thousand times, but life and love once extinct, where is the fountain of their renewal? The silver tones of Amelia's voice, how like the scene; the fairy form so like the creations of the poet's fancy; Julian joined in the playful conversation; though care and misfortunes were gnawing at his heart.

"This is your first visit to the South; how are you pleased with the sunny South?" asked Amelia.

"If I were to judge of the future, by the few hours I have spent at your happy residence, I should expect to become too much enamored with the country, ever to exchange it for any other. But the past admonishes me, that disasters and misfortunes are intimately interwoven in the destiny of too many of us. My inclination leads me towards the active scenes of the North; for my few friends here, who have shown so much kindness towards me, I shall ever cherish a lasting gratitude; but

I have no right to tax them with my person or my grievances."

"The times are getting quiet; we live here remote from the stirring scenes of military array, and certainly we have Whig friends enough to prevent the inroads of local parties unfriendly to the Whig cause; and you know," added Amelia, somewhat archly, looking up to the attentive listener, "that there is one person who once had some claims upon you, and I do not know what to say, unless I add, and affections too."

"I can tell you what you might have added," said Julian, "but who now has none whatever."

"Why Mr. Onslow, you cannot be in earnest? I am not jesting with you, I did not expect this from Julian Onslow; you know too well the path of duty which lay before St. Ille, not to have justified her conduct; although it might have been greatly at variance with your wishes and your feelings."

"The past," replied Julian, "is gone—the future is disconnected with its incidents; but this I will say to you, with the same frankness you have observed towards me; I had no agency in consummating the present relations between us! You speak, no doubt, knowingly, and perhaps by authority; no course on my part can change it. My friend Edward will unite the two great families together; and I will hereafter offer up my best wishes for their earthly happiness."

"How very strangely you talk!" replied Amelia; "I am sure that you do not expect St. Ille to renew the suit? but I mean to give you an opportunity to make an explanation. You have no idea with what ease it can be made; a solitary accusation kindly said, will answer often for an apology. And as to your fears of Mr. Conway, I mean to kill him off, he's a ruined youth; his slumbers shall be disturbed, I mean to send Queen Mab to cobweb his senses; I tell you plainly, he is my victim; do you suppose that he is ungallant; that he will resist my charms? My plans are matured and your young friend, when he falls a victim, will of course be out of your way. I want no help, no assistance; I mean to have all the credit of the conquest; so, if you please, oblige me so far as to allow me to begin the siege at once. St Ille! what! deaf, St. Ille! Listen to me, Mr. Conway! I have a plan to propose."

"Of course, Amelia," answered her fair friend, who, with Edward, was a few paces ahead, walking in a gently sloping lawn,

towards a cluster of sweet gums and water oaks, which overshadowed the beautiful bold spring, which bubbled up through the white sands of its fount.

"You say 'of course,' that is, you care but little any way; why so much equanimity? so much serenity? so much assumed indifference?"

"I agree for both," replied Edward, not waiting for the hesitating answer of his companion, "in earnest, positively and with cheerfulness."

"Now mind what you agree to, Mr. Conway," said Amelia, almost alarmed at her own proposition, "you will some day perhaps, rue the bargain."

"Never, if you have the arrangement of it," replied Edward.

"Well, the conditions are as follows:—1st. Mr. Onslow is now a prisoner, and I wish to exchange him for his equal; and on such terms as will ensure him a proper reception.

"2dly. Mr. Edward Conway, being held in durance by a cruel and despotic enemy, must be exchanged for the said Julian Onslow; how like you the conditions? are they not equal, proper and just? Come, St. Ille, come! don't hesitate! Mr. Conway confirmed the bargain, and I am ready to carry its provisions into immediate execution."

"How!" asked Edward, "am I to proceed, must I surrender my charge to you, Julian?"

"What a poor military tactician," replied Amelia, "don't you understand that St. Ille surrenders you into my possession, and I Mr. Onslow into hers?"

"What becomes of the rights of the exchanged?" asked Julian.

"They will be duly respected," replied St. Ille, as she tremblingly took hold of Julian's arm, almost vexed at the manner with Amelia, for the shallow device she had arranged, and yet she felt that she would not have it otherwise; as for Amelia and Edward, they can both pass off their gay moments, untinged by the varying hues which love weaves in the recollections of the past; but how long they are to be thus gay, thus free, must be left for the future to determine. But, kind reader, can you imagine a more embarrassing situation than the renewal of a broken-off love affair? We have one now on hand, and how is it to be managed—how it puzzles the lover to bring himself again to the high point of putting the question—the condescension to ask, or to give an explanation—those cold words, "although I

once had some thoughts on the subject, yet to be candid, sir, I cannot fancy you,"—how few get the recusant to say that they entertain the same affection. It is easier to pop half a dozen new questions, than to lead on the second attack, against a well fortified and organized heart—but thanks to the lucky stars, like Benedict, many can say 'I am Benedict the married man.'"

Julian and St. Ille had seated themselves on one of the seats near the spring, whilst Amelia was wandering along the pebbly rill, entertaining Edward with her sparkling wit and sweet voice.

"You seem to have undergone no change in your health," said St. Ille to Julian, "although I feared that you suffered from the vile prison ship in which you were placed; and I am tempted to give you a real scold for not asking permission from the commander to allow me to have seen you; you did not even send any answer back to my inquiries after your health."

"A prisoner," replied Julian, "has but little opportunity of receiving visits, or of returning answers; but from you I never received any word whatever. But I now return all I have to offer, my unfeigned thanks and gratitude for any solicitude you may have felt or expressed."

"Ah! Julian," said St. Ille, bursting into tears, "you have strangely changed."

"I have only obeyed your solemnly expressed injunctions, if you allude to my demeanor, and you know that I have no explanations to give."

"Perhaps," replied St. Ille, "and none to receive." The pensive air of St. Ille—the sweet mild voice, for a moment overpowered Julian—he was silent—they both were silent.

"What must I say?" at length continued Julian. "If I tell you that I have loved you passionately and uninterruptedly, *that* you already know. If I say that I believed it was returned, it would only bring up the past with all its sad recollections. You know in what manner I was suddenly and unexpectedly discarded, without any explanation or ostensible cause, except that I was unknown to your parents; and let me tell you that the same reason now exists, for I am unknown to myself."

"I dare not trust myself," sighed St. Ille, summoning up her strength and courage, "to attempt an explanation, which I thought at that time, I still think, and under like afflicting circumstances, would reenact the same unpleasant duty to myself."

"Then," replied Julian, "time has kindly obliterated some of the poignancy

of those unpleasant hours, and I am to infer that the case in all other respects remains the same."

"Not so, Julian! not so," replied St. Ille, touching his hand with her delicate fingers, which vied with the silver beam which gleamed through the green foliage above their heads, and fell over them, "the time will come when you will justify my course."

Julian's temperament was a peculiar one, a compound of benevolence and pride; he was burning with the most intense passion—devoted alone to her—yet he was restrained, respectful and civil—his heart was almost bursting, his whole feelings were wrought up to the violence of the hurricane—he felt nor cared for no middle ground—he dared not propose a renewal of his former suit. He had too high and elevated regard for St. Ille, and for himself, or else he might have fallen at her feet and declared his unalterable affection and devotion. But if he hesitated—he became more and more confirmed in his course, from the fact that some mystery still hung over his parentage.

"The bower and the moonbeam, and lovers' sighs and quarrels, may suit those who are safe," said the mineralogist, who unceremoniously addressed them ere they were aware of his presence; "but he who is a wanderer, in a strange land, unknown even to himself, must change the bower for the thicket, and the moonlight for the darkness of the swamp or the cave; and the gentle words of love, for the groans of the dying! Fair maiden, hearken to me; the mild air hath the pestilence in it—the gentle and sweet words of man have treachery in them. But the time may come when Julian Villoc may become thy protector—may call thee wife; but not now! No! sooner shall yonder sweetly whispering rill run upwards. He dare not lead thee to the altar, until he has fulfilled his destiny. Send thy young friends to join your father in his nightly prayers; whilst I hold converse in private to thee and thy once affianced, but now discarded lover."

St. Ille instantly obeyed the injunction so pointedly directed to her; and telling Amelia and Edward the strange request, immediately returned to her former position; whilst the others returned, renewing their conversation on their way back to the house; leaving the mineralogist to carry out his own peculiar views with their two friends.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Nor need I write—to tell the tale,
My pen were doubly weak:
Oh! what can idle words avail
Unless the heart could speak.

By day or night—in weal or wo,
That heart no longer free,
Must bear the love it cannot show,
And silent ache for thee.

BYRON.

"Child of wayward fate," said the mineralogist, "confusion reigned amongst the stars at thy birth."

St. Ille made no reply to this strange salutation, nor did Julian attempt to interrupt him.

"But the stars," continued the mineralogist, "are now propitious, and unless my calculations are fallacious, the time is not distant when I shall accomplish my great designs, and when the long hidden transactions of certain individuals shall be made known."

A cold shudder seemed to rush over the stout frame of the mineralogist; and large drops of sweat trickled down his hard and rugged features. "Yes," he muttered, "Noah and his household were saved from the Deluge—it comes no more. Nineveh was doomed, yet spared! I have been threatened, yet spared for some great and useful purpose. I have but followed out the decrees of Providence; all will yet be well."

The young lovers almost caught the extraordinary feelings of the mineralogist; he stood with his white locks in the full moonlight, and they could distinctly see the workings of his agitated features; at length he became more composed, and addressed them as follows.

"Julian Onslow and St. Ille Grayson, I knew both of you in Philadelphia. I have seen you at the Theatre; at the scenes where the dreamy workings of the imagination serve to kill precious time; in the church, where the idle gazer sees nothing serious nor solemn! By the moonlight; and I have seen you where you thought no eye beheld you. You have been the children of destiny; dark and malignant hearts are now at work against you—your fates will be similar—the planets point out too plainly this to my anxious investigations. I have two requests to make; one is to this fair maiden, the other is to thee, thou wanderer on sea and land, in search of that which will forever elude your grasp, until the proper time arrives. Swear to obey me, and I can read your destiny—disobey,

and I leave you in the same fruitless chase, after an ever flying delusion; which will leave you in the same agitating conjectures, which have hitherto proved a source of bitter agony."

"1st. Thou, St. Ille Grayson, will never consent to marry Edward Conway; and, secondly, never to marry Julian Villoc, alias Onslow, until he presents to thee a claim to respectable family and character?"

The astonished girl hesitated. "These are questions or conditions, she at length replied, "which you have no right to speak of; much less to attempt to make exactions of me. They concern you not, and whether rightly or wrongly imagined on your part, I cannot perceive the justice of your requisitions."

"Well, be it as you say," replied the mineralogist. "But ere you decide, I will read you a fragment of a love tale, which perchance will let you both see the fatal effects of pride and precipitancy; will you both hear me patiently—one whose age, though considerable, hath not yet driven his eyes and nose to be yoked and overloaded with the vain fashion and costly gear of the more light and dissipated of the age?"

"Miss Grayson," said Julian, "will I hope consult her own wishes to remain or retire; I am ready to see her in safety to the house, whenever it is her purpose to break off this conversation."

"See her in safety!" repeated the mineralogist; "and who would dare to harm St. Ille? Her own pure heart and sound discretion—her own high sense of right and wrong, are better than swords and pistols. Thou speakest but the idle babble of the times; her own spotless heart is the shield and the buckler, and not thy arm or thy vauntings."

"I will remain," replied St. Ille, "if it comports with your wishes, Julian, and I have some little curiosity not only on my account but yours, to hear the fragment of which the good gentleman speaks."

The mineralogist then drew forth from his huge pocket a roll of paper, and carefully unwrapping it, took his position in the clear moonlight, turning his back towards the moon, read or affected to read as follows:

"A fragment from the travels of Geoffrey Jarvis, mineralogist. There was born of noble parents a son, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and . . . in the county of . . . in the State of Virginia. The mother was well educated, and of (as has already been noted) a good fami-

ly; but she was tainted with that worst of modern sins, poverty—Mammon hath a hard heart, and Moloch hath secret worshippers, in their hearts at least, in our day. Suffice it to say, that there is an eye placed over this child, which watches it until childhood verges on manhood—he becomes an apt scholar—a leader amongst the people. In a far-off city he meets with a fair daughter of the South—they see each other—they love—they become affianced—and thus writes this fair maiden to her distant friend, a young and beautiful daughter of the South.

"City of Philadelphia, Sept. 30, 17—."

"MY DEAREST:

"I arrived here safely from Charleston, on the 17th of last month. I had a pleasant voyage—the bright waves danced around us, and the sea-bird rested its weary wings upon our sails. There was nothing to mar the pleasure of the voyage but the absence of those I loved—except the vile sea-sickness. It is, I assure you, altogether very provoking!

"I must give you a dish of politics. How well! you will exclaim, they suit our sex! The Congress has consulted its safety by a second flight. No one knows where they will retire—some say to Lancaster, or some place of safety. It is believed by many that Sir William Howe has put an end to the war—he made his triumphant entry about a week ago. Great rejoicings have taken place. I have been already to some of the private parties—politics and parade—new fashions and new acquaintances seem to be the spirit of the times. I am utterly astonished at the brilliancy and splendor occasionally displayed; how and whence they gather their supplies is incomprehensible to one who is so little acquainted with the resources of this mighty city.

"I am told the British are happy and seem overjoyed at their hospitable reception. But the sycophancy of the times, the hypocrisy of human nature, can garnish over feelings of disgust and hatred. I have formed the acquaintance of Mrs. Villoc; she is a charming lady; she is so like your mother, that I felt almost translated back to your hospitable fireside; I spend some delightful evenings at her house; she has a very intelligent son—he is sprightly and fascinating—a fine scholar, and is indebted to nature for a fine person. He is, I assure you, very handsome; he is quite young, about three years older than you. I think you would fall in love with him. I sigh

for your company. Do tell my parents that I wish to see them. Give my love to all of our friends, and believe me yours until death.

"P. S. I have just seen Mr. —; he called with some ladies to see me. I think one of them is in love with him. He is so sprightly and yet self-possessed. He said that the taking of Philadelphia is a mere trifle—that the city had taken the British instead of being taken by them. I fear he will be made a prisoner, he is such a bold and open Whig. But I have no notion of falling in love; for you know that my sweetheart is nearer home, and I must obey the will of my parents. What right have we to judge of love affairs? Oh! these vile wars, I wish they were over. I am too young to think of marrying these four years, or even six. Write about every thing, and tell me how you think I ought to act towards Mr. —; but never mind; write soon, very soon. Yours, until I see and embrace you.

—
Letter Second.

"MY DEAR —:

"It has been so long since I heard from you! These civil commotions, what pangs and difficulties they produce; how they destroy the natural impulses of the heart! I have frequently seen Mr. —"

"Read out the name, sir," said St. Ille, rising from her seat. "The device is too shallow; you have possessed yourself by some treachery of my letters to Miss Amelia Milligan, and now I prefer, as matters have gone so far, that Julian shall understand that he is the gentleman referred to, and that he hear the whole of what I wrote—I have nothing to conceal. Perhaps I have no other course left me. The letters now belong to me; I left them in my room carefully locked up, and behold they are now exhibited with a show of ostentation, as a fragment of a marvelous love story."

Julian turned suddenly to the mineralogist, saying "Sir, you must and shall explain by what means you came in possession of the private property of Miss Grayson, and especially as you have added to the injury by reading them publicly to her face."

"Ha! ha! strike your best friend!—put out the taper which now lights your bewildered feet through the snares and pits which are scattered before you!—No! no! Julian!" continued the mineralogist, in a deep and solemn voice, "thou dardest not

strike the bare head of him who hath no fear of man in his composition; I have plucked this precious record from the blind zealots of fraud and persecution; and have chosen to present them alone to those who have an interest in them; see how the plain truth puts you both in the wrong; thus has it ever been with me; when I intended the most good, the keenest rebukes have met me."

"Forgive me, kind friend," said St. Ille, advancing to take hold of the hand of the mineralogist; she looked in his face, the frank and open countenance was bedimmed with tears, "forgive me," she continued, "and do with them as you think best."

"For God's sake," said Julian, "tell me did you allude to my early history; let me beseech you, on my knees, to dispel the agonizing doubts which forever haunt my feelings and paralyze all my best exertions. Do they live! I mean my parents?"

"Hold!" exclaimed the mineralogist, "you are on the brink of a volcano. You are pursued by all the furies; by avarice and ambition; revenge, deadly and lasting, dogs thy heels; and even I have been treacherously instigated to deliver thee up to thine enemies! perchance they now lie in wait for thee; and you seek to deliver thyself up into their hands; await patiently the decrees of Providence; thinkest thou that I have not pondered well my course? have I studied the dark windings of the heart of man to no purpose? have I sought out the hidden treasures of the earth by day and by night? shall the mighty schemes which I have planned, all, all! be cast away to the winds to gratify thy curiosity? No! sooner will I suffer myself to hang as high as Haman, than divulge the mystery, or break my sacred vow; never! never!" continued the mineralogist, gazing intently towards the bright heavens, "sooner, oh God! may thy mercies forsake me!"

Agitated and seemingly exhausted by the deep excitement under which he labored, the mineralogist seated himself; whilst all became still and silent. After a long pause, St. Ille ventured to request him to read the remainder of the letters.

"Thou hast made a wise request," replied the mineralogist, rising slowly and resuming his position in the moonlight; his auditors were all attention as he read as follows: "I have frequently seen Julian Villoc; he is not engaged, he has declared in a manly and frank manner his affection for me; what shall I do, my dearest Amelia? I never supposed I could love any one but Edward Conway; what

will you say when I tell you that they are very much alike! my heart tells me that I cannot be happy without Julian! Do you think my parents would object? He has been fighting against the king's party; I care not for politics, he is too noble to act wrong! Oh, how sorry I am that my father is a royalist; if he only could hear Julian speak of our wrongs as a nation—the injustice, cruelty and insolence of our invaders—he would be convinced; and you would love him and wish yourself a soldier by his side. I give up all claims now and forever to Edward Conway to you, my dear Amelia; I know you will exactly suit. Congress has again returned to the city; the royalists have retreated; the rejoicings are now of an opposite nature.

“Great excitement prevails in this city, occasioned by the arrival of Mr. Gerard, minister from France. Julian now speaks confidently of the success of the Whig cause; he has been offered a commission in the continental service; I hope he will not accept one; he may be sent to the South and be found opposed to my father; I hope he will not leave the city. General Howe is gone to England and Sir H. Clinton has the full command.

“Julian speaks of leaving the city; I go often to see his mother; she is unwell, I fear she cannot live long; for the sake of Julian I hope she will recover yet. I was at the Theatre last night, the play was *Romeo and Juliet*; poor Juliet, I wept over her misfortunes: I have written by the same conveyance that bears this to my father; if he is willing I will marry Julian, but alas! the course of true love never did run smooth; I have a presentiment of obstacles; but I must not lose Julian; there is but one Julian, he looks serious and abstracted; I fear I am too cold, too distant; perhaps he repents his declaration; I must not forget to tell you that there was a cry of fire in the Theatre, and he caught me in his arms and rushed with me to the door. Oh! Amelia, I am so happy, and yet so miserable.

“Yours, truly and affectionately,
“ST. ILLE.”

Julian had taken hold of the hand of St. Ille; they were both in tears; the mineralogist, without any comment, continued the third letter as follows:

Letter Third.

“MY DEAREST AMELIA:

“Although I cannot hear from you, yet I must continue to write, it is the only pleasure I have unless I am in the company

of Julian. Oh, let me tell you, one of the Royal commissioners, Col. J—, called to see me, and spoke of Julian as one of the most talented men of the country; he was in company with Mr. Villoc. And I have just had a visit from the beautiful Mrs. Armond; she declared to me if ever she becomes a widow, she means to be the death of Julian; she is wild and playful like yourself. I am told that Julian is a leader amongst the Whigs; that he is brave and gallant—but to return to the commissioner; Col. J— made an arrangement to call on me in company with Mr. Villoc; they went so far as to ask me to expostulate with Julian, and induce him to comply with the propositions of the commissioners; they both finally declared that the South was exposed to the fury of contending factions; and that if I valued the safety of my friends I would unhesitatingly admonish Julian to save them; they went further, promising Julian a promotion if he would enter into an arrangement for the suppression of the rebellion. Julian was sent for, he made his appearance in his uniform. After the two gentlemen retired, at their suggestion I mentioned the proposition; he turned pale and was greatly agitated; ‘I will be yours forever, my dear Julian, if you will save my parents and put a stop to the war;’ he kissed me—I could but weep—‘I would lay down my life for you, my dearest St. Ille, although I am poor and now an orphan,’—ah, Amelia, he told me his proper name, his unfortunate situation, and I but loved him the more; I care not who are his parents, I know they are noble,—‘your affection,’ he said, ‘is all that I live for, but I would lose that, ere I would betray my countrymen or agree to an act of dishonor.’ When the commissioner came in, Julian rose calmly; after he had declared his business, he cast a withering glance of scorn and defiance at the commissioner, saying, ‘Sir, I am an humble individual, and whether needy or not, thy sovereign has not gold enough to seduce me. Sir, I shall report the affair to congress, and let me add, that you have degraded your king in such an attempt.’

“Julian departed. ‘What a fool!’ exclaimed the commissioner. ‘What a prize he has rejected!’ said the elder Villoc. I could bear no more—I left the room. Oh! Amelia, how anxious I am to hear from my parents on the all engrossing subject of my thoughts.

“Yours ever, and affectionately,
“ST. ILLE.”

Letter Fourth.

"MY DEAREST AMELIA:

"This is the saddest week of my life; the enchantment is over; the dream of happiness has fled forever; the stern decision of my father has reached me too soon; it is to break off instantly all arrangements. The best and kindest of fathers has for the first time been harsh to me. I know that he has been deceived. I know that it springs from the most devoted love, yet it freezes up all my hopes. He called him a rebel, a foundling of some hospital, and unknown to any person except some straggling astrologer or counterfeiter; he called him a leader amongst the vagabond brawlers of the rebel party; he conjured me to return home, by every sacred tie and injunction, by my prospects of happiness here and hereafter, by the last command of a dying father. He added, 'break off instantly all connection, all engagements with Julian Villoc or Onslow, for Mr. Villoc writes me that he is not his son, but is a common vagabond, unworthy of the least confidence. Repair to New York with Colonel Arbuckle and lady, and come to Charleston with them, as I learn from good authority that Sir H. Clinton will sail for Charleston early in the spring. I am in wretched health, and do not let me have to reproach you with disobedience, if I ever should see you again in this world.'

"Ah! Amelia! I had not the courage to discard Julian. Death would have been welcome! A burning fever seized me! Julian flew to my apartment—oh! how the sight of him revived me! He was so kind, so affectionate, and yet I meditated his injury! I gave my father's letter to Julian—he read it—he took hold of my feverish hand! 'You do not believe such vile calumnies? You cannot believe me capable of being misled by an astrologer, a canting hypocrite, and a counterfeiter?'

"'It is as false as hell!' exclaimed the mineralogist, 'and I will prove it yet; because I would not join the black Masonic fraternity of Villoc, because I would not be made his and his hellish crew's tool, I have been persecuted in his private letters; but, thank God! the lying villain can poison the ears of no one where he has gone. But God forgive me!' he ejaculated, 'I must pray for my enemies.'

The mineralogist read on.

"My dearest Amelia, Julian asked me if I required proof of his character, or if I believed a syllable of the vile calumny?

'No! no! my dearest Julian,' I said, 'my heart tells me it is false!'

Julian was overcome; he flung his head on St. Ille's shoulder, and wept; whilst St. Ille could not repress her broken sobs.

The mineralogist read on.

"Yes, Amelia, it was the last moment of our departed happiness. 'Julian,' I said, 'I love you—you know it too well. I must obey a dying father; I will obey him, although it may cost me my life.' 'What,' exclaimed Julian, 'will you not allow me to stand before him, and prove to him that I am not unworthy of his daughter, that he has been grossly deceived by dark and malignant falsehoods?' 'No, Julian, there can be no conditions; my heart knows no half way measures of obedience, implicit, unqualified obedience to a dying father, although it will cost me misery as lasting as life.' Julian rose with a calm and sedate brow. 'Farewell, then!' said he, 'may your health and that of your father be restored; I am but a slight sacrifice, so you pursue the path of duty.' 'What,' said I, 'will you not return to mourn over our buried love, Julian? Will you not come and solace me to-morrow?' 'I have no right,' he replied, 'to take any advantage of your acknowledged affections or friendship. Carry out the stern decrees of your father.' Alas! he is gone, and I am desolate.

"Your afflicted friend,
"ST. ILLE."

Letter Fifth.

"New York.

"MY DEAR AMELIA:

"I have heard that Julian was taken a prisoner at the battle of Germantown, and is now on board of the ship bound for Charleston. I fear he is not well treated. I will entreat Mrs. Armond, I will entreat Sir Henry Clinton to have him comfortable.

P. S.—I am on board; we are ready to sail. Mrs. Armond says he looks well. I have just obtained the promise of her influence in obtaining his parole. Oh! how I rejoice. I will see him, perhaps, again. I will entreat my father to see him, and to investigate the subject. I will entreat permission to invite him to my father's house. Alas! Amelia, my father's health is wretched. I am at home. My father has consented that I may ask Julian's forgiveness; but I fear that I shall never see

him again. I subjoin his first lines of poetry; keep them, for my sake.

"Yours, ever and truly,
"ST. ILLE."

LINES

On presenting two Cornelian Hearts, interwoven with each other, to St. I. G.

Oh! could I now together join
Like these my ardent heart to thine,
Not all the eyes of liquid blue,
Nor all the cheeks of roseate hue,
Nor dimpled smile, nor raven hair,
With all perfections rich and rare,
Could ever disunite them.

Then, dearest one, do not decline
This willing proffered heart of mine;
A truer, or a warmer one,
Never can seat thee on its throne;
And oh! could ours together blend,
There's naught of ill this world can send,
Should ever disunite them.

The mineralogist suddenly disappeared; no description can reach the high wrought feelings of the lovers.

"Are there any amends I can now make you, Julian?" said St. Ille, as Julian imprinted a warm kiss of generous forgiveness.

"It is I who must make them, dearest St. Ille, and I will yet prove myself worthy of your hand, to the world, to your mother, and even to your guardian, Major Walden," said Julian, as he gently drew the arm of St. Ille in his, joyfully returning with her to the house.

"A word," said the mineralogist, overtaking them. "Here is the correspondence, or the fragment of a love tale. It has accomplished what, perhaps, no other plan could, and but one thing remains, Julian Onslow—adhere to the conditions I have imposed—there must be a private conference between us—at sunrise, tomorrow, is the appointed time."

"Why," exclaimed Amelia, as Julian and St. Ille entered the portico, "you have been prodigal of moonlight. You must have attempted a voyage to some fairy land."

"And you," replied St. Ille, "must have been keeping guard over your new prisoner, or, perchance, *you* have surrendered at discretion."

"Happy moments of reconciliation! happy moments of first love!" thought the young and gallant lovers, as they both retired. "Sweet sounds of renewed love! bright hopes!" thought the two fair maidens, as they sought their long neglected pillows.

CHAPTER XXXII.

This night let due repast refresh our powers.

But when the rosy messenger of day
Strikes the blue mountains with her golden ray—

In the dread front let great Airides stand,
The first in danger, as in high command.

POPE'S ILIAD.

Sar.—And hark! a word more!

Herald—I shall not forget it,

Whate'er it be.

SARDANAPALUS.

During the night Edward and Julian, who slept in the same room, were summoned by a servant to the hall. They immediately came down stairs, and were surprised to see the tall gaunt figure of Captain Bucklebelt, and another gentleman, seated at a table, on which were such remains of the late bountiful supper and other additions as the ready kindness of Mrs. Milligan had supplied.

Bucklebelt arose with an air of self-satisfaction to greet his young friends, and after giving them a cordial shake of the hand, introduced them to his companion, saying,

"Just as it should be, gentlemen; you are both Whigs and both soldiers, and, no doubt, enjoy as much as I do the presence amongst us of our gallant friend, Brigadier General Sumpter."

"We could have surprised you, gentlemen, and might, perhaps, have made prisoners of each of you; but my friend, Captain Bucklebelt, and myself, are disposed," continued the General, re-seating himself, "to give you a more peaceable and friendly reception, for you perceive we are on the recruiting service, and hope that you will join us."

Edward smilingly hinted that two such experienced soldiers would scarcely require any assistance in their present agreeable enterprise.

"But," continued he, inquiringly, "as your presence is always the harbinger of action, we hope you really are upon a recruiting tour."

"Too true, my dear sir," replied the gallant soldier, with an air not altogether light, "the time for action has arrived; our good friend here brings glorious news; the conqueror of Saratoga, with De Kalk, Caswell, Stevens, and others, are coming to the rescue; the stars and stripes* of the

* The arms belonging to the United States, adopted after the Declaration of Independence, and in use to the present time, were designed by William Barton, Esq., a gentleman very eminent for his Heraldic knowledge and skill.—See Nicholson's Encyclop. Heraldry. The armorial device, &c., was adopted 20th June, 1782, by Congress.

Republic will proudly float in our own Carolina. Many of her brave patriots are flocking back to defend their rights and their firesides. Our enemies must be met and conquered—our country must be free.”

The enthusiastic General stood erect. He was young, though large in frame and powerful; his aspect was manly and stern, denoting insuperable firmness, and lofty courage. The features of the two young friends were fired by the noble bearing and reckless defiance which he so well exhibited in his whole appearance. Bucklebelt caught the enthusiasm of his friends, and straightened himself to his full height, saying,

“You may be surprised at my sudden return, but I met one of the private and confidential couriers, bringing the welcome tidings that a gallant band of Continentals were coming to our succor. I exchanged despatches with him, and have returned, anxious to be the scud of the coming tempest. I wish to lift the trail of these wild beasts by the time the bloodhounds of Justice are let loose upon them, to follow them up in their windings of carnage and massacre.”

“If you have a relish for immediate action,” said Edward, “you can have a chase after the Bloody Scout, who have passed through this neighborhood, indulging in their usual pastimes; and they have paid a just tribute to your fidelity to our good cause by burning your houses to the ground.”

The astonished Captain stood motionless for a minute—the very blood seemed to curdle in his veins—his ashen cheeks grew paler.

“And my wife and children?”

“They are all safe,” replied Julian, anxious to relieve the terrible agony and suspense of his friend.

The foregoing conversation was suddenly interrupted by a loud call at the gate. Mr. Milligan, who had been a silent listener to the preceding conversation, proposed that he should go out and ascertain who demanded entrance at so late an hour. In the mean while, he suggested that his friends should retire to another room.

When he returned he stated that a man calling himself Captain Timmy Tidder, wished to see Mr. Edward Conway on particular business. It was, upon consultation, deemed best to keep the little express under the pretence of ignorance of the presence of those in the room, whilst Edward should ascertain his business.

The interview between Edward and

Tidder resulted in the former's returning to the room and reading the contents of the despatches brought by Tidder at that unreasonable hour of the night. It was an invitation to Edward, from his mother, to return home, and join the family and friends in a dining party. The P. S. stated that several eminent royal officers would be present, and suggested the propriety of his inviting such of his acquaintances as he might think would feel agreeable, after they had been informed of the probable *composition* of the company.

“You have a fine opportunity now, gentlemen,” said the General, “of making court to the royal party. Promotion looks each of you in the face.”

Edward smiled and observed—“As I am fond of dividing my good luck, at all times, with all of my friends, I now give you a special invitation to Colonel Arthur Conway's, to dine, in company with some of his majesty's officers and friends, the next day after to-morrow, at 2 o'clock, P. M.”

“I most cheerfully accept of the invitation,” hastily replied Bucklebelt, “and I hope that we shall have the company of our friends, General Sumpter and Mr. Onslow.”

Julian declined the invitation, stating that he had already intruded on the family, for which he felt ashamed; further adding, that he had the honor of knowing *most* of the gentlemen who would be present.

“But I hope,” continued he, “that my good friend, the little express, will not be so unmindful of his dignity as to appear again on the field of his discomfiture.”

“You are mistaken,” replied Edward; “he has a special invitation from Cato; he says that he was sorry that you and Captain Bucklebelt had taken an alarm, and cut out for the North State, as he would be deprived of your company at the dinner; but he consoled himself in the belief that you had both escaped instant death from Clannagan. ‘I heard him,’ said Tidder, alluding to Clannagan, ‘tell Fannon to keep a lookout for both of them, when he got back to North Carolina, for he meant to have both if they were this side of hell; one was a spy sent out by the Whigs, and had broken his parole, and the other would be a good scare-crow, to alarm the balance of the rebels.’”

General Sumpter looked grave; he earnestly dissuaded Julian from throwing himself into the power of banditti, who had evidently plotted his destruction.

“It would be folly to disregard the various indications of their malignity. Captain

Bucklebelt has already informed me of their implacable hatred towards you. I know many of their leaders and their secret plans; you will be safest in the camp of your friends. As to Edward, I cannot pretend to advise him, but I shall on the day of the dining party at Forest Hill, give the first blow, and set fire to a train that shall rouse the whole up-country. This *calm* of lawless despotism suits not the genius of our people—it suits not the hallowed cause—there must be a blow struck, to awe our enemies, and urge on our people to step forth to the rescue of our fallen fortunes.”

“I am for an immediate attack at all points,” exclaimed Edward, “and if Captain Bucklebelt seconds my motion, whilst you surprise the post at Williamson’s, we will strike a blow at Forest Hill.”

“Yes,” replied Bucklebelt, “although I am the last man to interrupt the social hospitalities, (which, God knows! are getting *vastly* out of vogue,) and, least of all, at your father’s; yet Clannagan and his crew are to suffer from my hands; I have sworn before this hour, and I again renew the oath, for they have in a time of profound quiet and possession outraged my defenceless hearth, and my life is now staked on revenge.”

General Sumpter warned Bucklebelt against the impolicy of any rash and ill-disguised scheme, unless the prize was evidently worth the struggle, especially when the whole country had a claim to his services; and to Edward he pointed out the dilemma in which he might place his parents, and perhaps his uncle, as having instigated a breach of hospitality. The answer from Bucklebelt was, that he intended to have “a fight or a foot race.”

The General and Julian retired to bed, after taking leave of their warlike friends. Bucklebelt escaped at a private door, to prepare for the contemplated attack on Forest Hill.”

Edward, in the meanwhile, went into the hall, where the express was, and found him descanting with great volubility upon mines and minerals, and the kind of fires he found most common to flash and burn about them, and their beds and veins. The mineralogist, (who had risen, unable to sleep from the agitating effects of the late scenes through which he had just passed,) was listening with a mixture of scorn and credulity.

“I was just about telling this great money-finder,” said Tidder, “that, if he would pay me well, and furnish me in a

good, soldier-like manner, and give me a good fat share of the nett profits, I would ride with him, and furnish some useful information about the mines, and the way I’ve always thought best to find them; now as regards the smell of brimstone, and the Jack-with-a-lantern fires, I never placed much faith in them, although they follow ghosts and hobgoblins, and buried money, and the like; for when the ghost had hold of me at the double ford, the night I rode express after the great Doctor Cain, I saw monstrous huge balls of fire skipping and floating about, same as an army of lightning-bugs, although I am not exactly satisfied that these fires and sulphurous smells are any thing of value, for, to speak uprightly and down right honestly, I always put more faith in finding the metal itself.”

“You perceive, sir,” said the mineralogist, addressing Edward, “it would be throwing pearls before swine to argue with a numbskull on the science of mineralogy. He confounds all in a jumble, chemistry, witchcraft, and the wild traditionary stories of Will-of-the-Wisp, are nonsensically paraded together. It is just such seekers after lucre and wages who have thrown such unjust suspicions on the great art of which I am professor.”

“Do you mean to insult me by speaking of hogs and numbskulls, pearls and witchcraft? For,” said Tidder, “if you are in earnest, there is not the man between the heavens and earth shall do it without a reckoning. I will let you know, Mr. Tinker,” continued Tidder, somewhat pacified, perceiving no warlike motions on the part of his antagonist, “that I am seldom scared, except by a sudden super-nat’ral wisitation, as in the case of the great Indian’s ghost affair, or some hidden devilment. Being fatigued, and pelted by a monstrous storm of hail, and choked dumb and blind, no wonder, then, if I was spiritually and bodily nonplushed out of my senses for awhile, but, if any thing, I think, Mr. Edward, that I am rather more in my elements, and have a more freer use of myself and mind than ever, at this present instantum.”

“Judging,” said the mineralogist, with a sneer, “from your fiery eye-balls, and especially from the nonsense just poured out, I should infer that you were then drunk, or in the habitual use of alcoholic potations.”

“I am a soldier,” fiercely exclaimed Tidder, “and now call on you for a fight or an apology for the words you have just

spoken; I will resent an insult over a barrel of gunpowder, even if I knew it would blow me into ten thousand atomies the next moment."

Edward promptly interposed, telling Tidder that he was in a private house, and that the mineralogist had said nothing which demanded a sudden and rash appeal to a personal conflict.

"Let him froth and foam, let him rail and play the braggart. I am not in his way—he is not in mine—the motives for a conflict are therefore removed far from each of us. But," continued the mineralogist, "there are others for slighter causes, and with less provocation, could readily excite me to words and even blows; but I am for peace. I have matters of greater importance than to encounter every wind-mill which may fall in my path."

"Well, then," said Tidder, "as you are for peace, I'm for peace, too; but if I had Squire Onslow here, he could testify that my hard fighting occasioned him to get out of the clutches of his enemies; and he was right to slope off, for they still say he's broke his parole, and that he tried to raise an insurrection at the big flat-rock, on July the Fourth, ultimatum."

Edward had disappeared, and the mineralogist, suddenly leaving the house, muttered to himself—

"I must saddle my horse. My protege shall have an exchange. Julian shall not fall into the hands of his enemies. Colonel Clannagan must explain his course, or else we separate forever. If he attempts to thwart my wishes, he shall yet rue the day. I begin to suspect him."

The little express, left alone, and seeing the good cheer on the table, which, in the bustle and confusion, had not been removed, said to himself—"This is a very clever gentleman, to keep his table always prepared for his visitors. It shan't go a-begging before the eyes of a soldier;" and down he sat, under the full persuasion that he had, at last, met with one gentleman whose hospitable board was always spread to cheer and to comfort his visitors.

The mineralogist, after he had caught his horse, earnestly besought Mrs. Milligan to send Julian to him, adding, "he must excuse me, my business is urgent, and it is important that I should see him before I depart."

"You see," said the mineralogist, to Julian, after they had walked some small distance from the house, "that moon, and the stars, now twinkling in the firmament—

sooner shall they fall at our feet than I would betray thee to Clannagan; although I was tempted at McIlhaney's to have thee arrested, because I thought that you avoided me; for I knew too well, that their actions, countenances, and words betrayed them. I heard you move, I heard the click of your weapons,—but let that pass. I now go to Clannagan to demand your exchange, and to obtain a solemn promise, that he will not countenance the nefarious schemes and machinations for your arrest; but time is precious, life is short, and I grow apace in years. One more pledge from thee, and I shall be contented until the great desideratum is obtained. It is this: When you, Julian Villoc, alias Onslow, obtain wealth and power, will you favor my great scheme? Promise me," said the mineralogist, growing impatient at the seeming hesitation of Julian.

"Most assuredly I will," replied Julian, "but I fear, if you wait for my assistance, that the day is far distant, before you can realize your expectations."

"Thou hast said enough," said the mineralogist, with a deep sigh, "now to the promised disclosures—thou art in the midst of startling developments."

"What! St. Ille my relative? is Mr. Milligan? tell me," demanded Julian with deep earnestness.

"No! hast thou forgot what I told you both? No. St. Ille, nor Milligan, nor even I, who have been taunted as wishing to foist a needy brat upon the rich and noble,—no, but this I will say: Edward Conway is the great rival in the way, but his destiny is fixed; I have examined his nativity; his fate is dark and portentous."

"Oh!" exclaimed Julian, "for God's sake, for my sake, never, my dearest friend, consent to any scheme or arrangement, detrimental to his success in life, or his personal safety. I would sooner forego advancement, and die an unknown wanderer, than that one so brave, so generous and noble, should be injured."

"Glorious sentiments," exclaimed the mineralogist, "but alas! We cannot control the decrees of fate. The house of Walden totters, to its fall; its days are numbered. It has withheld its power and wealth for the promotion of the general good. It has buried its talent. I have struggled to avert the calamity, but my arm is too short. The threats of violence and revenge still ring in my ears; but I will save thee from the power of thy enemies, or die in the attempt. Farewell."

"But stop," said Julian, "do not leave

me in such suspense—tell me, I beseech you, who are my parents? I demand it, as a right, if I cannot obtain it as a boon. Even McIlhaney has hinted that he knows my origin. And Edir Immerson herself speaks of my resemblance to persons she has once known. Certainly I am the very football of gossip and conjecture.”

“Nineteen years ago, this very night, and you were placed in the hands of McIlhaney. Three years thereafter, you were placed under my care.”

“Your proof,” exclaimed Julian, in the highest excitement.

“Be calm,” replied the mineralogist, “I am the proof.—Thy mother was as spotless as the stainless snow; but I have already hinted in the fragment I read last night, to all the leading particulars. Suffice it to say, that I alluded to thee, to myself and thy ancestors. It was right, it was proper then, that you should be educated, watched over, and not left to grow wild and wayward! And that with me as the founder, and you as the future patron of mineralogy, I should be able to change the currency of every country, and be the means of raising my own to wealth and power. I tell thee that I cannot at this time disclose all my proofs and facts; for the country is now turned upside down by the wars, but be patient; set thy face like iron, against all who seek to divert thy attention and affections from the glorious cause for which I have so long watched over thee. Disobey me, and I leave you to grope forever in the thick mists which still envelope your early history. But I must cease, I hear the jackall of Clannagan departing; I must make use of him to conduct me to his master’s camp.”

Julian again retired to bed, although the dawning light of the morning, indicated that he would have but a short time for repose. He felt somewhat relieved, from the disclosures he had heard, like one lost in darkness when he hears familiar voices near him; although he cannot see nor touch those from whom they proceed. Yet the approximation, the hope added new buoyancy and elasticity to the feelings. Thus it was with Julian; he had found that the despised mineralogist had been his constant guardian, and however unable he might be to appreciate the justice or the feasibility of his course; yet he found him ardently attempting to rescue him from the hands of his enemies, and urging him on in what he evidently believed was the path of duty. The images of his unknown

parents floated in dim array before his imagination, till he fell into a profound sleep.

The reader, who has noticed the history of the revolutionary struggle for Independence, need not be informed of the great and powerful exertions used by General Sumpter, at all times and at all hazards, for its accomplishment. Few men ever possessed such a power of infusing his own daring and chivalric spirit into his listeners. To the earnest inquiries the next morning of Julian, as to the course he should pursue, the gallant General, after he had heard his accounts of the implacable hatred of Clannagan, the manner in which Julian obtained his parole, and the treatment he received from Snyder and his accomplices, said:—“You have but two chances,—the camp with sword in hand, or strict and wary circumspection, until you can obtain an exchange. Although I am an advocate for a strict adherence to all engagements, yet I do not hesitate to say, you would be absolved from any penalty for a breach of your parole; the very signers of it have voluntarily annulled its conditions, and set up others at variance with all the acknowledged laws of justice and humanity. Yet, my young friend, let us not be misled by any dishonorable act of our enemies, to depart from the strict line of our duty. The struggle, I fear, will be a protracted and violent one, and that side which approaches nearest the known and acknowledged principles of honorable warfare, must and will receive the kind wishes and ultimate assistance of the people.”

Julian thanked his friend, and ventured to suggest, that those views were such as he had already entertained, and that perhaps it would be best for the present, for him and Mr. Milligan to be ready at any hour, to render whatever assistance might be required in averting the probable ill-will which the proposed active measures might produce in the Tory party, towards the helpless and defenceless ladies, then under Mr. Milligan’s hospitable roof.

With assurances to Julian, that he should be received into active service, as soon as his exchange would admit, General Sumpter departed, to meet his gallant adherents then collecting at an appointed place; first, however, taking leave of his kind hearted friends, whose warm benedictions were silently offered up for his personal safety and future success.

Of that brilliant effort which fell like a meteor from a clear sky on the succeeding day after his departure; of that brilliant

display which marked the military genius and daring courage of General Sumpter, when he fell unexpectedly on his enemies, and gave them the first blow, after a long calm of despotism, this is neither the place nor the occasion to speak, nor shall we detail the plan of the attack, or its subsequent influence on the cause it was intended to further. The brilliant efforts of the camp under regular military array must be left for the present to the pen of the historian; the more humble record of personal adventure, and partisan strife, claims our immediate attention.

Bucklebelt and Edward, it will be recollected, set out in pursuit of the Bloody Scout, and, if necessary, to carry their blow even to the collection of officers expected at Forest Hill. They traveled silently and rapidly; seeking the hiding places of Coldfire and his associates.—“They shall seek their fortresses and their strong holds,” said Bucklebelt, and when the gallant continental army arrives, then, sir, they must seek the seaboard.

Such were some of the expressions of the angry Captain in reference to his enemies. It was well that he could not foresee the future disasters which were to fall on the troops, from whose valor he expected so much. Whilst the several preparations already mentioned, are in progress by the Whig leaders, it may not be uninteresting to take a short glance at the opposite arrangements of some of their successful opponents.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Zar. Oh! if thou hast at length
Discovered that my love is worth esteem,
I ask no more.—SARDANAPALUS.

Here, flying loosely as the mane
Of a young war-horse in the blast.
LALLA ROOKH.

Lord Rawdon, a young and talented officer, whose fair fame, in an unlucky hour of folly and wickedness, was forever blasted by the infamous signature and order for the death of the immortal Hayne, was now in command and had possession of Camden.

Lord Cornwallis had repaired to Charleston, and was awaiting the busy preparations in progress under Gen. Gates. Although the movements of the latter engaged his special attention, yet he seemed to apprehend no sudden outbreak of the people of the State, and a general degree of

confidence appeared to pervade the whole of the royalists and their friends.

As has been stated, the house of Mrs. Wittingham was a kind of head-quarters for the dominant party; one of those places where frequent visits break down the restraints of the visitor, and break down the authority of the owner; and the good widow either felt too much honored by such frequent distinctions, or found it a thriftless effort to expend her fruitless energies in an attempt to change the destiny of her house from its acquired pre-eminence. The party of which Notwood was the acknowledged head, comprising his lady, Capt. Gant, Miss Dashwood, and others who occasionally spent several days with their friends, had passed their time at this place, visiting their neighboring acquaintances, and enjoying the society of the gay and fashionable who flocked thither to seize the opportunity of paying court to this devoted party of Royalists.

Notwood found a broad and pleasant field for intrigue. His leisure moments were now turned to other pursuits than politics. The open, frank and confiding manners of Miss Dashwood, her daily associations, her feelings of conscious security, her dependence on the Notwoods for protection; at least that kind which is the result of friendly intercourse and absence from relations and friends,—that happy dependence which the female heart delights to acknowledge, which like the tendrils of the vine, in congenial climes, is fearlessly stretched forth to grasp the object of its support,—made her day by day the constant associate and confidant of Notwood. The quick and interested eye of Mrs. Notwood beheld with dismay the ardent and constant attentions of her husband. But the assumed smile, the concealment of her agonized feeling, could not prevent the falling tear and the suppressed sigh. The practiced eye and ear of the husband saw and heard them. He immediately divined their import and set himself assiduously to work to heal the wounded feelings of his wife. The more readily to conceal his future designs he broke forth, at a convenient moment, in the following endearing strain:—

“I tell you, Clara! that Diana is all life, all heart, heedless and fantastic. It would not do for you, dearest, to exhibit such broad expressions of feeling, but it has become second nature with her. As to my course towards her, it is merely to show her that we are not displeased with her, and do not look with cold and ascetic dis-

content upon the display of that good nature, which is as much for our entertainment as for her own enjoyment. I like to draw off from the turbulence of man—from the low intrigues of the camp, and fall back to those happy hours I used to spend with you. Believe me, Clara, I but attempt to call up the buoyant hours of youth, whose happy shadows come over my spirit like the sweet slumbers of the night over exhausted toil and innocence.

"But surely," said his wife, "with an imploring countenance, 'you could give me more of your company. I love always to be near you—even if you utter not a syllable. I enjoy your presence; and then our sweet children—they are so beautiful, so affectionate—they too are happy when you show them a look of kindness, and condescend to embark with them in their little schemes of pleasure.'"

"Oh dearest! my heart is always yours—always with our dear little ones. The attentions, the games with the ladies are mere pastimes; no," continued Notwood, with deep and affected earnestness, "I am inviolably and forever thine."

Such were some of the endearing words and explanations of the parties. But still the attentions and schemes of Notwood were persevering and insidious. Under the guise of a deep and abiding interest in the future happiness of Diana, he affected great deference for her opinions and wishes. He was ever by her side, acquiescing, deferential, and extolling her wit; thus catching the enthusiasm of her nature, he plied every art to make her dependent upon him for pleasure and for counsel. He often hinted to his wife the necessity they were under, to render Miss Dashwood happy. "If," said he, "it is not convenient for you to visit; if you take more delight in rearing the tender minds of your children, yet it behooves me to move amongst the people. The young and gallant men, the fashionable and influential ladies; by the bye, Clara, it is my intention to make them concentrate around me. I must become acquainted, familiar, with their leading traits,—the secret springs of their actions, and it matters but little whether I succeed by producing the prospect of wealth, or the capture of a fair damsel, or a generous and brave cavalier."

To these plausible and well disguised excuses, Mrs. Notwood had nothing to reply. But that instinct in woman's love which is seldom wrong, and the first to discern evil, whispered to her heart, that her husband was actuated by improper motives,

and was preparing to sow the seeds of bitterness, such as would poison the very springs of her devoted affection.

On the morning of the appointed dining day at Forest Hill, previous to the departure of Notwood's party, he addressed his wife in the following light and familiar style.

"Well, Clara, I have a notable scheme on foot. It is no less and important than to get Diana a rich and agreeable suitor.

"We have had enough already of such schemes; have we not been foiled already," asked his wife, "in our efforts of managing Cathena and Capt. Gant?"

"Foiled already! no indeed, Clara, you are too easily discouraged. I never despair; the world, believe me, madam, is too full of dupes for any one to be discouraged in an enterprise which offers half the inducements held out by the one now in contemplation. You know Felix Ashburn?" continued Notwood.

"Felix Ashburn!" exclaimed Mrs. Notwood, taken by surprise, "surely you do not intend to ruin Diana, by persuading her to marry such a shallow coxcomb; they are both extravagant and would come to want in twelve months."

"How uncharitable you talk, Clara! It is true that Felix is a little hair-brained, but he is young and handsome, and what is best of all, he is very wealthy. You must recollect that it is time Diana was married. I can soon bring his eccentricities within proper bounds; you must not throw a damper upon the arrangement; you attend to Gant and Cathena, whilst I enter upon this new field of enterprise. Get ready for our journey, whilst I prepare Felix for this new and untried experiment."

Notwood soon joined Felix; he knew his temperament; he knew the nearest accessible points to his vanity. "Be bold, Ashburn," he whispered, "wit for wit; pour out your compliments like hail upon a blooming field; ply all your arts and skill; be as the gentle breeze of the soft hour of April's twilight; show the haughty fair one that the mountain regions are as prolific of sentiment and feeling, as the low and marshy banks of the far famed Ashley and Cooper. She will stand the siege well—you must go on horseback; your gallant pair of grays will exactly suit—the gay knight and his lady love! It will look like the days of chivalry and of the chase!"

Notwood left the enraptured Felix, to prepare Diana for the proposed arrangement. To her he expressed his deep regret in not being able to join her on horse-

back. "But you will have one of the knights of the up-country by your side; he is like yourself, wild and sentimental.—Now is your time to make an impression; show the young nabob that he must bow to the charms of beauty, and show Cathena that you can make conquests under the very fire of her brilliant eyes. But," added Notwood, gravely, "I think she and Gant get along as if they expected to live always."

"Is he certain of success?" asked Miss Dashwood, in a tone of surprise.

Notwood saw her solicitude, and was fearful of dispelling all her hopes, and yet was solicitous to leave some slender grounds of future success; for he was not altogether unapprised that she entertained some grains of regard for his worthy friend.

"He is a very clever and talented gentleman, Diana; but Gant is devilish poor, and old Conway is abominably close fisted; much, very much will depend upon my recommendation; but few are thanked for intermeddling in love matters. But I venture for once to express a good word for my young friend; let me urge you, for my sake, to treat Felix gently; he must have some quarters shown him. I tell you, Diana," continued Notwood, as he gracefully handed his fair friend down the steps, to see the preparations making for her anticipated ride, "he must be caught."

Felix Ashburn was the only son of a wealthy widow, who resided in the neighborhood of Mrs. Wittingham's. He was already heir to a heavy estate. His mother had on several occasions ventured to urge him to turn his attentions to the conquest of the fair Cathena, and he had determined to avail himself of the first convenient opportunity to pay a visit to the family at Forest Hill, but having fallen in with the present party, that opportunity had never occurred. Felix was one of the lions of the party; he danced, he fished, laughed, sung and promenaded. Notwood had marked him out for a victim; he had observed the favorable eye which Diana had shown towards Gant, and pitched upon Felix to divert her attentions to another point. His skillful hand managed the unsuspecting automaton.

Felix Ashburn was tall, graceful, and well proportioned; his beautiful blue eyes and pale dark hair, were well calculated in conjunction with his sprightly and animated features, to take the feelings of many a less susceptible heart, than the warm, generous one of Diana. He was twenty-two years old, and at the age when the maturi-

ty of the mind and person are taken on trust; when the display of reason and genius propel the hopes of the multitude far into the future, predicting that years and experience will abundantly ripen and multiply the fruits already exhibited; whilst the mantle of charity is kindly thrown over the errors which may be exhibited as the mere result of youthful inexperience or curable indiscretions. Our hero was a consummate hunter; a great stickler for fashion; in a word, he had fine horses, a good pack of hounds, a handsome and well dressed servant, who was only a shade darker than his master, and only a shade or two behind him in following the *ton*; falling as he did, heir (on the accession of every new turn in the ever varying modes of dress) to the doffed habiliments of his kind and indulgent exemplar. But now that a new impetus was given to the natural bias of Ashburn's mind, he threw himself willingly into the full current of the feelings of the company, in which he could now fully sustain his pre-eminence to fashionable-ness. He became necessary for the life and pleasure of the party; his horses, carriage, servants; nay, his happy buoyancy of spirits—his new and lively airs thrown off by a skillful hand from his costly and well toned violin, all made him welcome to a party, most of whom were in search of pleasure, and, unhappily, did not always stop to weigh the consequences of misapplied time. Felix was not altogether devoid of boldness; for he as often originated as followed fashion. Sometimes the order and propriety of his combinations might be questioned, for he dealt in knee buckles and ribbons, a queue, hair-powder, boots with pointed toes, or whatever else suited his idea of the best and newest style.

The reader must paint to the imagination Diana Dashwood, whose person, exquisitely formed, was tastefully dressed for a fashionable dining party, now mounted on a beautiful dapple gray; his white tail flashing in the air, and his wide nostrils expanded to the gentle winds, whilst his proud crest and flowing mane, and the flakes of foam from his bridle bits, are not unlike the view of distant billows as they chase each other in their undulating course. And Felix, too, is by her side; he rides an exact match to the one he has furnished his fair companion, who manages so gracefully her proud charger.

Felix was joyous and witty; Diana was gay, frank and fearless. The road seemed a plain, and the woods and shrubbery were almost converted into gardens of pleasure;

the sky was smooth, and unruffled by a cloud; the breeze kissed the blushing cheeks of the unconscious maiden, as if exulting in its conquest over the envious eyes of the gay and gallant cavalier who constantly gazed on them.

The reader must leave Capt. Gant and the good widow Wittingham, Dr. C. C. Cain, and the remainder of the company, to get on through dust, and over hill and dale to the already familiar spot of Forest Hill, to notice, some three or four hundred yards in advance, the gay and happy couple.—Sampson, the follower of his master, like a faithful servant, is laboring to keep up. His anxiety to imitate his master's style of riding, caused him to fret his steed to such a pitch of desperation, that he made several efforts to run away. The two high mettled associates, ill-matched as they were, could not long keep at their present state. The horse of Sampson was somewhat of a racer, and finding the spur suddenly applied, became restive and furious, rearing, snorting and plunging, he seized the bit in his teeth and dashing suddenly upon the other two horses, a general race was the consequence. Diana, fortunately, was too much alarmed to scream, and, grasping the reins, held on with a desperate hand. The servant led the way, Diana next, and Felix followed in the wake. The latter soon ascertained that he could command his horse, but whenever he attempted to render assistance to his frightened and endangered friend, her horse became more unmanageable; he however exclaimed—

“Hold on to the reins, Miss Dashwood, and do not become alarmed; he will give way presently.”

Away went Diana's hat and feathers.—Felix is on the ground—he is up again in swift pursuit, with the recovered hat.—Down fall Diana's combs—Felix dismounts—in a few seconds he overtakes her,—Sampson becomes exasperated and digs the huge rowels in his horse's flanks—Diana's horse is ambitious of overtaking him—Felix bawls and curses Sampson, calling on him to stop,—away goes the splendid reticule, and away goes the exhausted Diana after it. Felix is on the ground, pale and agitated, attempting to hold up the exhausted fair one with one arm, whilst he seeks his smelling salts; they are applied; the poor girl sighs—is pale,—is deadly sick. Felix pulls off his new coat and makes a pillow for her head,—he runs to the nearest brook—he fills the case of his splendid gold watch—he dips his white perfumed handkerchief into the stream,—he runs back,—

he sprinkles her pale cheeks with water—the gold case is held to her lips—Diana begins to recover—she thanks him,—they both smile and blush—Felix has lost his horse,—he puts on his coat—Diana is seated on the moss-strewn root of a tree—sighs and laughs,—the very tears run down her cheeks. Diana says she is unhurt, but feels a little exhausted,—Felix looks cheerful, and swears she is the best rider in the world, and has more presence of mind than all the women in South Carolina put together;—he will cut Sampson's throat at sight,—his match horses are ruined—Diana entreats for the servant—fears he may yet be injured,—declares that the race was delightful—just such a one as she always desired to have—Felix still breathes threats against Sampson, but Diana implores, and finally commands Felix, for her sake, to forgive the unfortunate and blameless servant, and Felix, for her sake, alone, consents to forgive Sampson.

The latter, in the meanwhile, seeing the desperate state of affairs, summoned up all his strength and resolution, and succeeded in reining up his horse at Col. Conway's fence; he whirls back, followed by the two grays, and soon arrives at the late scene of disaster. Diana is again on the gay, but somewhat tired steed. Felix has received too good a lesson not now to watch that no misfortune shall happen to Diana. They both look a little languid and pensive, whilst the crest fallen Sampson lags behind, venting suppressed oaths upon his foaming and dripping steed. The party behind are dashing up, unconscious of the late disaster. Forest Hill is in sight,—a few minutes more and their arrival is announced.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The chance is even; we will throw
The dice thereon. But I lose time in prating;
Prithee be quick.

THE DEFORMED TRANSFORMED.

The day of feast is often one of anxiety, fatigue, perplexity, and not unfrequently, on the part of those furnishing the entertainment, of absolute distress; and this is more especially the case if the parties are strangers—if they belong to different circles of society, and have been habituated to different modes of visiting. The dining party at Forest Hill presented in an eminent degree the difference just described. Persons of the city and *ton*, foreigners and those from the interior of a State not then

claiming any great progress in refinement, met together for purposes as varied as their distinct inclinations. The ostensible reason was a dining party, an interchange of friendly gratulations, and a further acquaintance amongst friends of the same political faith. The pride of Mrs. Conway seldom quailed under the ordinary exactions of company. She however, on this occasion, suffered from the constitutional timidity and irresolution of her husband, whose usual good manners and evenness of demeanor were considerably discomposed on this new accession at Forest Hill. For the presence of Notwood and of Colonel Tarleton, who had also arrived, served to add to the embarrassment of each.

The ordinary bustle amongst servants—the hasty trolling of busy house-maids—the heavy step and swagger of those intent on faithfully performing their duty, was as on other similar occasions perceptible. Sampson with his ruffles and twills, silk stockings and pumps, high frizzled hair and slick copper-face, was to be seen cutting and turning about with the great Major Domo, our old acquaintance Cato, at his elbows. And Prudence, the equable and discreet Prudence Conway, was flouncing about with the agility of former years. Fowls and fishes, beasts and herbage had been subjected to the culinary process, and some of the confiscated wines of Charleston had found their way to the backwoods, to be drank in execration of their quondam owners.

The mansion of Forest Hill had been put under rigorous repairs. Gates, fences, walks, horse ricks, and all places calculated to meet the eye, were specially regarded in the general renovation.

Our almost neglected friend, Miss Peabody, flourished in renewed hope. Her long experience in manipulations, her lynx-eyed vigilance, all conspired to assist in the arrangements of the furniture, water pots, flower boxes. The forest and the stream had furnished their rural productions, as well as the arts of embroidery and the pencil. Miss Jemima had the address to disengage herself from all apparent connection with the arrangements of the dinner table. She, on the arrival of the first visitor, retired to the parlor. This arrangement had been strictly adhered to until Notwood and his party had been announced. After the ladies had entered the parlor, and all necessary introductions having been attended to, she became restless, and whispered to Cathena that a certain vine was not tastefully arranged. Called

a servant to adjust a bush which did not accord with the others in the fire-place. She watered her flowers, poured fresh water to the wheat on the mantel-piece, adjusted each tumbler, pitied Mrs. Conway's embarrassments, saying to Miss Dashwood, "I know she is highly honored in the splendid acquisition to these wild woods, but she is too much harassed by her new position to feel easy." She sighed outright against the coarseness of the up-country manners, exclaimed against the rebels, spoke of her acquaintances amongst the royalists at the North, and inquired of Captain Gant whether Lord Cornwallis still enjoyed good health and spirits.

New tone and elasticity were given to her feelings; her natural ill blood warmed and cheered by the new scene. She became loquacious, and seemed to have forgotten the acerbity of her temper, prodigally expending whatever of good feeling she had hitherto so religiously kept concealed.

Cathena looked beautiful of course; her short visit to Charleston added ease and freedom to the natural elegance of her manners. The rich flush of health played on her cheeks as she blushing paid the necessary attentions to her friends. Her hair was decorated with a few pinks, scarcely perceptible through the arranged ringlets. A thin figured shawl served to cover the alabaster neck, whilst the newest fashions of the times, adapted to her slender figure, added new graces and interest to those who find pleasure in an exquisite adaptation of the dress to the person. Miss Dashwood no longer looked on her as the hoiden without polish or manners.

Although Col. Conway was no great patron of the vineyard or alembic, yet on this occasion he had a plentiful supply of their respective productions; and the usual attentions on occasions like this were not neglected. The worthy Dr. C. C. Cain adhered from the outset to peach brandy. Our fatigued though happy cavalier, in consideration of his late extraordinary race, consented to taste a glass of wine; whilst Major Notwood responded in the staple of the country, corn whiskey. In due time dinner was announced by Cato. Colonel Tarleton, with a bluff and frank manner, offered his arm to Mrs. Conway, who had a few minutes previously joined the ladies in the parlor.

Notwood laughingly observed to Gant, that as they were young men they would remain until the seats at the table were filled. This produced a scene of some lit-

the confusion; Miss Peabody, and even Mrs. Wittingham, contending for the privilege of remaining, but Dr. Cain was determined neither to lose the lovely Miss Jemima, whom he had seized by the arm, nor to encounter the pangs produced by a deferred dinner. Col. Conway settled the temporary interruption by exclaiming, "There is room for all."

"It is some of Notwood's pleasantries," said Tarleton, with an arch smile, "he is always seeking an opportunity to fall in company with the young ladies."

There is not much chance for conversation during a dining party in the outset, especially if a good appetite is met with corresponding cheer. But Dr. Cain, with his two female friends, between whom he sat, gradually became deeply absorbed on the subject of early marriages. Dr. Cain frankly declared that he was entirely opposed to the fashion. "I tell you, Miss Peabody, that it is out of the question for a young and inexperienced girl to be able to follow the Scripture command—'Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it,'—say, for instance, a girl of fourteen or fifteen; just think of the folly, and I must honestly add," said the Doctor, turning to Mrs. Wittingham, "that you American ladies are largely addicted to such premature entanglements, misled by the quackery of that political enthusiast, Dr. Franklin."

"I admit," said Miss Peabody, flinging her head back and over towards Mrs. Wittingham, to avoid the scandal of a direct answer on such a delicate subject to her worthy friend the Doctor, "that such a practice may obtain amongst the lower ranks, especially here in the South, where money, and not mind or accomplishments, seems to be the leading inducement in all love affairs; but I declare to you most religiously that a more enlightened and benevolent spirit prevails with us of the North."

"I admit, Doctor," said Mrs. Wittingham, "that you may be partly right, but if the parties are warmly attached and well suited in mind and disposition, (as was peculiarly the case with myself and husband, who married me at the age of fourteen years and six months,) I cannot see any just grounds of an absolute interdict to all early marriages."

"Oh," said the Doctor with a sigh, "unfortunately for too many, you have determined to do penance for that early love affair of the heart, by remaining single; and here is Miss Peabody on my left, who

unquestionably, from her intelligence, must have been cruel at an early age."

"I was cruel I confess quite early, but I have learnt some little discrimination I hope," replied Miss Jemima, looking around to see who were listening; but this conversation was scarcely noticed by any present amidst the louder and equally interested talkers who partook of the good cheer before them.

"I declare, Major Notwood, I wish that the Doctor had never studied medicine," exclaimed Mrs. String Halt at the top of a hard husky voice; "there are so many faith doctors, root and spell doctors, and other quacks and charlatans, that it makes his practice exceedingly difficult and laborious. I wish, Dr. Cain, that you could see some of his poetical obituary notices and sketches of the lives of his patients, who unfortunately die when they neglect to send for him in time."

The beginning of the above sentence was directed to Notwood, who was busily engaged in a conversation with Felix and Miss Dashwood, but Mrs. String Halt fortunately turned it to one who felt a more lively interest in her subject.

"You are wrong, my dear Mrs. String Halt," exclaimed Dr. Cain. "It is the noblest science on earth; the physician is next and in some cases to be preferred to the divine. It keeps a sound mind in a sound body, makes all the functions harmonize, makes earth a paradise. The church owes the profession much, by tracing out the bearings of the several faculties of the mind, and by preserving its ornaments in sickness. The profession of law, nay all conditions of men, pay our profession due homage. What would be the mind without a sound body?—health to the cheek—peace to the mind—long life and good digestion are in our hands—and the wounded in battle, as my worthy superior, Colonel Tarleton, well knows, find great consolation and benefit from our skill."

The preceding discourse was interrupted by the announcement, in rather an under tone by a servant, that a couple of strange looking men had arrived. Col. Conway immediately arose, his natural wariness never left him. They proved to be the mineralogist and his guide, whose pacific temper announced that all ill-blood between them had at least for the present been suffered to disappear. As they both walked into the parlor, Tidder caught a glimpse of his ancient friends Cato and his wife, who stood at a side table watching and directing the other servants, who were the

immediate waiters at the table. The happy express was electrified, and although in his shirt sleeves with his pantaloons tied tightly with a piece of buckskin around his waist, barefooted and dirty withal, yet disregarding the barriers which ordinary politeness is wont to raise on such occasions, he sprung boldly into the dining-room, exclaiming,

"God bless you, my old lark, and you aunt Prudence, your most obedient; you look as young and as spry as you did the first day I ever saw you. How do you do, ladies and gentlemen, one and all?" continued Tidder, turning deliberately around and bowing to the whole company. "Why I believe there is the great Col. Tarleton. How do you do, Colonel? and Dr. Cain to boot," saying this the little fellow rushed forward to shake hands, saying, as he took hold of the hand of Col. Tarleton, "I hope, ladies and gentlemen, I don't obtrude."

"By no means," said the Colonel, shaking Tidder rather fiercely by the hand.

Mrs. Conway was almost in a rage; she looked at her husband, then at Cato, vainly attempting to catch his eye, for he, although somewhat abashed at first, now enjoyed the passing civilities as evidence of the great worth he had already attempted to stamp on the character of his friend, as a very polite gentleman. Miss Peabody could scarcely command her temper, so thoroughly was she shocked by the gross insult offered to the party. Mrs. Conway at length beckoned Cato to her, and whispering in an under tone, commanded him to take his particular friend to his own house and there remain till they both could learn a little common sense. Cato obeyed his mistress, and the whole company passed the intrusion off in a good natured feeling, with the exception of Mrs. Conway and the worthy governess.

Scarcely was order restored, when they were interrupted by the mineralogist, who advanced near to Col. Conway, who had reseated himself, and said, without noticing the presence of those at table,

"Am I speaking to the head of this household, Col. Arthur Conway, who intermarried with a Walden?" asked the mineralogist with emphatic solemnity.

"You certainly are," replied Col. Conway, rising impatiently from his seat. "Take a seat in the parlor, I have company who are dining with me, and who, for a few minutes, claim my attentions. I hope, therefore, you will excuse me for the present."

"Of course! most assuredly," replied the

mineralogist, with a mingled look of scorn and derision; "do thy duty; 'I have married a wife, said one; I have bought lands, said another; and I have purchased a yoke of oxen, and go to prove them;' and" continued he, as he turned from the door, in an audible voice, "so it is with all who have heard of my profound discoveries; they are never prepared, never ready; so it was in the days of Noah, of Sodom and Gomorrah, and so it will be now."

The mineralogist became agitated; he walked heavily up and down the parlor, muttering to himself. At length he rushed to the door; his features deeply agitated, his eyes glistening with excitement, saying,

"Now is the time for truth. Have you heard from your good lady the plans and devices of my grand national or rather state schemes? Yea or nay, Col. Conway? before these gallants gay and ladies fair. Ha!" exclaimed the mineralogist, "Col. Clannagan, I am glad to see you; I have threaded every thicket, have swam creeks, and watched every trail to find you! Urge Conway to save himself and his guests; urge him to adopt at once my noble plans."

The brigand had stealthily and unobserved entered the house; his tall figure slightly bent; he advanced to meet the mineralogist. A flush of a moment passed over his sallow complexion, as he beheld the eyes of the company directed towards him.

"Col. Clannagan, I am glad to see you," said Conway, rising to meet him.

"Speak out, Col. Conway," said the mineralogist, "time is precious; danger approaches and a word from you will avert a great calamity from your house."

"After dinner, Jarvis," was the sharp, cold answer of Clannagan.

"Of course, sir, after dinner," reiterated Col. Conway.

"Now is the instant; let it escape and you lose all; your fate will be sealed."

"Sir, you annoy me, and disturb my company," replied Col. Conway, with unusual warmth.

"Then you reject my schemes; yea or nay?"

"Utterly and forever," replied Conway, whirling on his heels, with great agitation, and pointing to Col. Clannagan to be seated.

"The mineralogist, with a countenance contending between rage and trepidation, stood in the door leading to the dining-room, and raising his right arm, he exclaimed,

"I call Heaven to witness that I have

done my duty; time is precious; the feast of Nebuchadnezzar is before me; 'mene, mene, tekel, upharsin,' is written on the wall. I warn you to escape for your lives, or prepare for battle. Marcus, the valiant, and Absalom, the doomed son of this house, will be on you with the lank king of famine, even he who hath blasphemously called his children after the wise and great men of antiquity."

"Give yourself no trouble concerning us," replied Mrs. Conway, "whatever respect I may have felt for you or your predictions has been totally overthrown by the extraordinary impertinence you have just exhibited."

Mrs. Conway's troubles were not yet at their height; the ghostlike form of McQuirk thrust itself forwards, having heard the loud voice of the mineralogist and that of Col. Clannagan. His head was bound up, and his whole appearance indicated emaciation and distress.

"God bless you, Col. Clannagan," whispered the wretch, "you, nor Dr. Cain, nor String-Halt can't save me. I have been blistered, bled, and famished to death."

"For mercy's sake," screamed Miss Peabody, "all Bedlam is turned loose upon us."

"Rebels! rebels! Sumpter! Marion! Clark! Pickens!" shouted Tidder and Cato, who rushed wildly into the room, terror and dismay depicted on their countenances.

Tarleton sprung from his seat. There was something in his quick and hurried motions which caused general alarm, as he and Clannagan went forth to ascertain the truth of the alledged danger.

"Where is your strong-hold, in case of a surprise?" asked Doctor Cain, hastily popping on his goggles, whilst Miss Peabody and Mrs. Wittingham clung to him for protection.

The scene of confusion cannot well be described. The proposed toasts were left unpledged in the untasted wine. The chairs had, in the hurry of alarm, been thrown to the floor; the company showed that restless and uncertain state which springs from having no distinct idea of the proper course to be pursued. Cathena clung to her mother; Miss Dashwood laughed, not knowing what else to do. Mrs. Notwood sunk down on the floor, grasping her two children, whilst others eagerly ran to and fro, attempting to hide, or to see the cause of so much confusion.

"Where are your arms?" shouted Notwood, as he coursed wildly from room to

room, followed by Colonel Conway, gathering the scattered weapons of the irresolute owner of the mansion.

"Shut the doors, and bring forth your arms!" said Clannagan, in a shrill, quick voice. "Let the women be calm; we must meet them; it is the d—d traitor son of Conway, and that infernal murderer, Coldfire!"

"To arms! to arms! all must do their duty!" shouted Tarleton.

A temporary silence during the hasty preparation in girding on swords and choosing pistols prevailed. But no sooner had the full cause of alarm been ascertained, than a general scream was set up by the affrighted negroes and children. Horsemen were seen issuing from different directions; the sharp crack of fire-arms and the shouts of the assailants adding new cause of alarm. The fright soon became general. The more resolute of the dining party, seeing the blows dealt on their allies, determined to mingle in the strife. Bucklebelt was seen engaged with Snyder, his long ponderous blade raised in the air, and rising in his stirrups, the terrific blow fell on the stout frame of his adversary, who sunk lifeless to the earth. It was apparent that Coldfire and his party had surprised the Bloody Scout in their approach to the residence of Colonel Conway. The Lieutenant pursued Jake Adams, and suddenly dismounting, closed in with him, dealing many blows with his dagger ere his athletic foe succeeded in making his escape through the gateway, which stood in front of the house.

"Mine ancient enemy!" shouted Bucklebelt, his long sword still dripping with the hot blood of his victim, "no view from Mount Pisgah could have ravished mine eyes like the sight of thee."

Saying this, he flung himself from his horse, and advanced towards Clannagan.

"Blows, and not words!" replied his adversary, as he planted himself to parry the threatening blade. Blow after blow, thrust after thrust, were dealt in quick and rapid succession by each. The strength and rage of the one was met by the skill and cooler malice of the other.

Chance threw Notwood and Coldfire into close conflict. The former was thrown to the ground, disarmed, and inevitably must have perished under the arm of his adversary, but the mineralogist, who stood gazing on the scene, and admiring the skill of his friend, shouted—

"Lay on, Coldfire, thou man of few words, but many blows. I see that thou

hast more skill than thy arrogant associate and sacrilegious infidel whose brute force is matched against the patron of science."

These words, fortunately for Notwood, were spoken sufficiently loud to attract the attention of Captain Gant, who had missed him but a few minutes before. He sprung to his succor. The quick eye of Coldfire was not to be surprised, and he dealt his blows so steadily as to back the Captain near a group of his men, who, luckily for Gant, took him prisoner, and mounting him on the loose horse, which they had taken from Snyder, set off in a brisk gallop, having been ordered to retreat by Coldfire.

Tidder, who had joined in the late sally from the house, ran back, calling on all the household to join in supplication to Colonel Tarleton for the life of Edward Conway. Mrs. Conway and her daughter, followed by Miss Dashwood and several of the servants, immediately hastened to the spot, where they found Colonel Tarleton parrying the thick and fierce blows of Edward's sword, beseeching him to surrender.

"Spare my child, Colonel Tarleton—spare my only son!" cried Mrs. Conway.

Cathena, without waiting for an answer, rushed between the combatants, and falling on the neck of her brother, was taken almost lifeless into the house. Edward, who, finding that Tarleton still begged him to desist, in consideration of the respect due to his relations, coldly assented to the proposition; then bursting into tears, he hastily sought his sister.

Bucklebelt had broken the sword of Clannagan, and was pressing him almost to the palms, when he heard Coldfire's orders to retreat.

"Another time, my special adversary, and the debt shall be cancelled," said Bucklebelt, as he fortunately remounted his horse, which had almost instinctively awaited his need.

"Aye!" replied Clannagan, "retreat! It is the last time I shall see you, until I order a court martial over your rebel carcass!"

Thus ended the attack on Forest Hill; each party had captured a prisoner, and the wretched deserter Snyder lay a spectacle of horror, cleft down by the strong arm of an infuriated enemy. Bucklebelt had received a slight wound. The attacking party retreated rapidly, under the momentary apprehension of immediate pursuit, for they well knew that Clannagan was well acquainted with all the by-paths of the country, and wanted no incentives to cut off their retreat. But the fate of

Snyder, and the horrible wounds of Adams and Fawk, prevented him from executing any such design.

"I am a prisoner," said Edward Conway, after he had assured himself of the safety of his sister, "and you need not intrude on me, unless you intend to quarter me at once, or swing me up like every defenceless Whig which you may happen to capture. Have you your perjured wretches near, to swear away my life?"

"You are not so safe as you may suppose, my young blood," replied Clannagan, "and here, or elsewhere, recollect that I have no scruples in redressing my own affairs. You must keep your traitor tongue between your teeth, or you might get the slap of a sword somewhere about the face!"

"I dare thee to single combat, braggart as thou art. I will teach thee that one honest patriot's arm can cleave a Tory from the top of his head down to his polluted heart!"

Clannagan never lacked nerve, and this taunt by a Walden roused him to fury. Fortunately, there were too many eyes on each of them to allow matters to proceed to extremities.

"I will take charge of the prisoner," said Tarleton, "as I have some little claims upon him as the fruits of victory."

"Protect him, Colonel Tarleton, for the present—but you will yet see the day when you will have fewer incentives to play the interceder for such a puppy."

Clannagan ordered his men to prepare for the burial of Snyder, and afterwards for an immediate departure for his usual haunts of rapine and plunder.

Search was made for Doctor Cain, to attend to the wounded. The valiant son of the pestle was found behind a door, grasping with determined earnestness the muzzle of an old gun, which he had appropriated to his personal protection, whilst McQuirk had crept cautiously under his own bed.

"Is this the manner in which you show your respect for your parents, by joining a set of heartless, low bred marauders, to break in on the hospitalities of a private family?" said Col. Conway.

"You are my father," replied Edward, "and I will not even insinuate that you seem rather anxious to propitiate the feelings of those whose conduct claims no respect from any of your family. Whatever may be your respect for the king, such outlaws and murderers as we were in pursuit of, could expect no quarters even in

your house, or under the protection of the regular officers of the invading army."

"You are safe now," replied Clannagan, who happened to be present, "and you may continue to take advantage of your supposed security. But I swear to repay you and your clan with interest. Yes," continued he, eyeing Colonel Conway, "and I am not so certain that I shall not hold you responsible for this very assault—a snare laid by a white-livered father, to show off the valor of his fool-hardy son!"

"Come," said Notwood, "Colonel Clannagan is not warranted in making such insinuations."

"Dare you," replied Clannagan, fiercely, his light gray eyes flashing and kindling to a flame, "to gloss over the acts of your relations?"

A nervous tremor shook his frame, and he bit his lips with rage, as the sallow hue of his countenance showed that he was ready to pounce on his friend.

"Peace!" shouted Tarleton, "you have higher game to fly at, besides taking each other by the throat."

Thus a rising storm was prevented from breaking out between these closely linked partisans.

Edward Conway alone stood unmoved, firm and haughty, as the proudest amongst them.

Tidder, who came near, apparently to sympathize with Edward, was fiercely assailed by Clannagan.

"Be off, sir!" said he; "you and your wild friend have caused the whole affair, riding and babbling about your feasts and your patrons."

"Do you allude to me, Colonel Clannagan? Do you insinuate that I have led your company into an ambush? If so, I give you the lie direct! Better bury your dead, and attend to the wounded, than to be making false accusations against your friends. Did I not forewarn you of the coming storm? Did I not read the handwriting on the wall, and yet you insinuate treachery? Shame on your uncharitableness and wickedness of heart!"

"Come, gentlemen, let us all shake hands in peace," said Tarleton, attempting to prevent any further ill-feeling amongst those who stood around Edward, under the shade of one of the trees in the yard.

"I, for one," said Edward, "will never consent to be on terms of friendship with those who pursue such indiscriminate and brutal practices. Restore the property of the widow and orphan; bring back the

murdered to their hapless friends; wipe out the bloody deeds—the numberless wrongs—and then I might, if they were not dastards and traitors to the country of their birth, shake their hands in token of respect and friendship; but sooner shall my right arm fall a polluted mass from my body, than it should extend its hand to clasp the blood-stained palms of such miscreants."

"Ha! ha!" chuckled Clannagan, "I thank thee, boy, for that speech. You shall realize more of it than you apprehend. Come, come, my dear friend," continued Clannagan, taking hold of the mineralogist, "let us have peace between us; let us attend to the burial of a valiant trooper."

McQuirk, finding order restored, went out to the place of burial; he was in excellent mood for weeping. The bloody and mangled corse had been borne to the grave by several of his comrades, and he wept bitterly, extolling the virtues and the valor of his friend at such intervals as his sobs and sighs would allow. Our friend Tidder, although he and the mineralogist had been recollected in a becoming manner by Cato, grumbled exceedingly at being pressed into a funeral, when he came to a feast.

Such ever is the heart of man—instinct of life, strong and unbridled passions, mingle their unhallowed desires with better feelings over the tomb. Death, at all times, produces its shock—but this sudden and terrible exit, without warning or expectation, no catenation of causes to foretell its near approach, the catastrophe came upon feelings attuned to festivity and pleasure—no preparation, no chastening hand from on high had humbled the beholders—no excitement from drum and fife, and all the circumstances of glorious war. Man soon accommodates himself to the decrees of fate; but here was a strong man, in the vigor of life, struck down as suddenly as the fall of an aerolite in a clear day. There were no redeeming virtues to soothe the loss—no sunny spots for the chilled eye to rest upon—the turbulent and restless spirit was called "unannealed;" and six feet of excavated earth held him who carried terror and dismay in his train.

Life is an enigma, and the soul recoils back, lost in the solution. The proud and the humble, the happy and the miserable, the beloved and the execrated, fall alike by the hand of the insatiate archer.

"Man is an outlaw from his mother's womb, Until he finds his prison house, the tomb."

And they who cut fantastic tricks before high Heaven, and they who think this world was made for them, need but to look a moment upon the surviving crowd—aye, upon the very dearest relations and nearest ties, when Death takes the very salt of the earth away—to see, after the first panic, the selfish, instinctive dread is over, how little of real grief is the homage paid to love and virtue! Alas! that it is true, and that it adds nothing to the vaunted disinterestedness of human nature.

As soon as all the necessary preparations were made to let down the coffin, the mineralogist, who was preparing to read the usual service in such cases, and to officiate as he deemed best, suddenly turned to Col. Clannagan, and said,

“I have one question to ask of thee, Col. Clannagan.”

“And what is that, sir?” demanded Clannagan, somewhat startled at the unexpected interruption of the ceremony.

“I wish to know whether the young man, Julian Onslow, if found well disposed towards our grand scheme, and disconnected with any conspiracy against you and his majesty, the king, shall henceforth be suffered to live in peace and be treated as a gentleman?”

“Darest thou,” answered Clannagan, “over the mangled body of my best trooper to speak of forgiveness and friendship towards one of the chief conspirators, and one, too, of the hated and doomed? Has old Walden’s gold bought thee? Have the hypocritical prayers of Milligan melted your heart? Are you the willing tool of Onslow and his clan? Have you been sent on an errand of circumvention? Speak the truth for once, sir.”

“Once and forever, and as well and as truly as thyself,” replied the mineralogist, throwing down his books which contained the funeral service, “I will not profane my sacred character by a mock service over the just judgments of Heaven. I wash my hands of the Bloody Scout, party and leader, now and henceforth.”

“Take the traitor into custody, Hunchback,” said Clannagan, dealing the mineralogist a heavy blow with his scabbard, “he shall yet suffer for his conspiracy. Tidder, I press you as one of his guards and as a future witness against him.”

After the hasty ceremony of filling up the grave had been accomplished, Clannagan turned to Col. Conway, who was present, saying,

“I shall expect you, sir, to have my wounded men better attended to in future,

and to have a suitable enclosure placed around this grave; for a better soldier, and a more honest man than thyself, now sleeps under your care, and in the soil which you now claim.”

The partisan departed immediately, with the mineralogist in custody of his followers, leaving the mind of Conway a prey to the keenest apprehensions of evil. He cursed in vain his timid and time-serving course, and in his heart envied the feelings of his son, although a prisoner.

Col. Tarleton ventured to inquire of Edward in the presence of his mother how he became entangled and united with such a band of rebels as had attacked his father’s residence.

“How I became united with such a band of rebels, I can tell you, Col. Tarleton. By the common ties of injuries and injustice; by the damning crimes which cry up to Heaven day and night for redress. Not three days ago this Bloody Scout insulted the family of Bucklebelt; insulted his wife, stuffed the throats of his children with dirt to compel them to betray their father. They hamstrung his cattle; lopped off the necks of the poultry. Think you not that Bucklebelt and his friends have motives as lasting as life and as burning as hell to urge them on at all times and on all occasions for redress, regardless of the conventional rules which may be thrown around a common dining party? I tell you, Col. Tarleton, that all your skill and bravery, all your mighty resources, will prove unavailing. The God of battles will frown on your best concerted schemes, if such outrageous atrocities are permitted to stain your cause.”

Tarleton coldly replied that he was not responsible for the intestine quarrels of old enemies, and he cared but little which was right or wrong, so that the friends of the revolted colonies got a sound chastisement.”

“I come to do my duty,” he continued, “and no new fledged preacher of political or military morality shall divert me from my purpose.”

“I command you to be silent,” said Mrs. Conway, bursting into tears. “Do, for my sake, my dearest Edward, show less turbulence of temper; show more regard for the feelings of the friends of your parents.”

“I am silent,” said Edward, moved by the entreaties of his mother, “and am ready to submit quietly to any sneers, questions or punishment which my captors may decree.”

“You are not likely to become a martyr,

yet," replied Tarleton, assuming an air of pleasantry.

"Did you see the Walden blood how it blazed out in that young rebel?" said Mrs. Wittingham, aside, to Miss Dashwood.

"I wish I had such a brother," replied Diana, gazing with admiration on the firm features of the noble youth, as he carelessly seated himself by the side of his sister.

The two doctors, believing that their province was with the living and not with the dead, had during the burial of Snyder made a careful examination of the two wounded men, descanting at great length upon the different appearances of their wounds and gradually falling into comparisons of the different modes of practice; they were not very expeditious, of course preferring their own immediate pleasure or the advancement of science to the ease or comfort of their patients. The wounds of Jake Adams proved to be furious stabs about his breast.

"Any one of these wounds," said the learned Dr. Cain, "is mortal." Then throwing up his goggles and looking at Dr. String Halt, who was not easily frightened, he continued, "I wish I had examined Snyder, to see the range of the sword and the particular organs destroyed. He was a noble frame; a real master-piece of human flesh. I say, brother String Halt, no surgeon can acquire reputation in this up-country warfare and banditti strife; the appliances of our art are not at hand, and the usual transatlantic method of war and wounds are completely changed. Here we have stabs and gashes in all parts of the body, from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot. Old case-knives, scythe blades and mill-saws, pewter bullets and iron slugs, and I find in this case an old rusty file thrust up, and left without its handle; the patient of course will die of mere irritation; and were I to draw it out, he would likely die of hemorrhage. Why, sir, I should not be astonished to see him fall into tetanus. Take it all in all, Dr. String Halt, this is a very extraordinary case; new in the chirurgical annals, although I have read all that the European surgeons have written, (and, saving your presence, none others are competent to write books,) yet with great industry and long experience, I mean in the profession, compared with my real age, I have never met with just such a case; I must furnish it for publication in one of the medical journals of London or Edinburg."

String Halt, a little irritated at the frankness of his brother surgeon, thrust his fin-

gers into the wound. The patient, not altogether relishing such rough handling, began to wince.

"Be still, be still, sir," exclaimed String Halt, "I am exercising the utmost skill and tenderness."

The blood gushed in a torrent as he drew forth the broken dagger, but a pledget of lint, dipped in an astringent mixture, and a change of position, soon arrested its flow.

"Don't speak above your breath, and live on bran tea—and make free use of my lately invented puccoon drops, and you will recover," said Doctor String Halt, as he finished the dressings of the wounds of the first patient.

"What—a new invention?" asked Doctor Cain, looking at the tincture of the blood-root. "The *Tinctura Sanguinariae Canadensis*—I would prefer small doses of Tartar Emetic, spare diet, neutral salts, and moderate blood-letting."

"Turn over—turn over—I have no time to throw away in hearing complaints," said String Halt, addressing Fawk, who lay groaning piteously. "Out on it, Fawk, be more of a soldier—men who thrust their heads into the lion's jaws must expect to meet with slight accidents."

"I can't help mourning, Doctor—I am what I am, and I can't be no *amer*," was the sage reply of the unfortunate patient.

"Doctor String Halt is right, my friend, and for your example I will mention that Colonel Tarleton's regulars never complain whilst under the hands of their surgeon. But," continued Doctor Cain, "methinks this is a most unchristian gash—it must have been the work of a hewer of stocks, some carpenter, breaking his apprenticeship, and turning a dabbler in arms; or else," he continued, running his fingers under the scalp, holding the poor raving patient down with his knees and the other hand, "some savage is certainly in the rebel service. I'll get you, Doctor String Halt, to continue your researches whilst I go and inquire of the young Hotspur," said Doctor Cain, rising, "for I have never seen a wound inflicted by one of the aborigines before."

"Why, Mr. Edward Conway," exclaimed the Doctor, after he had entered the house, "did you not have a savage in your attacking party—a raw Indian from the interior? The very one, no doubt, which so alarmed my worthy little friend, Colonel Clannagan's express rider."

"I do not really comprehend the mean-

ing you wish to convey, Doctor Cain," replied Edward.

"You are right, sir, as regards my name," said the scientific surgeon, eyeing Edward with an air of surprise, "but I insist on the fact that you had an Indian in your band which so unceremoniously broke up the most agreeable private feast I have been at since I entered these revolted colonies. I come, sir, to verify my declaration to Doctor String Halt, and I call on you as a lover of science and truth, to speak out."

"You are in my father's house, and in the presence of ladies, or I might testify in a different tone—but, sir, if you wish to learn any thing of savage warfare, or the art of scalping, I must refer you to your worthy commander and friends, some of whom are still present."

"I beg ten thousand pardons," said the doctor, "I meant no insinuations derogatory to you or your brave friends."

"Let me bring about a truce," said Cathena.

"I will join you," said Mrs. Notwood, "in the arrangement," advancing towards Edward.

"The matter is settled," said Edward, smiling, and bowing his assent to his fair friends.

"Ay!" exclaimed Doctor Cain, "I would incur a temporary misunderstanding any time for the mediation of such angelic voices. I am proud to find that I have such eloquent and potent advocates. I must exclaim with my friend Garrick—

"Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by the sun of York:
And all the clouds that lowered upon our house,
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried."

The happy Doctor left the room amidst the smiles of the company, to investigate the hidden causes which had produced the inexplicable wound of the unfortunate soldier.

Colonel Tarleton soon departed, with a few friends, on the road to Camden, whilst Notwood and Felix, with Doctor Cain, remained a day or two longer, awaiting the result of the researches which Clannagan and Colonel Tarleton should make in regard to the extent of the disaffection and strength of their opponents.

Every topic, after such a boisterous state, became stale. Felix only waited to announce his passion for Diana. Cathena became melancholy, and the capture of Gant was not calculated to add to her pleasure. Notwood was silent and moody. Doctor Cain, however, mounted his gog-

gles, and seemed to enjoy himself in proportion as the other gentlemen became desponding, or retired from colloquial strife. Sometimes the Doctor would quote Shakespeare, or hold a flower to one of the ladies, whilst he descanted on its medicinal qualities. But pleasure or contentment is rarely felt under the roof of those whose faces, like Colonel Conway's and his lady's, reflected nothing but gloom and dissatisfaction.

Edward, who had been kindly paroled by Colonel Tarleton before he departed, wrote a letter to be conveyed by Cato to Captain Bucklebelt, or to his uncle, detailing that he had been captured, and expressing a great desire for an early exchange. He also earnestly insisted that Captain Gant should be treated as a gentleman. Cathena, who was shown the contents, expressed her satisfaction at the noble sentiments of her brother.

Thus ended the long contemplated Dining-Party at Forest Hill, memorable too, at least, as having been amongst the first blows struck by a handful of brave Whigs, in defence of the prostrate liberties of their country, and as showing that indomitable spirit which seldom stood to calculate the chances of personal safety or convenience when an opportunity presented itself to harass their enemies.

CHAPTER XXXV.

I approved of this extravagant proposal, not so much from Ambrose's reasons, as out of pure whim, or a desire of acting a part in a play.

GIL BLAS.

The party having Gant as a prisoner had traveled with great rapidity. The weather was exceedingly hot, and they had stopped for the purpose of resting a few hours, and to take their scanty supper of dried beef and a little boiled wheat, called fermity, or frumenty, a dish well known in the times of scarcity by those who were thrown into the turmoils and hardships of the revolutionary war.

"There is a little matter, Captain Bucklebelt," said Coldfire, with much gravity, "we had better settle. Life is uncertain, and I should dislike to be killed off without having the matter properly arranged."

"To what do you allude, Lieutenant?" asked Bucklebelt.

"The Court Martial I promised the negro stealers."

"Why, Lieutenant Coldfire," answered

Bucklebelt, "it is now nine o'clock at night—it is too dark to have pen, ink and paper, and really I fear our company have not amongst them any such unusual articles; and I give it as my deliberate opinion that the regulators were righteously hung, and no legal proceedings now can avail any benefit to you or them."

"I am for strict justice, even at the hour of midnight, and I find that Ike Beeman, who lives near this place, has come into one of our sentinels. He is one of my main witnesses; I must keep my promise, for I should dislike to be swung up without a trial either before or after I was dead. Yes, Captain Bucklebelt, I promised the lads a fair hack, and as I have an opportunity to do them the last act of justice, I insist on holding the Court Martial, and as they did their deeds without regard to written laws, I imagine that we can but follow their example, when the object is strict justice."

Bucklebelt was appointed President of the Court Martial, taking the root of a tree as his seat. The corporals and non-commissioned officers were to hear the testimony, and to adjudge the necessary penalty; whilst Coldfire prosecuted the culprits and offenders against the laws of the State of South Carolina. It struck the President that a Judge Advocate was necessary, in order to complete the proceedings of the Court Martial. Captain Gant was made acquainted with the particulars, and was requested to act in the capacity of the defence for the prisoners. James Joice and Jeremiah Hanks were charged with various crimes; amongst the chief, were murder, house-burning, and negro stealing.

To the plea which Gant made of his unfitness to appear as counsel under all the circumstances of his peculiar situation, as well as the novelty of the trial, the Lieutenant briefly answered—

"You are Judge Advocate. What would you think of being deprived of counsel yourself before the wars are over?"

This laconic, positive, and somewhat admonitory command had its full effect upon the determination of Gant, who manifested no farther opposition to the wishes of the Court.

The President explained at considerable length the particulars of the charges brought against certain lawless men, or Tories, who had committed many unprovoked aggressions upon the property and lives of the good citizens of the country. He dwelt with feeling and eloquence upon

the treatment which defenceless widows and orphans had received in their persons and property. He then called upon the prosecutor, and having heard all the testimony against the above names, Captain Gant was called on for his defence. He felt it his duty to prosecute the affair with all his power, and fired by his own feelings, he denounced the proceedings at the Frog Ponds as harsh and oppressive; as at war with the established laws of the civilized world; as leading directly to the indulgence of fraud and revenge; and he earnestly warned those having power in their hands, not to abuse it, or prostitute it to purposes of personal pique or individual revenge.

"Pass judgment on the prisoners!" said Coldfire; "for I think, Mr. President, we have had preaching and funeral service enough over such scoundrels."

The President, after summing up the evidence, gave the cases to the Court. They waited a few minutes, and brought in a unanimous verdict of guilty, and, in accordance with the judgment thus rendered—"Jeremiah Hanks and James Joice were ordered to be hanged by the neck until they were dead, dead, dead!"

"It's a righteous sentence," replied Coldfire, "and I am happy to state that the decision of the Court has already been anticipated. I am now ready for the line of march."

This great act of justice having been duly attended to, Coldfire began to examine his company, and to arrange all matters for a hasty departure.

Such were some of the circumstances which marked the progress of the brave and patriotic defenders of their country. Hemmed in by torch and halter, confiscation, pillage, and famine stared them in the face. No wonder, then, if some of them, learning lessons from their adversaries, were not always allowed to pursue the more even and regular dictates of military propriety. Whilst we drop a tear over their errors, let us not forget that something must be conceded to the spirit of liberty—something to the times and circumstances under which they had to act.

Cato, who had been despatched by Edward to notify his uncle of his situation, and to inform him of the late events, was brought into the camp by one of the sentinels. He was immediately carried before the two officers; his alarm, although great, was momentary, for Bucklebelt had heard so much of his faithfulness from Major Walden and Edward, that he treated him

with kindness, and assured him of his safety.

"I am no king's man, nor rebel neider, Captain Thunderbolt—I am only a poor colored slave, and am on my lawful behavior and conduct," said Cato, handing Captain Bucklebelt the letter with which he had been entrusted, adding, "I believe Master Edward intended it in part for you, if my recollections don't serve me amiss."

Captain Bucklebelt always went armed with a fire machine, for the purpose of lighting his pipe; with this a light-wood torch was kindled, which enabled him to read the following letter:

"At Forest Hill.

"MY DEAR UNCLE,

"OR CAPTAIN BUCKLEBELT—

"If Captain Theodoric Gant is in your hands, treat him as a gentleman. I am paroled. Get me exchanged in lieu of Gant. Perhaps Mr. O. and myself, as we are both privates, might be taken for Captain G., who is a regular officer. I long to be in the field—more I need not say.

"Yours, affectionately,

"E. C."

Bucklebelt immediately consulted with Coldfire, who, after some little hesitation, agreed to the proposed arrangement. Captain Gant readily consented to the exchange of Onslow and Conway, asking Bucklebelt or Coldfire to accompany him back to Forest Hill; but they both declined, on the grounds that they were not disposed to fall in with the Bloody Scout single-handed, and, however they might be disposed to place confidence in the word of Captain Gant, they had no such faith in them.

Bucklebelt suggested that if the exchange were then made, it might hereafter be alledged that Captain Gant acted under the command of his captors. To avoid any such suspicion, he proposed that it should be written out, after Gant had reached Forest Hill, thus leaving no grounds for the plea of coercion.

Gant, well pleased with his kind treatment, took leave of his noble enemies, wishing them refreshing slumbers, and whole bones in their future campaigns. Cato was roused from a sound nap to retrace the road he had come, making the sage remark to Captain Gant, that rides at unseasonable hours were always "very wearisome to man and beast."

Bucklebelt and Coldfire prepared to march with haste to join Gen. Sumpter. Whilst these small parties are pursuing

their respective routes, Gen. Sumpter's preparations and the party at Mr. Milligan's may claim some attention in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent.
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent!—BYRON.

The proclamation of the 3d of June, which annulled the paroles of all the inhabitants of the State, compelled them to render in their allegiance to the royal government. The pains and penalties threatened against a noncompliance, with the terrible misrule of the Tories and their British allies, began to rouse a spirit of open discontent against the loyalists. Neutrality proved an illusion; all capable of bearing arms were to take sides for the support of the King's authority against the country of their birth. Cornwallis, as a temporary expedient, had not on taking the command offered any harsh terms; but in conjunction with his proclamations, he now set about establishing commercial regulations, and perfecting a system of police for the State. Recruiting officers were ordered to spread through the States of Carolina and Georgia. Thus busily employed in leaving strong guards over his supposed conquest, Lord Cornwallis still kept up active preparations for the invasion of North Carolina, leaving Rawdon in command of the main army.

But Sumpter and his exiles came to revive the drooping spirits of their friends; they proclaimed the motto, "If we must fight, let it be on the side of America, our friends and our countrymen."

The reader recollects that Gen. Sumpter left Mr. Milligan's to attack a body of the royal forces and militia of the country, with one hundred and thirty-three of his brave companions. The reader has witnessed the results of the two attacks, one led by Gen. Sumpter at Williamson's plantation, and the other by Capt. Bucklebelt on Forest Hill.

Julian, it will be recollected, owing to some scruples on the subject of his parole, was left at Mr. Milligan's. His feelings are scarcely to be described; after all his hardships and narrow escapes, an outcast as it were upon the broad commons of the world; poor and persecuted, to find that

there were some who cherished a regard for him; to find that there was still one heart, so pure, so innocent, unalterable amidst all the vicissitudes to which it had been subjected—a strange feeling of remorse came over him. Did he meditate the destruction of St. Ille? She who had clung to him, without knowing his origin, his future prospects, beset as he was by fierce and implacable enemies! He determined not to involve her in the difficulties which so thickly menaced his path.

Morning came, and with it cheerfulness and buoyancy. The gloom of the mind is wonderfully influenced by the glorious light of day. The storm-tossed mariner, the lost traveller, even the hypochondriac and the conscience-smitten criminal, writhing under the gorgon terrors of his guilty dreams, all feel its cheering influence. But there is a scene which is incomprehensible; it is to see death hover with its sable pall over the sweet rays of the morning, when all nature is glittering and redolent of life and joy; when every insect and blade of grass looks cheerful; the blow of death at such an hour seems unnatural. To see the young, full of bright hopes, tasking the imagination to dispose of anticipated joys, suddenly cut down, withered in an hour—those who have realized such a misfortune know how fruitless the appeal to reason seems when the incongruity is attempted to be reconciled."

Mrs. Grayson had not recovered from the shock of her husband's death; a settled melancholy had fastened on her mind, and the first impulse of her recovery was turned towards the happiness of her only daughter—an only child. Who can realize the idolatry of a mother's heart? Who can fathom the deep and silent waters of love which bury its treasure far below the mighty whirlwinds which pass over their agitated waves!—those storms which tear the heart when the chill thought of death—of loss—of injury—penetrates its secret recesses? None should ever desire an only child!—a daughter!—the gem is too precious, the chances of life too few. Painful solicitude and anxiety are the certain inheritance of the possessor!

Mr. Milligan assembled the family together before breakfast, as was his usual custom, to offer up his morning orisons to the Throne of Grace. The feelings of each seemed attuned to the occasion, and as the female voices, with the full one of Mr. Milligan, joined in the hymn, unworthy sinner as Julian felt himself, yet a ray of devotion and hope passed over his mind, and he felt

that he had abundant cause of thankfulness for the protection of Heaven. How near allied is a religious feeling to that of pure affection!

"Love, religion, music, all
That's left of Heaven since the fall."

Julian had been invited by Mrs. Grayson to spend some time at her residence, but Mr. Milligan and family prevailed on his friends to remain a few days longer at his house.

Amelia, ever buoyant, ever happy, seemed disappointed. So it is with the young heart when the first thoughts of affection begin to haunt it. She thought of Edward Conway; but Julian and St. Ille! Was their secret known? they cared not, they appeared to live for each other! St. Ille was one of those rare combinations of features, of form, which never palls on the eye, like the cloudless sky of day or the sparkling one of night with its countless gems—you look and look and find new beauties. Her hair, with a little stretch of the imagination, might be compared to the regular tresses of rain which fall from the distant cloud, whilst the light of the sun which glimpses through it, may serve with which to compare her neck. Her eyes were full and quick, and of a dark brown. Her forehead was neither too full nor too small; the one might lead to the conclusion that there was too much speculation for the realities of life; the other, that there was too little for high intellectual achievements. There were no deviations in one feature at the expense of the others. When she smiled you wished that she would ever smile; it was the blushing morn with all the glittering dew of the liveried night. But if she had any trait that particularly distinguished her, it was the tone and compass of her voice. The wave of her exquisite hand, the electric glance of her eye, were lost in the maddening voice. You felt as if you had taken opium! or felt sad as if the news of the death of a near relation had just been communicated! It was the magic of a dream with its abstraction from surrounding intrusions. There was no jar, no monotony in its tones, whether the whisper, the simple word, a song, or a mere tone. It was the same indescribable harmonious combination. She was kind and bland in her manners, and no white cloud moved over the cerulean vault of heaven more gently on the soft wings of the breeze than did St. Ille before the eyes of her lover. Love and beauty are mysterious;

they go like a beautiful day, so elegantly described by one of the older poets—

“Sweet day, so calm, so cool, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
Dew-drops will weep for thee to-night,
For thou must die.”

The happy and reconciled lovers talked over their impressions of first sight; how each had despaired; how each had offered up prayers for the other; how hard it was to have undergone all that they had—the future should never find them misapplying its precious moments in misunderstandings, which always cost the heart so much. They professed to be happy; but there was still the dark impenetrable future! the visible, thick, impenetrable future!

“Dearest Julian,” said St. Ille, “although I am so happy I feel sad; and a melancholy not hitherto felt seems to imbue my feeling—why is it thus?”

“’Tis ever thus, sweetest St. Ille; the heart will have its mists and its clouds. I seem in an enchanted garden, an Eden whence some stern angel will expel me, happy as I am, and should be; yet such are my apprehensions and fears. The happy moment which shall forever exclude such unwelcome thoughts; when I shall call thee my own dear St. Ille; will it come quickly, or are there to be interposed the liabilities which belong to delay?”

“No, Julian, my mother loves you because you are to be mine. Oh! she is the kindest of mothers. We shall be so happy with her! You must peril your life no more, and I shall never regret the hour when I can tell every one that you are mine—my own affectionate Julian! I shall be so vain of you!”

Julian’s heart smote him—he sighed; a gloom covered his senses; he felt the injustice, nay the outrage, upon the confiding heart of his affianced and innocent St. Ille, to think of marrying her whilst the enigma of his birth was still unexplained; whilst discord and war were in the land; whilst its fierce fires were about to be relit; and then his solemn pledge to the mineralogist.

“Ah! St. Ille, my own dear angel, I must forego the pleasure of asking the consent of your mother until I stand before her prepared to prove myself not unworthy of the affection of her daughter; and let me tell thee, dearest, I can never consent to be an idle spectator whilst the oppressors of my country are overrunning its soil and insulting its defenceless inhabitants; and you recollect the solemn injunctions of the mineralogist.”

“Then,” said St. Ille, bursting into tears,

“my worst fears are realized; my apprehensions are fulfilled. Oh! Julian, I can never part with you again; the dangers you have already encountered; the pangs my heart has already undergone—even they unnerve me. You must not again peril your life, but live for the happiness of myself—for my mother—and I hope, Julian, for your own.”

“Oh, my dearest St. Ille,” said Julian, clasping the hand so beautifully fair, which he held still closer and pressing it to his lips, “be cheerful; I feel that we shall be happy; every impediment will but enhance our future bliss. Let me beseech you to banish your apprehensions. Let me kiss away those tears of purity and devotion; their recollection will nerve my arm, and I will brave every danger, knowing that your love will make liberty worth enjoying.”

Brief moments of bliss! they haunt the heart in after days, like the dreams of childhood. Their remembrance rises and glitters like the buoyant bubble on the dark stream;—they sink in life’s dark tide. The morning, the noon, the night passed unnoticed amidst the delirious feelings of the lovers. They felt as if they had always been friends,—they were so easy in each other’s presence. All attentions to others become irksome;—love is instinctively self-fish and admits of no partition.

Mrs. Grayson had been informed by her daughter, of the whole history of her affection towards Julian; and she had watched the silent sorrow, the stealthy tear, the faded cheek of her daughter. Day by day, and hour by hour, she had gazed upon the object of her heart’s idolatry—upon those beautiful features; she felt now that she would never jeopard the bloom and the spirits again, which now added so much to the beauty and the brilliancy of her daughter’s character! But few can comprehend the feelings of the parent who have not realized them, when the thought of giving up the child, in marriage, with all its realities, rush upon the mind—the long formed habits and peculiarities of the child, to to be judged of, upon their abstract appearances to the eyes of one unacquainted with a thousand qualifying circumstances. It was, then, no little relief to the mind of Mrs. Grayson, to be informed by Julian, of his determination not to press for an immediate marriage.

“No one, you must admit, should meet with my approbation as the husband of my daughter, unless he has her love and confidence; unless he, too, shall return it fully;

for you, Mr. Onslow," said Mrs. Grayson, "I think I have that respect I should have for one whose claims I fully approve, and I confess that I have heard, with sincere pleasure, your determination not to involve yourselves in a situation of doubtful safety. So long as we are secluded, perhaps our weakness may be our protection; yet understand me, once known as the wife and mother-in-law of a bold and daring Whig, our new relations to you might invite aggression. Be to St. Ille as a brother, a protector, as her future husband; but St. Ille's wishes shall be mine."

Whether Julian's love would have conquered his forecast and resolution, was not left to him to determine; for hurrying events began to thicken. To rouse the country, a general feeling of inquietude and distrust was manifest—and Julian had to forego the sweet dalliance of love and ease for the perils of the camp; but St. Ille consoled herself that the time was far distant when they should be separated. Hope is the welcome minister to woman's fears whenever love sways the heart.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Sal. You know, or ought to know, enough of women,
Since you have studied them so steadily,
That what they ask in aught that touches on
The heart, is dearer to their feelings, or
Their fancy, than the whole external world.

SARDANAPALUS.

It was in vain, after Edward Conway had obtained the necessary exchange, for himself and Julian, from Capt. Gant, that his mother and sister urged his further delay; their entreaties and their tears were unavailing.

"I join in the first and the last battle which is fought for my country."

Such were his words, as he snatched a kiss from each, and flung himself with buoyant spirits upon his bold charger, to join Bucklebelt; waving his hand to Gant and the ladies, telling Felix that he was already a prisoner, without the prospect of a release, he was soon out of sight.

Oh, youth, full of anticipated bliss, of hope and glory! 'tis well that the mind looks on high, and soars above the storms and darkness of earth. "Ever onwards and upwards," is the enlivening cry of the heart. 'Tis well, else the accumulation of disappointments and misfortunes would clog the mind, subdue the spirit, till bowed down and tamed, exertion would be loathed, and despair would hover over the ener-

vated and spiritless frame, and man would be as a reptile that crawleth upon the earth.

Col. Conway would not consent that all his guests should leave him. Independent of his constitutional timidity, he found it necessary to propitiate the good graces of some of the loyalists, to guard against the apprehended ill-will of Clannagan.—The late attack of the rebels left him no apprehension from that quarter; for it was judged that so small a party would not immediately return after having thrown a fire-brand, calculated to rouse all the vigilance of their opponents. The feelings of Conway, and the reasoning of his guest, produced a delay of some days longer than was expected, in the departure of Notwood's party. The governess became exceedingly well pleased with the elegant and fascinating Notwood, and he spared no pains to render her agreeable and happy. He urged Felix not to be precipitate with Diana; to keep her in suspense, and to try his talents upon the governess.

"Bring back, Felix," he said, "the recollections of by-gone hours; vivify and re-people the imagination with the scenes of a score or two of past years. It suits well the learner of female character, to strike the different chords of the heart; and this ancient spinster will pretend herself your junior in years, and although I am the very last man in existence who would unnecessarily wound the feelings of that class of persons called old maids, who, by-the-bye, should always be particularly regarded as objects of attention from all gentlemen, they are too often neglected and thrust aside as the appendages of some new married couple, or the nursery; and made the special object of gossip, simply because they have either had the fortitude not to close in with a bad match, or the misfortune of not being courted; whilst too many, conscious of security, take advantage of their unprotected situation, to indulge in unmanly observation. But, my dear Felix, Miss Peabody is an exception; she has neither the temper nor worth to call for commiseration. So if you can learn any thing of human nature from her, as she is not likely to benefit the world otherwise, I hold you at liberty to please her and edify yourself."

Notwood knew how to manage young Ashburn; such observations were the mere auxiliaries of deeper schemes. His heart and soul were devoted to Diana, and he flew instinctively to her side, to indulge in the glowing language which too often flows

from the ardent devotion of misplaced affections, whilst the flattered and unsuspecting victim listens to the artful tale which melts into the heart, like the dews of night into the tender flower, to freeze and to destroy its sources of life.

These constant attentions were observed by Mrs. Notwood. She became desponding and melancholy; she marked his vacant air whenever he was absent from the company of Diana; she determined to forbear the further annoyance of her husband, by not seeming to notice his conduct. Although she could master her words, yet she could not smother the deep agony and grief of her heart. Ah! 'tis a fearful thing to palter with that homage of the heart, which is due a wife; no after contrition can heal the self-inflicted and ever torturing wounds; no tears can wash out the deep marks which guilt writes upon that of the offender.

It was under a state of feeling similar to the one noticed, that Mrs. Notwood retired to her room, whilst at her uncle's; she had taken her children with her, and was attempting to teach them their catechism; but her feelings wandered from the task, and she involuntarily thought, as she looked on the beautiful children, busily engaged in their duty, "Could not you, my dear little ones, interest him? If he does not respect his own dignity, my own rights, can he forget those of his innocent and defenceless children? Is it my fault that his smile is as the chill reflection of the sunshine from the hard marble or the ice?—his eyes so full of light and fire are dull—my wit is folly; my reflections annoy him. Alas! my sweet children," she thought, bursting into tears, "he is proof against your guardianship over his conduct, (that best of barriers, to the evil actions of a father and a husband, the fear of setting a bad example before a wife or children,) even you have lost, like me, your control! May Heaven, in its mercy, protect us!"

Diana, who really loved Mrs. Notwood, and who was unconscious of her feelings, in stepping into her room, found her in tears.

"Is there aught the matter with you, my dearest Mrs. Notwood, speak, let me know it?" exclaimed Diana.

Mrs. Notwood assumed a cheerful air, replying that most mothers, when they look upon their children, felt that they had many perils to encounter, "then, if I am not able to restrain my feelings, it should cause you no surprise!"

Diana, without waiting for a reply, ran to seek Major Notwood.

"What do you think, Major Notwood?" asked Diana, when she found him, "I have just surprised Mrs. Notwood in tears; do go to her."

"Oh, I reckon," answered Notwood, carelessly, "she was reading some love tale, some shipwreck, or pathetic piece of poetry."

"Not so," replied Diana, "more solemn, more worthy of your serious consideration."

"In truth," replied Notwood, turning pale, has she had the impudence to upbraid you with my innocent attentions towards yourself? Has she accused me of having too much affection for you, my dearest Diana?" He seized her hand, and attempted to kiss it. Diana repelled it with scorn, saying—

"Major Notwood, this in sport, at any other time, or occasion, might have been considered a mere passing privilege of an idle and sportive friend, such as you have heretofore taken, but now, sir, the act is offensive. Your last words have opened my eyes; I begin to fear that I have been the unconscious cause of many pangs of woe to your excellent lady. Oh! I could weep; I could fall on my knees to her, if in a heedless moment I have allowed any action or word of mine to cause her a moment's uneasiness. I command you, now and forever, to desist from all undue privileges. I have suffered them simply from the fear of giving offence to you and your lady. I have resolved often to beseech you to respect my rights, but was restrained from a timidity which has caused me great injustice in her eyes. I will fly to her," said Diana, weeping, "I will tell her that I have found out the cause of her melancholy, and that henceforth and forever I leave your company."

"Oh! for God's sake, Diana, don't raise such a suspicion in the innocent and unsuspecting bosom of my wife. I was in jest, and beg ten thousand pardons, if I have wronged you at any time. I swear to be more circumspect; but Clara ever loves to indulge in such reveries; it is constitutional with her."

"You know the conditions, then," replied Diana, as she was about to retire to her room, to give vent to her tears; for she was now convinced that she was in some way connected with the despondency of Mrs. Notwood.

"I shall be miserable, Diana," said Notwood, attempting to pacify her feelings, as she started; "how can I forego the pleasure of your sparkling wit, your varied accomplishments?"

"You know the conditions," reiterated Diana, firmly. "You break off all impertinent privileges, and henceforth respect my rights."

Miss Peabody overheard the above conversation; she flew to Mrs. Notwood and artfully condoled with her. She fanned the flame of jealousy, and railed with becoming severity and gravity upon the impudence and imprudence of the practiced flirt, full of giddy follies and levity. This vigilant lady followed up the blow, by making her discoveries known to Mrs. Conway, and in due time threw herself by the side of Felix, to inform him that he was honored with a rival for the affections of Miss Dashwood, in the person of his friend, Maj. Notwood.

But it is useless to detail the observations of all, upon such a prolific subject. Notwood soon satisfied Felix that the spinster, as he called the governess, was only vexed, because she was not the object of attention from each of them.

Dr. Cain proposed a walk in the garden with the ladies, an evening or two after Miss Peabody's disclosure. He succeeded in arranging the walk with himself and the governess, whilst Gant fortunately obtained the arm of Cathena. The others were not in a mood, or it was not convenient for them to join the Doctor's party. There was some timidity observable in the appearance of the worthy gentleman, by the side of Cathena; he exerted himself to be pleasant. Gradually, the coyness and restraint of Cathena were lost in her attention to the vivid and interesting descriptions which he gave of his native Island,—its churches and splendid edifices,—its paintings, and glowing with his subject, he spoke of her statesmen and her poets. The conversation changed to the arbor and plan of the garden; and Cathena listened with interest to his judicious observations; he even praised some of the arrangements which had been the particular work of Cathena, without knowing that her delicate hands and fine taste had contributed to the beauty which was the subject of his commendations.

But Cathena was conscious that the refusal of the others to join them, and the manner of Gant, were indicative of his intentions; her heart beat tumultuously, at the idea, and her hand trembled. She feared no one, yet she dreaded that any one should surmise such an event; but the worthy doctor fortunately relieved her embarrassment by exclaiming aloud—

"I do admire the taste of Miss Peabody,

in the scientific arrangement of this garden, and, sir, I think we might almost give up the profession of arms and chirurgy, to study horticulture under the guidance of such accomplished companions."

"You are too much of a flatterer, Doctor," replied Miss Peabody, "gentlemen are always ready to flatter the young. Cathena, remember what I say."

The two parties separated, and Capt. Gant, in a faltering voice, said to Cathena, "I have a request to make of you."

"What is it?" asked Cathena blushing, and attempting to show as little trepidation as the serious countenance and hesitating voice of her companion would justify.

"Oh it is only a trifle, a mere keep-sake, one which, although you may not deem valuable, yet I highly prize—it is a lock of your hair."

"Really, sir, it is not worth the clipping or the keeping," replied Cathena.

Gant was embarrassed—the absolute indifference of the answer provoked him. She was extremely willing, or it was an attempt to divert his mind from the prosecution of his suit.

"I am under infinite obligations," said he, "and hope that I shall not be considered impertinent, if I prefer another request."

His frame shook whilst he paused for an answer; he looked at Cathena; she had disengaged her arm, and was standing apparently engaged with a bunch of nearly ripe grapes, attempting to place them and their tendrils to the frame-work. She seemed ready to give him a respectful hearing; she was barely sixteen—her features were slightly flushed—the eye seemed half inclined to smile, yet thoughtfulness was depicted on the countenance. He hesitated, and stammered out, at length—

"It is to request you not to marry until you have heard how the wars have terminated, and how your devoted admirer has borne himself through them."

"But suppose they are to last as long as the siege of Troy, or the sacred wars. I should be numbered on the list of old maids."

"Then," said Gant, "if you have such a repugnance to long suits and sieges, I announce myself now as a suitor for your hand and heart."

"Oh! you mistake me, Captain Gant—I am not anxious to be the lady-love of any modern knight, however honored I might be by looking to you for the settlement of all my quarrels. Look!" continued Ca-

thena, changing her tone to that of admiration, "at the exquisite gallantry of your protector of health and sound limbs; he makes love in the most approved style of a violent siege—no waiting for the wars to end—no begging of trifling keepsakes—no tourney nor tilt for the trial of right—a gentleman of the good old school."

The cause of these remarks was easily seen. Doctor Cain was sauntering up and down, with the stately figure of Miss Peabody on his arm, whilst he occasionally clasped her hand in his, and was quoting poetry, and descanting on love at first sight, so loud as to be heard half across the garden.

"But you are trifling with a very serious subject to my feelings, Miss Conway; you must excuse me if I have not followed the precise routine which your fancy or good sense may have ascertained or conceived; flatly and plainly, I love and admire you, and having done your charms and acquirements, as well as my feelings, justice in this declaration, I have only to request a positive and equally as frank an answer."

Cathena became serious—a tear brightly contrasted with her countenance; she hesitated for a moment, and then said—

"No one, sir, can be more sensible of the undeserved honor which you have just offered me, for which I shall ever feel grateful. Forgive my apparent levity—it was unintentional. I have not the least objection to give you a final answer—it is the best for each of us. That I admire and respect you I will not deny—but I most respectfully decline the honor which you propose to confer."

Cathena burst into tears and ran through the avenue of vines towards the house. The rejected lover stood petrified—he whistled, he laughed, he cried, he pulled the unripe grapes, and ate unconsciously for a moment.

"Rejected!" he exclaimed—"routed! horse, foot, and dragoons! Rejected! discarded! ha! ha!"

"What, discarded?" exclaimed Miss Peabody, whose quick eyes and ears were near enough to see and hear Gant's gestures and words.

"What," said Doctor Cain, "repulsed, Captain, by a young girl of the interior? What! one of his majesty's regular and scientific officers, unable to carry the assault? Shame on you, Captain, you are too modest. You do not pour the torrent of love in a cataract, as I do. Why, sir, you ought to have heard me discoursing to

this lady—be of good heart, sir, the great master of the human heart has said—

'She is a woman, therefore to be wooed—
She is a woman, therefore to be won.'

Why, Miss Peabody could no more withstand my efforts, had I a mind to marry one of the revolted daughters of his majesties revolted colonies, than you could the opportunity of entering into a regular engagement when offered you."

"Sir," said Miss Peabody, scornfully, disengaging her hand from the Doctor's arm, and shoving him sprawling on the ground, "I reject your offer, and detest your person."

Gant, who had time to reflect and recover himself from his embarrassment, immediately offered his arm to the enraged governess, who fumed and foamed at the great impertinence of the low, ill-bred practitioner of physic.

Doctor Cain, however severely mortified, attempted to put the best possible face upon his disaster, by brushing off the dust, and repairing to the room of his less belligerent patient, cursing occasionally his ill-luck, in the ill-educated tempers of the daughters of his majesty's revolted colonies.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

In a cause like this the husbandman would change
his ploughing-irons

To weapons of defence, and leave the earth
Untilled, although a general dearth should follow;
The student would forswear his book, the lawyer
Put off his thriving gown, and without pay
Conclude his cause is to be fought, not pleaded.
The women will turn amazons.

And boys write down their names
In the muster-book for soldiers.

THE BASHFUL LOVER.

The brilliant affair of General Sumpter, at Williamson's plantation, and the late attack upon the dining-party and the Tories at Forest Hill, spread like a flame at night. The Whigs were inspirited—and in one instance, the militia recruited by an officer, (Lieut. Col. Lyle, who had exchanged his parole, in consequence of Clinton's proclamation for a certificate of being a liege subject,) were led by him to the frontiers, to join the army advancing under Gates.

The Game-Cock of the South, or more classically, the Ajax of South Carolina, Brigadier General Sumpter, commenced his regular inroads upon the British territory, by assaulting, on the first of August, the post of Rocky Mount.

Just before the attack he was reconnoitering the station of Rocky Mount, which was fixed on the comb of a lofty eminence, encircled by open wood, when a company of well mounted men rode rather briskly towards him.

"Is that my old friend Bucklebelt?" asked General Sumpter of Col. Lacy, who was near him.

"Yes," replied the Colonel, "and Major Walden, at the head of his small battalion."

"Ay, Major Walden—I have often heard of him—a man of intrepidity and firmness."

"I come, General Sumpter," said Major Walden, after his introduction by Colonel Lacy to the commander, "at the summons of my country. I am ready for battle. Assign me my proper station. Militia we are—but we mean to do our duty."

"My young friend, I am glad to see you," said the General to Edward, taken prisoner, exchanged, and now ready for the conflict. "Where is our friend Onslow? has he left the enchanting circle at Mr. Milligan's?"

"He and Bucklebelt," replied Edward, "are ready for the word of onset."

"All's right!" exclaimed the gallant and undaunted Brigadier. "You must act as my aid to-day. Major Walden's battalion will join Colonel Lacy, whilst Major Davie retains Bucklebelt's cavalry as a reserve."

"Sir," replied Major Walden, "although I most cordially thank you for the honor conferred, yet I cannot well consent to allow my nephew to leave my side—on no other conditions did I consent to his determination, since his late capture, to join the army."

"Be it so," replied the commander. "Edward will then request Capt. Bucklebelt to send me Julian Onslow."

The order was quickly obeyed, whilst Major Walden muttered out, as he departed to assume his appointed position—

"I wish I had not refused to allow Edward to accept the appointment, for that impudent puppy is to be promoted. But my nephew is headstrong, and Sumpter would lead him to the devil. It is too much for such a gallant soldier to be imposed on by such a knave."

Julian obeyed the summons. He rode up on the charger furnished him by Mrs. Grayson.

"You will act as my aid," said the commander, after the usual salutation, "and I am happy that you have had the good for-

tune to be so soon gratified in being released from all compunctions on the course you should pursue."

Julian thanked him for his confidence, and declared his readiness to obey any commands that he might issue.

Colonel Lacy, Erwine and Neal were to attack Rocky Mount, whilst Major Davie, a part of the Mecklenburg militia, under Colonel Heaggins and Captain Bucklebelt, marched to the post of Hanging Rock, situated on the east side of the Catawba river, within twenty-four miles of Camden, and twelve from the place about to be attacked.

The position of Rocky Mount was exceedingly well guarded, and the brave commander of the assailants, after three terrible assaults, was compelled to withdraw his forces for the want of battering rams, with the loss of the brave Neal, and several men.

Major Davie and his associates were more successful, for in their march towards the garrison of Hanging Rock, they fell in with three companies of Bryan's loyalists. Eluding their sentinels, Captain Bucklebelt placed his company of cavalry so as to prevent their escape. They were all, except a few, killed and wounded, and the spoils of victory, consisting of sixty horses, with their trappings, and one hundred muskets and rifles, safely brought off.

After this affair, the Brigadier and his comrades retired to their frontier position on the Catawba, keeping out scouting parties, to guard the unprotected families then within reach of the enemy.

"These marches," says an eminent eyewitness, "were long and toilsome; seldom feeding more than once a day, their combats and habits were like those of the Parthians, sudden and fierce; their decisions speedy, and all subsequent measures equally prompt."

The intrepid nature of Sumpter was averse to repose. He rested long enough to throw his enemies off their guard, when he fell on the post of Hanging Rock, which had previously escaped through the disaster of Bryan's forces—Major Carden, with five hundred men, consisting of a portion of Tarleton's infantry, a part of Col. Brown's regiment, and a portion of the corps of Bryan, (which had a few days before been so successfully cut up,) prepared to oppose him. The battle was easy until he fell on Brown's detachment—here he was received upon the point of the bayonet.

Bucklebelt's small company of dragoons behaved valiantly, and the intrepid Major

Walden urged on his comrades, who, for raw militia, stood the bayonet equal to disciplined regulars. A portion of loyalists thus warmly pressed, finally retreated, and took shelter under the British infantry, formed in a hollow square, supported by two pieces of artillery. Unfortunately for Major Walden, a portion of his regiment, flushed with their success, fell in with the spoils of the camp, consisting of spirits, tobacco, molasses, &c. The usual attraction of the first named article had its full influence. Their minds became bewildered, and they showed great reluctance to renew the charge. Edward Conway, burning with the prospect of victory, rallied them, now joined by others from different companies, and was in the act of successfully charging a portion of the enemy, when his comrades showed signs of disorder, calling for Major Walden and Gen. Sumpter. Enraged with his ill fortune, Edward rushed forwards to the side of Coldfire, who was charging the enemy up to their bayonets.

"Shoulder to shoulder, Lieutenant Coldfire—let us take Captain Gant prisoner."

"Agreed," was the reply.

Captain Gant had been detached to the assistance of this post, and Edward, upon recognizing him, formed the romantic idea of retaliating upon his opponents by making him his prisoner.

The intrepid Briton met his antagonist coolly, for Edward was so anxious to accomplish his design that he flung himself from his charger, and closed in with him sword in hand, foot to foot—the contest between the two young soldiers was well kept up.

"Yield, Captain Gant! I owe you no private pique, but I will make you my prisoner, or die in the attempt."

"Be not so rash! Desist—escape from your dangerous position. I am not ambitious of making you a prisoner, but equally as determined to hold you in check."

This advice to Edward was unheeded, and he persisted so resolutely in his design as to attract the attention of the quick and malignant eye of Clannagan, who, with a portion of Bryan's loyalists, kept up a desperate and irregular struggle, the main body of his friends having retreated. Just as he formed the wicked purpose of glutting his revenge, Julian, who was hovering on the verge of the foremost assailants, seeing his horse, (noted at all times from his great power and sable color,) dashed furiously by Bucklebelt and Walden, who, covered with blood and dust, maintained

near Coldfire a desperate struggle against Brown's detachment, supported by their strong position and artillery. Julian, unconscious of the design of Clannagan, was anxious to measure swords with his implacable foe. Keeping his eye on his enemy, he urged his charger into the group of desperate combatants. He was barely in time to shiver the sword of Clannagan, uplifted to fall on the unconscious head of Edward, who, wounded by Gant, fought with the fury of a lion. Julian, seeing the blood issuing from Edward's wound, leaped to his side. Fortunately, at this instant, the enemy, after having maintained a deadly fight, gave way, and Julian bore Edward nearly exhausted to a situation where he would not be liable to be overtrod.

But the battle drew to a close. The loss of the enemy was terrible, falling as it did so heavily on some of their best officers.* Amongst the slain was Captain MacColloch, who commanded the Legion Infantry, and Brown's intrepid band lost several officers and men.

General Sumpter was more fortunate, although he had to regret the loss of Capt. McClure, a brave and active soldier; besides the loss of several men. Many of his officers and soldiers were severely wounded. Nothing but the allurements of the camp, and the unfortunate intoxication of his soldiers, many of whom were unsuited for action, prevented General Sumpter and his brave comrades from reaping a signal victory—once completely within his grasp, and due to the zeal, perseverance and gallantry of himself and officers. Checked, but not dismayed—disappointed, but not discouraged, he sought his remote asylum to recruit his men, and repair his munitions of war, ready to fall on the enemy whenever and wherever to be found.

Many of those who had, on the spur of the moment, joined General Sumpter, finding him disposed to retire for awhile from active strife, returned home. Amongst this number were Major Walden, Bucklebelt, and several of their command. These skirmishes and severe battles were but those of the vanguard, it was said, to the army of General Gates, which was advancing, and ready to enter the State, so long under the domination of the enemy.

Julian, after ascertaining that Edward Conway's wounds, though severe, were not considered mortal, took an affectionate leave of his friend, telling him that in a

* Lee's Memoirs.

few days he would attempt to meet him at Mrs. Grayson's.

Of the sweeping disasters which befell the army under General Gates, of the buoyant expectations utterly turned into bitterness and wo, of the bravery rendered unavailing by culpable mismanagement, a passing notice can only be indulged.

Suffice it to say, no sooner had the invading army approached near the scene of action, than all who were able to return to active service, again buckled on their armor.

Julian, Bucklebelt and Coldfire found that General Sumpter was again ready for the field—taking but a short respite from the toils of the camp, they panted for battle.

General Gates, flushed with his northern victories, became impatient to measure swords with his opponent; urged, too, by some of his officers, he allowed rashness to rule the hour. Instead of holding his strong position on Lynche's Creek, ready to fall back on the strong counties of Cabarras, Rowan, and Mecklenburg, contiguous as they were to the western borders over the mountains, where lived the hardy mountaineers, equally attached to liberty, and who, when roused, rolled like their own headlong torrents on the hostile territory, he determined to attack the enemy. Too confident of victory, Gates weakened his forces by detaching a portion of them to join General Sumpter whilst in striking distance of his foe, headed by that wary and skillful young officer, Lord Rawdon, vainly expecting that he would be able to drive him from Camden.

The insurrection of the inhabitants on Black Creek, under General Marion, forced Lord Cornwallis to risk every thing on the issue of a battle. He marched to the relief of Lord Rawdon. He saw the imminent danger of his cause. The Proclamations of General Gates, the dissatisfaction of the inhabitants, and the numbers flocking to his standard, would have caused a commander less ready than Cornwallis to appeal to the sword, and to carve his way through dangers, (a mode of relief from embarrassments to which his lordship was peculiarly attached,) to have retreated—but he relied on his regulars—he sought his enemy with avidity, and the tragedy of the 16th of August will ever stand as a monument of the folly of trusting to numbers against discipline and skill.

The brave Baron De Kalb died as he had lived, calm and undaunted, pouring out his

blood for the cause so near his affections. But the struggles of the most resolute were unable to withstand the advantages gained from the experience and order of the British.

"What government," exclaims Colonel Lee, whose pen, like his sword, has contributed so much to the glory of his country, "is justifiable in sending its soldiers uninformed and untaught in battle, where they are to meet old and disciplined troops mechanized to order and hardships?"

General Sumpter, who had undertaken to intercept a detachment of the enemy from Ninety-Six, succeeded completely in his enterprise. But a new scheme was laid for his destruction. Lord Cornwallis had seen enough of the three Brigadiers, Marion, Pickens, and Sumpter, to know that so long as they maintained their forces, or could sally forth from their hiding-places, his victories would avail but little, and that the people, inspirited by such experienced and skillful commanders, would never submit. He, therefore, despatched two active officers in pursuit on different routes, to overtake and cut up the force under Sumpter.

It was the immortal Davie, panting to join General Gates, who met Col. Huger, wearied and on foot, driving his tired horse. He learned the disastrous defeat of the American army—the danger of his friend Sumpter was too evident, and without delay he despatched Captain Martin and two dragoons to warn him of his situation, and to repair to Charlotte. Turnbull, one of the pursuing enemy, was evaded; but that swift moving officer, Col. Tarleton, crossed the Wateree, and came up with the American officer on the 18th, and passing the Catawba at the Rocky Mount ford, he got into Sumpter's rear. Partial resistance was made by those who, wearied and in the belief of security, were not prepared for such a vigorous and unexpected assault. Consternation and utter dismay seized the followers of Sumpter; universal flight was the result. Julian, Coldfire, and the intrepid Bucklebelt, along with three hundred and fifty, escaped, leaving the enemy in possession of two brass pieces of artillery, arms and baggage; who likewise recovered their lost wagons, stores, and prisoners.

Thus ended the catastrophe of the 18th, in quick succession to the bloody tragedy of the 16th, leaving the South without an army, to a victorious and relentless enemy.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Speak thy resolves, if now thy courage droop,
Despair in prison, and abandon hope.

CYMON AND IPHIGENIA.

When Georgia fell, and South Carolina was given up, they were called the two lost States. Amongst the most prominent of the exiles who left the former State, and fled to their friends in the West, was Col. Elijah Clark—vigilant, and burning against the atrocities of the British Tories, and their savage allies, the Indians, he employed his time and mind to devise means to redress the injuries done his countrymen. The arrival of the annual presents for the Indians, with the unconquerable desire to recover Augusta, a wish always ascendant in his ardent bosom, afforded a suitable opportunity for the exercise of all his military skill.

After he had planted log forts, and established a constant intercourse with his friends, he called forth his comrades, urging every reason, and finally appealed to their revengeful feelings, showing them at the same time the rich harvest in store for their gallantry, as well as the necessity of preventing these stores from inflaming the Indians against the whole up-country. His appeal was listened to, and the army of the hills shouted for battle; their wallets were filled with provisions, the guns cleaned, bullets moulded, and a scanty supply of powder was distributed out of their ill supplied magazine. Thus unencumbered and alert, their effective capacity was increased; a few hours, and they were ready. "The grass of nature subsisted their horses, the forest their canopy."

Augusta was held by Lieut. T. Brown, and Ninety-Six by Col. Cruger. The first soon took the alarm, and made preparations to repel his gallant opponent. He was vigorously attacked by Clark at the head of seven hundred men. But Brown, under cover of his artillery, and at the point of the bayonet, forced his way to Garden Hill, where he fortified himself, waiting for recruits from Cruger. Four days did Brown and his men suffer for the want of water; and, though wounded, he, at the head of his men, courageously supported himself against the vigorous assaults of Clark and his associates. The latter had the mortification to give up his inevitable victory, by seeing Cruger and Clannagan with his band of loyalists, on the opposite shore. He immediately withdrew, leaving

his captured artillery, and all the evidences of his well laid schemes, to his enemies.

Ferguson, an ever watchful and prominent loyalist, by the orders of Cornwallis, pursued a route to King's Mountain, to cut off Clark and his army. A numerous assembly were panting to join Colonel Clark, and were in motion under Colonels Campbell, Cleaveland, Williams, Sevier, and Shelby. They wore on their hats green twigs, as emblematic of their devotion to their forests. These hardy mountaineers fell in with their enemies at King's Mountain. The battle raged for fifty minutes, Ferguson confiding in the bayonet, and the Americans in the deadly rifle. This hard fought battle was decisive; and although Clark failed at Augusta, yet his attempt on that place led to the destruction of Ferguson, and with it the present relief of North Carolina.

This overthrow had a wonderful effect. It showed new and unsuspected resources in the country—pointed out the yeomanry of the country, when roused, as quick and terrible in their plans and executions.

The fate of Ferguson caused the British army to retreat back to South Carolina. The sickly season set in, and Lord Cornwallis surrendered the command, (being sick,) to Lord Rawdon.

It was now that the royal militia was of infinite service to their allies. Inured to the climate, they acted as guides; mounted on horses they scoured the country, brought in cattle, gathered information, and laid the groundwork of most of the disasters of the times. Cornwallis settled his position at Winnsborough, in order to shield Camden and Ninety-Six.

Marion and Sumpter were ever vigilant. The first, on the east of the Santee; whilst Sumpter hovered on the west. He had the mountainous regions to draw on for assistance; his good fortune prevailed over the wiles of the enemy; he effectually chastised Major Wemys and the intrepid Tarleton in two conflicts at Blackstock Hill, on the eastern bank of the Tyger River. Tarleton left his wounded and dead to his conqueror.

Unfortunately, a grievous wound prevented Sumpter from improving his success, and detained him long from the field. But Pickens, Clark and Hardon still continued their exertions, which, if not sufficient to drive their enemies from the field, had the beneficial effect of holding them in check, and keeping their friends in countenance.

CHAPTER XL.

There saw I first the dark imagining
Of felony, and all the compassing;
The cruel ire, as red as burning coal.

The smiler, with the knife under the cloak.
THURLOW.

About this time, in some parts of the State, the second reign of terror again commenced. Commissioners were appointed to take possession of the estates of all who had not complied with the requisitions of Lord Cornwallis. A bare support was allowed the women and children; the balance was directed to be paid over to the pay-master of the royal forces. Death again was denounced against all persons who, having received protections, should be found in arms against the king's troops. Letters were forged, or pretended to have been taken from the pockets of many of the killed, and brought forward afterwards to implicate the living, as having instigated them to rebellion, and to act incompatibly with their paroles and protection. But such communications were never proved upon the living.

It was at this period that the ever memorable outrage was committed on many of the most virtuous and honorable citizens of the State, in sending them to St. Augustine, a prey to hardships and disease.

These were the times propitious for the display of the deep and flagitious powers of intrigue, which were so congenial to the mind of Notwood. Privy to, and interested as he was in the sequestration of estates, he formed the bold design of possessing himself of those of Major Walden, and several of the wealthy, who had not rendered themselves liable from overt acts against the king or his authority. Some of the arts with which he managed to gain the ascendancy over Gant and Felix Ashburn, have already been seen; and his mercenary propensities were ever ready to minister to the dark and malicious feelings of Clannagan. This wily manager determined to involve Julian and Edward in his scheme of ruin. After the discomfiture at Colonel Conway's, he had an excuse to push his fortunes, with the aid of Clannagan, to their consummation. Clannagan, it will be recollected, had seized the mineralogist, and had lodged him in jail at Ninety-Six, for the purpose of coercing him to second his designs against Major Walden and Julian.

Clannagan had been too actively engaged as a partisan to put his private plans of

malice into full operation, and Notwood, holding as he did a middle ground between the better order of society and the common royalists, had found it necessary to keep up some appearances of honesty in the eyes of the natives, and the more honest portion of British officers. But no sooner had Gates been defeated, and Sumpter retired in consequence of his wound, (the fear of summary castigation being thus removed,) than did these associates in infamy set about their long cherished schemes of plunder and malice. One of the terms of coalition was that Julian and Edward should be placed in the hands of Clannagan, and Capt. Gant was to be made the instrument by which the latter should be ensnared.

Gant, after he had wounded Edward, fearing that it might endanger his success at Forest Hill, (for his rejection there had only stimulated his affections towards Cathena,) repaired to Notwood for consolation and advice, hence the deep designs of Notwood were easily laid.

"Ay, sir," said Notwood, "you are a rare specimen of the exalted gentleman; I will turn every circumstance to your advantage, every effort shall be made; detach Clannagan to the neighborhood of Walden's, whilst I will induce Edward, through the authority of his uncle and the urgent request of his parents, to return home; you shall grant him a passport of protection and call to see him, the whole family will see the goodness of your heart! rest assured, my dear Gant, it is the nearest way to the affections of the sister."

Such was some of the advice of this arch intriguer. To Clannagan he urged the necessity of showing no overt act of immediate hostility towards Edward for a time, lest the relations and neighborhood, too suddenly alarmed, might not so readily fall into the confiscation plan; they might fly with their negroes and property towards the western portion of the state; "Give time and take time; let all be done under the semblance of law and on the authority of his majesty's officers. It will strengthen our cause, and once fairly begun we can be at no loss for such proof as we may require to effectuate our designs. In the meanwhile I will ferret out Julian, who may be placed in the same state of safe keeping with the mineralogist to await our respective purposes."

This notable scheme having been matured, Notwood, in company with Felix Ashburn as a companion, set out in the carriage of the latter for the neighborhood of Major Walden; Tidder, as usual, was

pressed as a guide; Notwood bore a letter from the family of Col. Conway, urging Edward that if he valued the life of his mother, and the health of his sister, to come home. They promised not to interfere for the future with his views in regard to politics.

Notwood in this journey set his mind anxiously to work upon Felix, attempting to dissuade him from prosecuting his suit with Miss Dashwood.

"St. Ille Grayson, Felix, is your best chance," said he. "She must be secured, or at all events must not fall into the hands of our enemies. She is the daughter of an old friend, and there we can rest with a plausible excuse, until your efforts are made; I am told that a Whig renegade, called Julian Onslow, has some pretensions; we must succeed in bringing about a revolution in her feelings, if they have been successfully reached by him."

To this, Felix replied that he was always ready to enter a new field, "But do you think I could get Diana?"

"You do not have any doubts, do you? I do not; I know you can," was the confident reply of Notwood.

"Then I will marry her."

"Never by my consent," replied Notwood, gravely, "no, sir, I will never suffer so great a friend to marry her."

"But I am partially committed; I must act the part of a gentleman."

"Exactly, my dear Felix, it is because you are a gentleman that I shall firmly object to any such surrender of your honor! believe me, she does not suit you. It was to prove to you your powers of conquest, and to show her that although she has so often railed at the beaux of the up-country, there was one who could bring her down from her towering height. She is imprudent, Felix. I have no doubt but that she is as virtuous as she should be; yet, I am certain, she is imprudent. My wife is a prudent, good sort of a short-sighted woman; and even she is suspicious!—but I will tell you, Felix, without cause, I hope! yes, Diana is imprudent, Felix."

"She is a fine looking woman, has a person which is the beau-ideal of symmetry, has fancy and acquirements."

"And no cash, Felix, no continental trash, and no personal or real estate, except her personal charms," replied Notwood.

Tidder, who had left his friend Cato on the day of the feast at Forest Hill, to accompany the mineralogist to jail, much

against his inclination, was again commanded by Clannagan to enter his service. He was exceedingly desultory in his conversation on this occasion; at length, Notwood said to him.

"I believe, Capt. Tidder, that our friend, Col. Clannagan, relies mainly on you to prove the guilt of the mineralogist."

"He relies on me very much, sir, a great deal more than I do on myself," replied the little guide, kicking up his pony. "He relies on me, sir, to do things that would gall the conscience of many a worse man, but I am the hack of the whole district, harder rode and worse paid, testify more and reap less for the amount of my services in that line, than any other man under the three Brigadiers; and, God knows, that they have a tough time of it; they eat bullfrogs as glibly as I would a perch, and as to meat they never get it unless it is a poor cow indentured to the crows. Plague on me, if I aint a monstrous notion that I am a rebel; there cannot be a man sent to dun for money, but I have to swim all night and be turned topsy turvy for it; next they can't get a spy that's escaped, but I have to plan and inveigle him into their power. There can't be a love scrape but what I must budge, ever since the days of my getting my commission as Captain, up to day before yesterday, when Mr. Felix, there in his fine carriage, asked me to carry that sea-lubber or tide-water gal, that the horse run away with, a letter."

"Ha! Felix!" exclaimed Notwood, "Have you been committing yourself on paper? these written documents on love matters are sometimes as unwelcome visitors as the ghost of Banquo at the banquet scene; but have you kept a copy of the sweet scented billet-doux?"

"Only a few verses written by our friend Capt. Gant. An Ode to Beauty. We both can guess who was the inspiring divinity. I took a copy, and thinking them applicable to Miss Dashwood, asked Capt. Tidder to convey them to her; hence his mistake in supposing I had entrusted a love letter to his care," replied Felix.

"Oh! a few verses written by Gant, let me see if they are worth handing over to Miss Grayson. If you can appropriate the heartfelt effusions of true love, to your own case," said Notwood, as he reached out his hand to receive the copy which Felix had retained, "so much the better, you must use every weapon in such a cause."

Notwood, after commanding Sampson to drive slowly for a few minutes, read as follows, in a clear and distinct voice—

ODE TO BEAUTY.

I.

Oh! Beauty, Beauty, who can look on thee,
And deem thee not a spirit robed in beams?
Brightly enchanting,—wrapt in mystery,
Like forms which float around us in our dreams,
As seen by fountains in the lunar light,
'Midst rainbow tints, and stars of cloudless night!

II.

Oh Beauty! Beauty! who can look on thee
With soul unawed, upon the changeless sight?
The vaulted sky, the deep majestic sea,
Bear change and peril ever in their might;
But peerless thou, thy destin'd race will run,
As erst in Paradise it was begun.

III.

Oh Beauty! Beauty! who can look on thee,
So bright, so calm, so eloquently mute,
And not conceive that sounds of melody,
Like softest tones, from happy maiden's lute
Sung to her hopes, 'midst bowers forever fair,
Float on the breeze and mingle in the air?

IV.

Oh Beauty! Beauty! who can look on thee,
Brighter than fancy's vision ere beheld!
Ethereal essence—Earth's Divinity;
And not pay homage? By the heart impelled
Devotion pours its offerings at thy shrine, [thine.
And deems 'tis Heaven's whene'er it bows at

V.

Oh Beauty! Beauty! who can look on thee,
In all thy unity of loveliness;
And not forget that poor mortality
Bears in its breast the founts of bitterness?
But thou wilt live thro' time the same—alone
The world's crown'd Queen, and willing hearts
thy throne.

"Quite sentimental, Felix," exclaimed Notwood, throwing himself in a laughing attitude, "such sentiments do credit to the heart, and prove the inspiration is from Heaven! Call it ideal, and present it to the fair St. Ille! I know one that it would have suited, the bewitching Mrs. Julia Armond! Felix, will you believe me? I have faith in a species of magnetism; the power to fascinate, to charm. You possess it,—I think I do, and Onslow has the faculty, and I can assure you, that Mrs. Armond possesses it in an eminent degree. Yes, sir! it is a curious phenomenon, that a look, an eye, a lip should produce an electrical influence on us. For instance, you shall see two persons apparently equal in every respect, one will fascinate whilst the other will disgust every one—the poet says—

'Some forms, though bright, no mortal man can bear,
Some none resist, though not exceeding fair.'

Why Felix, you and Gant are both handsome, and yet you would do more by a glance, a wave of the hand, than he could in a month, by constant attentions. And I

believe it would be fatal for that fellow Onslow, to look at, or converse with a lady, she would immediately fall in love with him; but he is fickle and inconstant, and must lose his conquests."

"Drive up, Sampson," cried Felix, who, looking at Notwood, continued, "I believe, Major, you have excited my ambition, I must see this noble flower of the mountain regions; it argues myself untraveled, not to have seen her. I will pay her some attentions, and if all things suit, I can but engage her; two strings, or more, will not be amiss."

"Oh no, you cannot by such a scheme make a miss, nor will any one take it amiss," said Notwood, attempting a play upon the last words of Felix, "unless it be a Miss."

"Exactly my own thoughts, there must be a viewless sympathy amongst kindred spirits. Hurra! Sampson, crack up, my good fellow, the steel-colored grays are not quite so mettlesome as when they took their wild-goose chase," said Felix, relapsing into a silent and thoughtful mood.

"I am thinking, Major," exclaimed Tidder, having caught the excitement of Sampson's admonition to his horses, "that we are scampering up and down the country on a fool's errand, nothing to drink, nothing to eat; the times generally quiet, unless the Indians should break out; and here I am, scouring the country as if on express; I have lost my crop, got no wages and no rewards, except hard words and sour looks; and am compelled to do things contrary to the laws of God and man, riding of nights, clapping old men in jail, and I'm not so certain but that some mischief is meant my old prisoner, Squire Julian, which was all well enough, when I had him under guard; but since his mortal enemy, Snyder, is dead, and all the rebellion is squashed, it is getting time to bury our old grudges, and to raise our children in a more religious way; and let me tell you, Major, that the profession of arms and the habit of being peculiarly punctual, causes such a man as me to see a great deal of unfruitful service."

"No doubt, Capt. Tidder, but you will be rewarded by posterity," replied Notwood.

"Yes, sir, but posterity becomes deaf, and has a short memory and is selfish and close fisted; I prefer the present, and I believe those who are so full of postponing for posterity, are only laying schemes to hold fast to the bird in their hands; whilst they point fools to the two in the bush, as

their reward; I am getting anxious to begin to clutch a little myself, for the longer I remain silent, the less chance I will have. Posterity," continued Tidder, falling back behind the carriage, "is a liar, and has ruined more than the sword; I work hard, and posterity's the pay-master, to which I am to look; but I know a thing or two whenever it suits me, and if any harm is to be hatched against the Squire, I'm a dog if I don't smell it out and defeat them; let big-fighting Timothy alone to manage his own matters. I'm not obliged to ruin myself and helpless family, and it's not to be done neither; and pray, who are these two fellows, lolling in their carriage, with their proud mulatto driver, and nicked-tail horses, and their escort, the valliant Capt. Tidder? were I not along they would have no one to play their mighty airs off on; they are getting rather too familiar and consequential; and I wouldn't hesitate to tell them that I prefer Cato Walden to either of them. For he's got a whiter heart and an honester hand this day, than either of them; just to think after I was particularly invited to the feast, after I had brought home the son, to have to leave all the good spirits, and the burying too, to carry an innocent old man to jail; and to break his heart with the belief that I was to be made a swift witness against him. It's hard, and passing hard, and things must mend, or I will bolt, and especially if I'm to be turned over to Mr. Posterity for my pay."

Having reached the proposed neighborhood, the little express was requested to fall in at Gableton's for the purpose of learning what news could be gathered from that talkative gentleman; whilst Notwood and Felix drove forward towards Mrs. Grayson's, where it was believed Edward Conway was spending most of his time since his wound; a kind of half way ground where he and Amelia could be in each other's company, without attracting the special observation of the inquisitive.

"Why, God bless you, Gab," exclaimed Tidder, on arriving at the proposed place, "old friends are easily made friends again, when nobody's in the way to laugh at them and prevent it. How are all the other worthies and gents, such as you and Holiday?"

"No time for compliments, Tidder, light and look at your saddle; friend or foe I know your depth and bottom; dismount and get down and walk in the house, and take dinner or pot-luck with me to-day, or this afternoon."

"It's a trade," said Tidder, springing from his pony.

"I've been suspicious ever since," continued Gableton, whilst taking the pony of his visiter to an adjoining stable, still addressing Tidder, "that old tinker, and that wild Indian woman, and that high-mettled fellow Onslow, who had such a fight with the good old Major, about allowing unnecessary intrusions; and Major Walden now-a-days is, or is not, at home; exactly to suit the wishes and business of those who seek him."

Tidder made his friend easy, by stating that the main inducement of his visit, was one of a friendly nature, to ascertain where Edward Conway was, and to learn something in relation to Julian.

"I know nothing, and mean to know nothing of nobody," was Gableton's reply. How well he kept his determination will be seen, when Capt. Tidder appears again before the reader.

CHAPTER XLI.

Eld. Bro. List! list! I hear
Some far off halloo break the silent air.

Y. Bro. Methought so too, what should it be?
MILTON.

Major Notwood, on his arrival at the Sycamores, announced his name and that of his companion. They were politely received by Mrs. Grayson, who with her daughter and Amelia constituted seemingly the whole of the family.

The wily magician knew well how to play off his talents; he was affable, acquiescing and even deferential; he plied all his skill, and artfully turned every circumstance to his own advantage to gain the full confidence of the several ladies; soothing and plausible, bland and dignified, he eschewed every subject calculated to give pain. He descanted with becoming sincerity against the evils of war, its bitter privations, its false position in regard to the elevated feelings of our nature.

Felix became enraptured with Amelia; her kind manners, her artless frankness and delicate wit, completely captivated him, and long ere night, he who went under the ostensible plea of captivating St. Ille, was most effectually smitten with the charms of another.

The quick and searching eyes of Notwood failed not to detect the feverish excitement amongst the ladies then at the

Sycamores. He cautiously spoke of the object of his visit, and his great attachment to Edward and to Julian.

It was some hours after he had gained the confidence of the family, when Amelia, after having been absent a few minutes, returned into the parlor with the lank, long form of Capt. Bucklebelt, following close after her. Notwood instinctively drew out a pistol, and Ashburn, seeing the movement of his friend, sprang to his side.

"No attitude of hostility, here, gentlemen," exclaimed Amelia, "I claim your observance of peace and good will towards our friends, and Capt. Bucklebelt is one of them."

"It depends," replied Notwood, still eyeing the calm, collected features of Bucklebelt, "upon the wishes and intentions of the opposite party; a soldier is ever ready to protect himself, and, if necessary, the fairest portion of the king's subjects."

"Yes, sir," replied Bucklebelt, "a soldier is ever on guard. But to cut the matter short, I am a protector of the fair sex myself; they are neither subjects of the king, nor subjects for the protection of any of his subalterns, and as to the idea of threats and defiance, and our inclinations, they are now at your command in single combat by moonlight, or daylight, at ten paces, or foot to foot, just as your bias leads you."

St. Ille ran to Bucklebelt, and in an imploring tone besought him to retire and leave their visitors to stay out their time, unmolested. "They profess friendship for our friends, and perhaps an irritating conversation may lead to their future injury," said St. Ille, still urging her request.

"You and yours, fair ladies," said Bucklebelt aloud, "will rue the day of this visit. It is the harbinger of ruin to those whose names I will not mention."

"Mention them," exclaimed a voice, sternly and sharply, behind Bucklebelt.

Amelia sprang towards the door and exclaimed, "Oh! Edward, do not be angry, Capt. Bucklebelt will not receive any injury from Major Notwood; he comes as your friend, let me entreat you to return to your room, you are not yet well enough to come out."

"Is that the voice of Edward Conway?" said Notwood, "I must see him."

"You can't pass out yet," said Bucklebelt, throwing his long arms against the facings of the door, "be seated, sir, and if Mr. Edward wishes to see you, well and good, and if he does not, so much the better."

This unpleasant altercation was speedily settled by Amelia, who seized the hand of Edward, and brought him into the parlor. "Come in, sir, and let them all see if you are not a fit subject for a guide," said the blushing girl, as she entered with him.

"Farewell, fair ladies," said Bucklebelt, when pressed to be seated, "when you have more need of me, I shall obey you."

St. Ille pursued him to the back way, and saw him mount his horse and dash off, in a brisk gait.

Woman's love! Woman's heart, who can unweave the intricate web which covers over its hidden treasures! Man has not the same organization,—the same pliability of feeling, the delicacy, tact, sensibility, the same devotedness! how then can he unravel the mystery? Can woman? Oh! but will woman pour out the secrets of her devotion for man to her own sex? will she breathe her passionate and sacred thoughts, her deep and abiding devotion? never! never to woman's ear! man hears them, and but half appreciates them; the exquisite tenderness and heaven-born devotedness, are too often lost upon him until it is too late! That love which appears fickle as the inconstant cloud, becomes as intense and as fixed as the light of the sun. St. Ille stood firmly rooted to the spot; the words of Bucklebelt caused her to think of Julian, and she determined to seek his hiding place and warn him of his danger.

To a temperament as ardent as that of Edward's, surrounded by Amelia, Felix, and the fascinating Notwood, little would be necessary to make it happy, and ere bed time, he had formed the resolution to agree to the proposed arrangements of his artful deceiver.

About ten o'clock, and after the gentlemen had retired to bed, St. Ille set out with Amelia, to seek the hiding place of Julian, which was on the opposite side of the river, convenient to the house of a poor but stanch Whig.

"St. Ille, my dearest," said Amelia, "had we not better give over our trip," as they started, (the moon just rising, its broad disk looking like the first blush of morn.)

"Do as you please, Amelia, I go at all hazards. I fear that glozing tongue, and the grave and solemn warning of Bucklebelt forebodes evil; he knows Major Notwood."

This firm answer was sufficient; their path lay through a thickly set woods, and they had just emerged from it, and crossed over into a field, which reached to the Banks of the river, skirted with under-

growth and vines, and forming a dense thick shade, as they lay in the beams of the moon, which fell full upon every object.

"What is to be done?" asked St. Ille, pointing to the forms of two persons, "we are now a mile from the house, and flight is impracticable. Look! they have moved back into the shade."

"I see the shape of a woman, standing out in the moonlight. What can they mean?" asked Amelia, grasping the arm of her companion.

"Let us return without showing any appearance of apprehension," replied St. Ille, "I fear that we will betray Julian if they accost us."

But no sooner was this determination taken, and they had started to return, than the form of a woman began to move around them with considerable speed, as if anxious to speak to them, or to prevent them from returning.

"Who are you, and what brings young ladies out at such an hour of night?" asked the strange woman.

"We must first know your business with us," replied St. Ille, with a show of firmness.

"First asked, first answered!" replied the stranger.

"You should be ashamed to be found attempting to betray a person who never did you an injury," said St. Ille, turning to depart.

"I'm rather too closely watched to betray myself; and self, you both know, is amazing near; so you must excuse me, if I still insist on your business here, for my superiors have ordered me to ascertain the motive of your visit, and then to persuade you to return immediately home, if you have no ambush on hand."

"I heard that voice at my father's," said Amelia, whispering to St. Ille. "He is the little express—I know it is the same person."

"Ah! my good friend, we know you. I hope you mean no harm to Julian Onslow. Come and see me to-morrow, and detail the whole affair; but let me beseech you not to betray him."

At this juncture a tall, spare figure approached, muffled up, and spoke in a quick voice.

"Get ye home, ladies—we are fishermen, and do not wish to be interrupted by moon-loving damsels. And you, madam," said Clannagan, addressing Tidder, (for these were the two persons besides St. Ille and Amelia,) "make your gossiping

parley shorter. Your ladyship is wanting at the river. Good night, ladies; and take a stranger's advice—the nearer the lambs stay to the sheep-fold, the less danger of the wolf—recollect, we are fishermen!"

The two young ladies prudently took the advice given, finding that their presence could evidently add nothing to the safety of themselves or Julian. Their adventure was still inexplicable, and they retired to their rooms full of undefined apprehensions; and St. Ille, late at night, saw the form of a man cautiously passing beneath her window and enter the house. She instinctively concluded that Major Notwood was connected in some way with the affair at the river. She little dreamed, however, that her most vivid fears were already realized.

This was brought about by the hatred which Gabbleton had towards Julian, and because he thought it would gratify the wishes of Major Walden; for in Gabbleton all other feelings were merged in the absorbing ones of reverence and esteem towards Major Walden. Like the enthusiastic soldier, who on the field of battle lifts his glazed eyes, and stretches out his mangled limbs, and with ghastly smiles seems to implore blessings on his commander, after the once electrified heart had long ceased to perform its office towards the exhausted system, essaying, as it were, in death to enter on a field of abstract devotion to another! Gabbleton would have been torn in pieces by wild horses, before he would have made the disclosures, which he so cheerfully did to Tidder, if he for a moment could have supposed that Major Walden would not have sanctioned his course.

Suffice it to say, that Clannagan had no sooner heard from Tidder that he had ascertained from Gabbleton the plan to obtain an interview with Julian, than he put his schemes into full operation.

He prepared Tidder with his dress, and had made such arrangements with Notwood before he had retired to bed, (by seeing him at Mrs. Grayson's,) as to be ready for his plot when St. Ille and Amelia approached his band at the river. No sooner had the two young ladies retired, than Clannagan gave the sound from a whistle which St. Ille used as a signal to Julian, and which Gabbleton had, in his fishing excursions, detected.

The shrill notes are heard—soon a light canoe is shoved from the opposite bank! It glides swiftly over the smooth and

glassy stream! The light dip of the paddle—the flash of the reflected waters, are watched by the eager eyes of relentless enemies.

“A good shot, Notwood—what say you?” whispered Clannagan.

“I’ll give it, if you say so!” replied McQuirk.

“You assassin!” replied the leader, with a chuckle; “not now—I have rather longer punishment ahead for him. Recollect, sir, be as willing when I call on you.”

“What!” exclaimed Tidder, rather too loud for a whisper, “not in jail at Ninety-Six, with the old mineralogist?”

“Silence, madam! You are to step up to him, as if about to shake hands with him, whilst we seize him.”

“My God! he might not like for me to be so familiar, especially if he should discover that I was not the bona fide that he was expecting.”

What a contrast! the young and gallant lover hastening to the supposed call of his own idol, whilst unchastened revenge and calculating avarice, backed by dogged servility, are lying in wait.

“My dearest St. Ille not alone?”

“Pinion his arms! Bind them firmly! Resist, and I’ll blow you to hell!” was the harsh reply of Clannagan.

After this command had been effected on Julian, Clannagan said to him, with a fiend-like chuckle—

“You have passed a sweet and idle life, meeting love-sick girls by moonlight. Suppose you try your fortunes a little further South. Prepare,” continued he, turning to McQuirk and Tidder, “for the most direct route to McIlhaneys.”

“For God’s sake! my dear Colonel, let me take off these petticoats, and let me breathe and refresh myself a little in this neighborhood. I wish to absorb a little of the fat of the land—man and beast must famish and decay, unless now and then they get a little food and rest.”

“Well spoken, Master Tidder,” replied Clannagan, “but Gabbleton’s the man to grumble. We owe the whole affair to his long tongue. Strike ahead with the love-sick baby!”

“If I must, I must,” replied Tidder, “but I swear I’ll never put on another hussey’s frock—it’s a disgrace to the military commission which I hold.”

“Shut up!” said Clannagan, fiercely. “And you, Major Notwood, to bed. A few more vigorous shoves, and the pit holds the rebels. We meet at Ninety-Six,” added Clannagan, as he coldly touched the ex-

tended hand of his dark accomplice; then whirling on his noble horse, he ordered a retreat from the ill fated spot.

CHAPTER XLII.

No argument like matter of fact is:
And we are best of all led to
Men’s principles, by what they do.

HUDIBRAS.

Captain Bucklebelt, early the next morning after he had left Mrs. Grayson’s, sought Major Walden, to warn him of his suspicions. He found his friend reading the determination of Congress to order a Court of Inquiry into the conduct of General Gates, and that in the interim the General-in-chief should appoint a successor.

“It is intimated,” said Major Walden, “that General Green is to be our commander. Sir, the South will be saved—the appointment would carry confidence and success in it.”

“Ay,” replied Bucklebelt, “he is an able officer. If my memory fails me not, he has served long and faithfully, rising step by step, exhibiting great abilities as Quarter-Master General—commanding the division at Springfield against Knyphausen, and acquiring great applause. He fought against Weldon in the close of the battle of Brandywine, and opposed Lord Cornwallis in New Jersey. He was chief of the left wing in the memorable battle of Germantown; and the right wing was under his direction at the hard fought battle of Monmouth, where the enemy were so much crippled. He contributed to the gallant retreat under Sullivan, in the invasion of Rhode Island; and I agree with you, Major Walden, that no one out of our own State is better suited for the responsible station. But, sir, we have at this time three Brigadiers equal to any in the world.”

“I admit their great claims, Bucklebelt, but abilities do not always beget confidence at once; the fame of General Green is known over the whole world. We are to be free! But what has caused you to seek me out from my hiding place? Any more atrocities committed?”

After Bucklebelt had given his opinions at some length, and had the mortification to hear his friend Julian abused as a vagabond and colleague of the mineralogist, he proposed to accompany the Major to Mrs. Grayson’s, with such number of his friends as would ensure his safety.

“What have I to fear from such noble

and genteel troopers making war and love in a carriage? I fear nothing from them."

Such was the answer of Major Walden; and the only matter of interest which was elicited was by a reiterated wish on the part of Bucklebelt for the future success of Julian. This, like all similar conversations in which his name was introduced, led to renewed denunciations on the part of the Major, who expatiated upon his guardianship over St. Ille, and the noble and authentic stock from which Edward was descended. But Bucklebelt, although he did full justice to the great claims of Edward Conway, combatted the idea of objecting to Julian on the grounds of the want of a noble descent, contending earnestly that one of the main pillars of the Declaration of Independence rested on the equality of all mankind; and he reminded his friend that his assertion that love was merely a theoretical abstraction, was at war with his own experience, and did not come under the head of theories and speculations, but under the Baconian process of matter of fact.

"Is Edir Immerson," asked Major Walden, "linked in with the mineralogist and Julian?"

"Edir Immerson will never condescend to any intrigue against you, or any one else. Her hatred is too sublimated, too selfish, to form any alliance with any one!"

Bucklebelt continued to give his friend a detailed account of the causes which had operated on the proud and susceptible feelings of Edir Immerson, referring to various medical writers, to explain the true causes of such affections, and finally recited some facts to prove her enthusiasm in some portions of Indian superstition, mixed, as it was, with her early religious precepts.

"But why this strange fancy, on her part, towards your young friend, Julian Onslow?"

"I let your sneer pass," replied Bucklebelt; "but how do you account for those who hate, who differ in religion, in politics, suddenly forming coalitions? Some secret sympathy, some generous impulse, undoubtedly sways them. Then why be surprised if she should have formed an affection for one who was friendless, and a wanderer like herself?"

"Let me tell you, Bucklebelt, that this vile plot now on foot shall never cause me to quail before threats, or yield to entreaties."

"You certainly mean no act of overt injury to my young friend?" asked Buckle-

belt, suddenly halting in the road. "For if you do," continued the worthy Captain, "although I would follow you to the last hour of my life in a righteous cause, yet all the divines of the Church of England could not persuade me to go any further with you."

"You may go to h—ll with your conditions! I am a freeman!" replied the Major.

"Exactly what I am!" retorted Bucklebelt, suddenly whirling his horse around, and starting back the way they had come.

"Open rebellion!" exclaimed Major Walden; "and Bucklebelt has dared to belie his whole life! Has dared to insinuate that I am capable of acting the part of injustice! His friend, wife, children, and country, all to be sacrificed to his cursed monomania towards a renegade conspirator. I'll see them all with Dives, before I would bow an inch to any of them!"

Once or twice the furious Major halted and turned his head, expecting that Bucklebelt would repent, and return to ask his pardon; but finding that he did not, he pursued his course to the Sycamores, in a moody and turbulent state of feelings, muttering denunciations and vengeance on Julian and his accomplices, and occasionally uttering a half suppressed oath against the blind obstinacy of Bucklebelt.

The reception of Major Walden at the Sycamores was warm and cordial, and he in a little time was entirely relieved of all restraint. He found Edward in fine spirits, and nearly recovered. The soft, sweet eyes of Amelia, her dove-like innocence, her free and easy manners, with the seeming freedom which she showed towards his nephew, were calculated to rouse some suspicions that she, and not St. Ille, was the object of Edward's affections.

The inquisitive glance of Notwood saw at once into the hidden feelings of each bosom. He saw the proud and haughty Walden bent on the alliance of his nephew to the only daughter of Colonel Grayson. He saw at once the difficulty from the reciprocal attachment between Edward and Amelia. He noted the restless and deep shades of anxiety, as they flew over the commanding, though pensive brow of St. Ille, and he felt no scruples of conscience in availing himself of his knowledge to further his private views. Julian was already in his power.

He had other victims to sacrifice, but it required time and skill to mature his schemes. It would be tedious to detail

his conversation with each. His acquiescing kindness towards Mrs. Grayson—the soft and kind tones in which he lulled the fears and suspicions of St. Ille—the familiar and manly language to Edward—the deferential and respectful manners to Major Walden, not to mention his playful wit and light badinage to Amelia, and his sly, deep arguments to induce Felix to address one, or both of the young ladies—all were in keeping with his character, and proved that versatility of talents which fitted him to act a conspicuous part, for good or for evil, wherever he chose to exert them.

Major Walden, after requesting a private interview, flatly and openly denounced Julian to St. Ille and her mother, and forbade any further encouragement of his pretensions. He expatiated upon the binding obligations to carry out the wishes of his ancient friend, Colonel Grayson. Thus the tomb often covers the enmity of life! when rivalry no longer thrusts itself in the way of ambitious aspirations, the calmer charities are professed, and sometimes, as it were, atonement made for the past transgressions to the dead, to surviving friends and relatives. But there were some strong and prominent feelings at work in the breast of Major Walden; his hatred to Julian, his great and leading desire to see Edward well married, and that disposition to carry out his own will when once formed, had no little share in his determination to act the part of a faithful guardian.

St. Ille burst into tears. This allusion to the wishes of her father, called up the bitter recollections of the past. The scenes of his last hours rushed to her mind!

“I am your friend and guardian, Miss Grayson,” said the Major, awkwardly taking hold of her hand, “and hope that you do not consider me harsh, in asking a promise from you, never to marry that unknown adventurer, Julian Onslow.”

“I shall marry no one shortly,” said St. Ille, falteringly.

“Don’t be too positive,” replied the Major. “I am not opposed to an alliance with your equal. To be short and serious, if you can fancy Edward, he shall be yours; and all I can say is, that if you attempt to marry the other, I shall feel bound to interpose every obstacle in my power, even if I have to cause his arrest upon my own private grievances, as having entered into a base conspiracy against my property, if not my life.”

“You lose your dignity, sir,” said St.

Ille, “in abusing a gentleman who enjoys the love and confidence of your most devoted friends.”

Mrs. Grayson interposed to prevent any further ill feeling, but Major Walden was too much excited to listen with calmness.

“I am my own guardian, Miss Grayson, and if you have any disposition to get entangled in a love affair, contrary to my wishes, I shall feel bound to stick to my word. But do you, or do you not, think Edward a suitable match for yourself, or any other young lady?”

“Most unquestionably I do, and if you will ask Amelia Milligan that question, in a proper temper, perhaps you might hear an agreeable answer.”

“Edward shall leave this neighborhood; it seems we both are to have guardians!” replied the Major, as he made a hasty bow to the two ladies, breaking off his unsuccessful interview.

Notwood felt his blood flow freely—his great tact had so far been put to a successful issue; and that happy excitation which arises from the employment of the favorite bias of the mind, was now enjoyed; he felt as if he possessed the power of seeing into the hidden recesses of the heart; and he touched the prejudices and strong feelings of Major Walden with the wand of a skillful magician.

During the preparations for the departure of the gentlemen to Colonel Conway’s, whither they all proposed to proceed, (Major Walden having yielded to the pressing entreaties of Notwood,) Edward exhibited some little feeling; he saw the beautiful countenance of Amelia, in spite of her endeavors to suppress her emotions, exhibiting sudden disappointment. So plainly does the unpracticed heart of innocence, like the polished surface of a mirror, reflect back the image which is made upon it! But Edward was a little selfish, somewhat of a monopolist, and did not wish that Mr. Ashburn, or any one else, should succeed without opposition. Perhaps he wished St. Ille to love him, from a law of mere association, which connects feelings with persons and places; for instance, the two girls were generally together, and he could seldom think of one, without calling up the image of the other. Is not that which is so often branded as inconstancy in a lover, but the homage which the heart pays to similar charms and endowments, when found in other objects besides the one beloved? Edward’s heart had not yet been riven to the centre. The deep implantings of passion, which root so deep,

and smother all other feelings, had not been matured. Amelia confided in him, as a friend and brother. Thus ever it is with young love! But she confided in a noble and gallant heart—one which would have scorned itself, if it had felt capable of trifling with affections like hers, although he was not fully apprised of her deep devotion towards him; and she was too happy to imagine that a cloud could cast a temporary shadow over the sunshine of hope which illumined her bosom. Experience alone brings knowledge. She had yet to learn its bitter lessons.

After the usual and proper parting compliments on the part of the several gentlemen, they set out about ten o'clock for the residence of Colonel Conway.

CHAPTER XLIII.

Epi. Ay, me unhappy! then my fears are true.

COMUS.

No sooner had the party left Mrs. Grayson's, than St. Ille, who had looked with great anxiety for the hour of their departure, (always excepting Edward Conway, whose high regard for Julian, and manly deportment, made his presence always welcome at her mother's,) started, attended by her servant maid, to the place where she had usually met Julian, since he had enrolled himself as an active belligerent against the enemies of his country. She was too full of apprehension, too full of the exciting thoughts of his future safety, to seek for an escort. She wished perhaps to tell him, unseen and unheard by any one, what had been her fears during the night, and the threats she had just heard.

On arriving at the bank of the river, which she had abandoned on the night before, she perceived the tracks of horses and the appearance of foot prints. She was much dismayed, when she beheld the canoe, which, from the hasty manner it had been abandoned, had floated several yards down the stream; she found a whistle partly trampled in the sand; with a palpitating heart, she essayed to make the usual signal; failing, she used the one which she always bore about her, but it likewise failed to bring Julian to the opposite shore. Almost frantic, and without considering the possibility that he might have crossed over, she determined to visit the place where she had usually met with him, in company with Edward and Amelia; a secluded spot on the opposite side of the river where he

spent most of his leisure hours, and sufficiently near to hear a signal from whence St. Ille now wished to cross. With a trembling hand she shoved the light canoe from the shore, and springing into it, they plied the paddles with so much determination, as to effect a landing in safety; hastily tying the canoe—with a quick and hurried step she threaded her way through a dense coppice of undergrowth, which skirted a high and commanding hill—panting and agitated with apprehension for the safety of Julian, and from her unwonted exertions, she ascended the sides of the hill; she at length approached the secluded spot, sheltered by a projecting rock; she listened to hear the breathings of Julian! But she was doomed to disappointment; pulling away the cluster of wild vines which fell over and screened the half-formed grotto from without, she beheld nothing but the rude seat, and the little table, which she had given him, a few books, paper, ink and pen were before her. She sunk on the seat and hiding her face in her hands sobbed aloud. All her fears seemed now realized; imagination painted Julian as betrayed! Perhaps in prison; but the tempest of the heart is like that of the heavens, often followed by the rainbow; hope whispered that the hand of Providence would still protect him; she became more calm, and recovering somewhat the command of her feelings, she ventured to open one of the books lying on the table, and found the following lines, evidently written in anticipation of her expected visit on the last evening.

Sweet St. Ille! Sweet St. Ille,
None are true and fair like thee;
Though stars are bright, tho' stars are bright;
And gentle dews that fall at night,
Are turned to gems by bright of morning;
They shun the sun, the day adorning.
Tho' others be true, others be fair,
Yet none with thee can ever compare.

Sweet St. Ille! sweet St. Ille,
None are true and fair like thee—
List, love, 'tis noon! List, love, 'tis noon!
Remember, too, the silver moon—
Come with the signal of our meeting—
I'll meet thee then, with love's true greeting—
Tho' others be true—others be fair,
Yet none with thee can ever compare!

The fair occupant of the secluded spot was unexpectedly startled by the appearance of Capt. Bucklebelt, who, on the morning he had quarreled with Major Walden, actually shed tears at the injustice he had met at the hands of his old friend. "I'll go home and turn idler—I'll listen to the long

tales of Jedediah Holiday ; and so here we go, Mr. Obligation," said the worthy Captain, as he drove unconsciously his huge spurs to the flanks of his noble charger, the gift of Major Walden ; but this declaration in favor of future inactivity yielded to his warm attachment to Julian ; hence his appearance at the place of his concealment.

It needs no extraordinary stretch of the imagination, to appreciate the feelings of St. Ille, when she heard the fears which Bucklebelt expressed for the safety of Julian. Woman's affections may at times be variable, and inexplicable upon the ordinary views of men. Even the timid and sensitive, when left to their own guidance, will sometimes exhibit to a stranger a confidence and reliance, which they withhold from a constant associate, or one whom they look to as a guardian or protector.—Such a seeming inconsistency is one of the best safe-guards in a uniform character. It is often the offspring of a well balanced self respect. It actuates the person to command the regard of those for whom they have the greatest affection, by keeping up to that uniform standard which is the acknowledged one of the character ; let no one say that this savors of duplicity—evinces a want of that confidence which should characterize the intercourse of mutual friends. It is the homage paid to truth—to a uniform and high moral grade of conduct. The frequent acknowledgments made by persons that they have unexpectedly heard of some trait hitherto unknown in the character of an intimate friend, may be owing to the fact just noticed ; or, that a long acquaintance tames that buoyancy and elasticity of the mind, which new objects and new circumstances excite.

On this occasion, St. Ille frankly stated all the incidents of the last evening, with her many apprehensions and suspicions.—She hesitated not to avow her deep solicitude and affection for Julian ; she urged with earnestness the necessity of taking immediate measures for ascertaining what had caused his absence, and added her readiness to furnish any assistance which Capt. Bucklebelt might require, either as funds for his own use, or aid to his family. But Bucklebelt required no incentives, however cogent the entreaties of St. Ille might be considered, or powerful the hope of recompense, they fell far short of that devoted love he felt towards a brave and unfortunate brother soldier.

After he had seen St. Ille safe at home, he took an affectionate leave, assuring her

that he would spare no time, nor zeal, in rendering all the service to Julian, which any other human being in the state could be found to accomplish, who was not on a better footing with the party in power.

In a day or two, St. Ille and her mother accompanied Amelia to her father's ; the former vainly hoping, that chance might develop the causes which had produced the sudden disappearance of Julian.

CHAPTER XLIV.

Learning has borne such fruit in other days
On all her branches. Piety has found
Friends, in the friends of science.

COWPER.

The party having charge of Julian, arrived without any accident at the fort of Ninety-Six, a village which is said to have derived its name from being ninety-six miles from the principal town of the Cherokees, called Keowee ; others with equal probability derive its name from the distance a friendly Indian is said to have run in a day, to give warning of the approach of a hostile party of savages, against the settlement. It was the chief village lying between the Saluda and Savannah rivers,—the most populous district in the State, it was the scene of more inveterate hatred and private malice, than any other portion of the continent. The fort was first erected as a protection against the Indians ; but was now commanded by Col. Cruger, a native of New York, of respectable parentage ; his garrison was five hundred and fifty strong ; three hundred and fifty of whom were regulars, and, like himself, Americans ; the balance were loyal militia of the State, under Col. King.

To the latter, Clannagan sent a pressing request to have a strict watch kept over Julian, as he was one who had violated his parole, and had incurred the penalty of death.

Julian's heart recoiled at the squalid appearance of many of his fellow prisoners. Their unshorn beards, and soiled and matted hair, with scarcely rags enough to keep out the cold, which began to become pinching and uncomfortable, were not calculated to prepossess him in favor of his new abode. The first of this miserable crew to meet him was the mineralogist.

"What ! and you would not worship Baal?" said he, raising his eyes from an old garment which he was patching ; "you see, I am compelled to deviate from a scripture

maxim, not to put old cloth to new, but necessity has no law."

"And what have you done, my young lark?" asked one of the prisoners; "you owed a small sum of money, and the continental wouldn't satisfy the stomach of your Tory creditor."

"No," replied another, "he had one or two ash-cat negroes, and the Tories wished to be called master in his stead."

"You are all wrong," said a third, he two years ago refused to let a Tory dog court his sister, or he has an old uncle full of money, and he is the only heir."

"Silence," shouted the mineralogist, "it is to mortify me; to break down and retard the wonderful discoveries which I have made,—but, God protect you," said the speaker, suddenly changing his voice, and embracing Julian, whilst the tears glistened in his eyes, as he turned them wildly up to the dark low roof, seemingly unconscious where he was. The effect was contagious on the light-hearted spectators, and they who from their appearance and conversation, had apparently lost all respect for the social virtues, had their long dormant sympathies roused into action. Thus memory or association providently lays up the finer qualities of the heart, to be called into play in after life.

"Leave us, my friends," said the mineralogist, waving his hand, "we must be allowed to be alone."

As soon as the prisoners had obeyed the request of the mineralogist, he continued.

"And you have been betrayed into the hands of the Philistines by Micajah Walden? nay, shake not your head, he has reasons! motives! deep as hell! Is he not crying for the rocks and hills to fall on him, and hide him from the light of truth? Does not this tin cylinder contain evidence, which would make his blood gush through his heart like an angry torrent through the narrow fissures of the mountains? Have not these vile miscreants, who have confined us, been poring over my manuscripts? fools! they could not decipher my writings; written in a newly invented short-hand, (a written out copy of which, I have safely deposited where they never can find it,) all their learned topographers and engineers could not unravel it. I wish I could lead Marcus Coldfire against this redoubt, or rather den of thieves, I could invest it with such ordnance, either ancient or modern, and some of my newly invented chemicals, as would blow the whole sufficiently high to let in a little more of the heat and light of the sun, which they seem to begrudge

us. But I do not despair. Crudon, and his co-working confiscators, will but accelerate the downfall of their authority, maintained by fraud and oppression.

"I have had reward offered for you, and a minute account of your history. John Crudon, the confiscating agent, under his lordship's proclamation, of the 16th of September, new style, waited on me three days successively.

" 'Liberate me, promise safety to Julian, and then I will hear you,' was my constant demand.

" 'You may injure your young friend, and suffer in person,' was his answer.

" 'Persist in your nefarious schemes, and you will suffer in hell fire,' was my retort.

"What could they do with me?" continued the mineralogist. "'Tis the young and happy; those who have prospects of happiness before them; whose usefulness may be of service to their country; such as have honors and a worldly paradise in store; these they seek to destroy, not the old, nor the infirm; they would not have charity to confer the favor of death upon such! But be not dismayed, I had expected you. I know the sea-weeds of the current. But swear one thing, to me, and then, like Paul of old, I am ready to be offered up."

The mineralogist became pensive, and tears fell from his eyes, as he seemed agitated by some powerful emotion; at length he resumed.

"I see that you assent, I grieve in heart and spirit, that all my studies and labors may be lost forever, unless I can raise up a disciple to propagate and enforce them, but thou wilt be taken up with the pursuits of the world, with woman's love; I cannot change thy inclinations, but I have a claim on thee—not of a parent, not of a guardian—no!—my whole life has been one of pecuniary sacrifice, of personal martyrdom, in order that my science should succeed, and that you should be fitted to become its noble patron. I would not confine you to details. It requires patience and great industry, a mind and body suited to hardships and privations. The student of nature must be morally and physically constituted for a successful prosecution of his profession; his moral endowments must be duly equipoised; and his physical structure not lack courage, endurance and strength—no sickly and mawkish sensibility to be turned aside by the cant and dissimulation of those who make it a trade to work on the sympathies of others—no strong social bias towards the society of

friends—no desire to cavil about creeds in religion; nor a stickler for this or that particular tenet in the parties which divide politicians. The student must be the mountain torrent, which will not be impeded; he must be the subtle undermining quick-silver which seeks the smallest crevices through which to make its escape. It takes many ages to make such men as Aristotle, Bacon and Shakspeare; and (without disparagement to others, or egotism,) such a compound as the humble individual who now addresses you concerning the great utility of his grand and scientific discoveries. Think you I could not have shone in the camp, or the cabinet; in the forum or the cathedral—on the seas—in paintings, in architecture, in astrology, physiognomy? In gallantry or any other department of acquirements or science? doubt it not; I will not add that he who doubts is damned; but hear me; I prefer the simple title of mineralogist to that of lord or marquis! Have I not foretold, by astrology, the destinies of the house of Walden? Have I not fought in private rencontre? and sought to march with Marcus Coldfire for thy rescue? I have warned in and out of season. I have written much—I have drawn in architecture, and wrought curious workmanship, in iron, brass, and silver; and more, I have told the hidden disposition of men, with their secret tendencies, and their bias to any leading vice, their secret devil; and who hath not a demon, a master vice, which stands forever whispering in his ear, urging and prompting to certain deeds? and who hath not skill, aptitude, promptitude and energy, over all others, in some trait or disposition? how have I told these? when you look for fruit, you look not to the trunk, but rather to the top; so in man; you smile! but the day will come when the head, in which concentrate all the senses, will be looked to, to furnish indices of the man. Does the physician, the mineralogist, the astronomer, look out upon their respective spheres of action? so hereafter, men of this science will tell you who are the honest, the envious, the profane; the mark of Cain would not be more certain! You look out upon the heavens and predict succeeding events; why have our faculties been adapted for the reception of impressions?—what is instinct? you smile, but I am sad! Truth lies deep when covered under the rubbish thrown on it by the speculative; truth seems strange because so few have the courage to discard the errors of others, with which

it is so often commingled. But, these moments are precious, let me exhort you to walk through the fiery furnace, before you yield to the exactions of your oppressors. Then my heart will no longer ache with the apprehension that my discoveries are to be neglected, and my writings mutilated, misinterpreted and misapplied."

"I hope," said Julian, with great solemnity, "that you may long live to prosecute, with the love and approbation of all good men, your favorite studies."

"Let me embrace you once more," said the mineralogist; "but were you in power and I dependent, I would scorn myself for this evidence of human affection. I now conclude,

"1st. You, Julian Onslow, are hereby constituted the patron and friend of my mineralogical schemes and discoveries, which are not to be published or divulged unless by my consent, or after my death—

"2d. In order that you may obtain the necessary rights and means for its prosecution, I state—

"Hark!" said the mineralogist, "you hear the drum. It is the signal for a few hours' respite from this vile prison; the hot sun of autumn and the smell of the fresh earth is some respite, even if accompanied with the mortification of casting up fortifications against our own friends. I can tell you no more—wait—be patient—be firm."

The routine of prison discipline, (when the keenest inventions were put into requisition to harass and oppress American prisoners,) can be faintly imagined by those who look into the history of the times, so replete with the heart-rending details of the kind.

CHAPTER XLV.

—Is this all?

Hast thou no gentler answer? Yet bethink thee,
And pause ere thou rejectest:

BYRON.

The arrival of Major Walden and companions at Forest Hill, afforded a full opportunity for Col. Conway to show his courteous manners towards his friends. The stubborn features of Major Walden were imbued in tears when he embraced the last relic of his parents—his only sister; and Cato and Prudence poured out torrents of gratulatory welcomes and rejoicings. These meetings, how they checker the monotony of life, and add a stir and bustle at once new and pleasant for a time!

Early in the evening, after the arrival just noticed, a parcel of huntsmen with their train of dogs came in, for the purpose of taking a deer hunt on the next morning. Not the least prominent person amongst these was the renowned Dr. Caius C. Cain. Of course all of the Hill, from the yard to the parlor, exhibited signs of bustle and hilarity.

During a conversation which sprung up on the cruelty of hunting, in which Miss Jemima Peabody took a part, Major Walden ventured to say,

"I hope, Miss Peabody, you are not so much of a Quakeress as never to resent or to assume a bellicose attitude."

"I would not refuse to marry a gentleman who might deem it necessary to defend his sovereign," replied Miss Jemima.

"But," continued Major Walden, "suppose he was an old bachelor, a Whig, and sometimes compelled to fly to the swamps, would you not promptly reject the offers of such an one?"

"I should like to take time to think on such a question," replied the governess, "but if you are personally concerned," continued she, blushing and trembling, and attempting to conceal her agitation, "I should not require more than two or three days."

"You start home I believe, uncle," said Edward, enjoying the joke, "day after tomorrow."

The Major, in attempting to be a little gay, had launched a little farther than his own feelings deemed proper; and the whole company enjoyed the embarrassment of the two.

"Then," said Miss Peabody, laboring hard between the recollection of her repeated declarations, and her always real design, "I answer (as I am not allowed time, in the affirmative, believing it to be my duty, even at the hazard of being called a little too candid.)"

"Suppose we send instantly for Mr. Miligan," said Edward, with mock solemnity.

"The deuce!" replied his uncle, "you mean his little sparrow of a daughter."

"Agreed! agreed!" reiterated Edward, attempting to hide his blushes, which evidently betrayed the true state of his feelings.

Miss Peabody, partly overcome with the extraordinary courage she had exhibited, and partly to show a becoming degree of delicacy on such an important occasion, rose to leave the room.

Major Walden saw his awkward position, and determined to remove any misap-

prehension of his intentions on the part of the governess.

"I hope, miss," said the Major, "you have not misconstrued my question?"

"Certainly not, sir, I am too candid, and generally say what I mean, and I have not the slightest doubt that you are a man of your word."

"Yes, madam," replied the embarrassed Major, "at all times, and under any circumstances, a man of my word; but let me tell you, that I have no more idea of offering myself in marriage, than I have of acknowledging King George as my lawful sovereign, or of joining the infernal band of Tories now plundering the country."

During this unpleasant annunciation, Miss Peabody turned almost green, and held the corner of her mouth to hide the convulsive quivering of her nether lip. She must have fallen, but Capt. Gant sprung to her relief. Amidst this scene of confusion, Dr. Cain declared that she was not of the right mould to go into an apoplexy. "Nothing," continued the Doctor, "but a case of idiosyncrasy, a monomania on matrimony; apply the tinctura ferulæ asafœtida compositæ freely. Thank God!" ejaculated the Doctor, attempting to enter the sick room, "I shall be able now to heap coals of fire on the head of her who treated me so unkindly."

"I'll die first," shrieked the half frantic Miss Jemima; "send the brute away with his fire and poison."

The Doctor immediately retreated, and left Mrs. Conway to manage the governess in her own way.

CHAPTER XLVI.

The healthy huntsman, with the cheerful horn,
Summons the dogs, and greets the dappled morn.
The distant mountains echo from afar,
And hanging woods resound the flying war.
The tuneful noise the sprightly courser hears,
Paws the green turf, and pricks his trembling ears.
GAY.

The huntsmen ate an early breakfast by candlelight, and long before sunrise, Cato and Sampson reported that the horses were ready, and that their respective packs were in place.

Felix, who had gathered considerable lore on the subject of deer hunting, was disposed to take an early start, because as the moon went down early, the deer would lie down whenever darkness set in; and as the dews might be light, it was necessary to be in the drive before they were off.

He further urged that he was for no half way measures, his standing motto was for deer-hunting, "From twilight to twilight."

"Blow your horn, Cato; lead the way, Col. Conway; and recollect, Dr. Cain," continued Major Walden, as he mounted his horse, "that I am your rival in the killing art to-day; on any other occasion I shall yield the palm of victory."

"You except the case of last evening," replied the Doctor in a chuckling laugh. "And you think, Felix, the deer watch the moon day and night?" continued the Doctor, well pleased with his own wit.

Felix made no other reply than by a loud blast on his horn, which was answered by the deep mouths of the joyous and frisking hounds.

Whoever has been devoted to the chase, knows full well that it is an art of no easy attainment. It requires a good ear, steady nerves, endurance, courage, ardor, patience, and quick tact and combination. The government of the horse, the peculiarity of each leading dog; the tacks the deer will make; the probable course the other huntsmen may take; their capabilities and skill; when to risk your own shot, or to hold up for another chance; the effects of the wind upon the sound of the dogs, and the course of the deer.

Cato, who professed to be well skilled in these matters, advised Capt. Gant and Edward to stick to the dogs, as being most likely to give a chance for a shot, as they roused the game. Col. Conway, as soon as they reached the hunting ground, undertook to post the several gentlemen at proper stands.

Cato amused his two young friends by expatiating upon the qualities of his dogs.

"That hard-headed dog yonder," said he, "knows I like him, and he presumes over his latitude, just like an ill-bred nigger, when he ai'nt used to too much kindness; I'll take him a buttonhole lower some of these times. That's Goliah; he came from your grandfather's old stock, sent to him from old England. That speckle long lank blue dog, is a cousin of Goliah, and his name is Blue Beard, after the king who capitated off all his wives' heads; he is the best cold trailer in the State. I wish you would hold back your dogs, young man!" vociferated Cato to Sampson. "And that is Vixen, full sister to Blue Beard; she is death for varmints and fawns; she never stops until she lifts a trail, and hangs out as long as Goliah. Gem'men, the next one is brother to Goliah, all black, except the tips of his

feet and the end of his tail; look what a rich color of gold just above the white on his legs, and on his jaws! his name is Leader; if he ai'nt so cold as Blue Beard, he is as sure, and if he is not as swift at the first hop, he comes out a little ahead of any of them; and if he is not as quick to jump the game as Vixen, he will be mighty apt to sound his horn as soon. The rest are all good: the meanest in my pack is royal to any of Sampson's adulterated, half-crossed pack; picked up from every nigger quarter, and poor white men, who hadn't bread to feed them. Look out! look out!" shouted Cato, "there's been a deer about here."

Sampson's pack began to give tongue after a rabbit, which produced some confusion and galloping.

"I wish the whole pack were back at the quarters where they were raised," said Cato, cracking his whip, and riding in the midst of the whole, and dispensing some heavy blows on that portion of the wing which his young friend had failed to subject to the proper discipline. "Friend Sampson," said he, "you must excuse me; you must teach your bays a little better manners; you will please keep them back, and fall back into the rear, until I spring the game; then come up if you can."

At this instant, Dr. Cain came galloping up in fine spirits, vociferating aloud,

"Where is the buck? I heard the dogs and several reports of the gun." After hearing the explanation, he continued, "What an explosion! What a proficient in the use of the whip! Cato, you are a great man; you are at the head of a profession."

"Your horse is frank and ready to the spur," said Gant.

"A fine charger, sir, valiant and strong; a little too restless, owing to the flies," replied Dr. Cain.

"Get back to your stand," said Cato, "you'll get a fall from that headstrong and blustering wagon horse. Tie him, and stand on the yearth whenever you undertake to shoot, or you'll get your brains dashed out before night."

"Well! well! every man to his profession," said the Doctor, taking his gun and bridle together in his hands, and urging his heavy charger over the grubs and bushes nearly at full speed.

"A pretty huntsman that, riding like a sailor and talking about horse flies this season of the year; I doubt whether he is a soldier, to be calling the crack of a whip the port of a gun! Look, Massa Edward,"

continued the talkative commander-in-chief of the dogs, "at Leader; see him licking the bush to revive the scent! I wish I had time to tell you how Leader there was nursed and cluck'd at by a hen, just the same as if he had been a little chicken; you'll understand his mother had her whelps close to a sitting hen, and some how the eggs either got broke or sucked, and the hen sot until she got tired, so she took up with the puppies, and had all the actions towards them, in every respect, just the same as if they had been chickens! Gallop to the right and to the left, they have struck the trail!" exclaimed Cato, as the full pack began to fill the woods with their deep notes. On they dashed in full and furious cry! the whole air was alive with one incessant yell; Sampson's pack joining in, and all taking the direction towards the stand occupied by the redoubtable surgeon, the sound of whose gun was heard high above the cry of the dogs.

"Go on—go!" exclaimed the surgeon to Edward and Gant. "I have killed and wounded a regiment! I saw some of them fall—I know I have killed and wounded several, for I shot at the whole squad."

Cato in vain cracked his whip—his two friends and his pack were leaving him.

"There's blood, I know!" he exclaimed, "and all creation can't stop them."

After commanding Sampson to stay back, and blow his horn, he exclaimed,

"I must go! Charge, Gunwood!" and away went Cato and his charger in hot pursuit.

The other huntsmen hearing the hounds, and the report of Dr. Cain's gun, and finding also that the drive was empty, were summoned by the shrill note of Colonel Conway's horn to collect; and Doctor Cain ordered Sampson to answer with his loudest and longest notes, declaring that immense injury, not only to the game, but also to himself and his gun, had been done.

"Some of your master's doings, Sampson, by overloading my gun; 'twas the only revenge he could take on me, for pumping out his windy conceits on deer hunting."

"Where is your game, doctor?" inquired Col. Conway, when he and the other huntsmen had come up.

"Gone on, like the winds, sir—retreating with flags flying."

The Colonel, after hearing this account, examined the ground and the range of the shot, and finding the marks of blood, he pursued them some hundred yards or more, when he found a deer.

"The Doctor has won the day!" he exclaimed.

The valiant and excited Doctor rushed forward to the scene of his spoils, puffing and blundering up to the wounded deer, although cautioned not to be too precipitate—the consequence was, that whilst the doctor attempted to examine the splendid expanse of horns, the enraged animal made a desperate spring, overpowering and rolling him to the ground. Col. Conway shot the buck through the head, and it tumbled over on the prostrate son of Esculapius.

After the affrighted Doctor had somewhat recovered from his perilous situation, Major Walden insisted that he should be initiated into the mysteries of the craft. It was in vain that the doctor declared that this was his first, and should be his last effort in deer hunting. But the company was inexorable; and the only mitigation, in consideration of the great risk he had run, and the short space of time he intended to belong to the clique, was, that previous to the application of the reeking buck's hide to his ample frame, he might be allowed either the privilege of drawing off his fine coat, or of wrapping his saddle blanket over his body. He chose the latter, as least objectionable, declaring that, as his wardrobe was scanty, and materials of a suitable quality this side of the Atlantic scarce, he should avail himself of all means to save its texture.

"This is a dry land ducking," said the Doctor, heaving at the smell of the reeking hide; "a real crossing of the line. Oh! take off the badge of graduation. I am sick—yes, deadly sick!"

The overpowered doctor lay at the root of a tree, whilst the other huntsmen proceeded to prepare the deer to be taken home.

"Six years old, if we may judge from the number of his antlers," said Colonel Conway.

"That may be true, until they acquire that age—but after that they do not number a prong for each year; and it is well," continued Walden, "or their heads would become unwieldy, and retard their progress materially in escaping from danger."

Felix about this time returned, and stated that the whole of Cato's pack were out of hearing.

"They are all gone," said he, "as if the world was on fire behind them; they will run down the game, and we had as well return home."

On the arrival of the remaining hunts-

men at Forest Hill, Doctor Cain, after inquiring after the health of Miss Peabody, ventured to ask about his former patients.

"Your patients," replied Mrs. Conway, "took bag and baggage, to use a military phrase, the day after you consigned them to the care of Doctor String Halt; they rifled the larder, telling the old people, Cato and Prudence, that you had recommended them to fly from an up-country quack, as they would from the pestilence."

"Every word a lie. I am always respectful to my chirurgical brethren. Let me see," said Doctor Cain, mounting his goggles, "if I have them on my registration map—they must be punished for the imprudent exposure of their lives, and the disrepute they may bring down on my noble profession."

"They are both well, and in service; they preferred the risk of the camp to the danger of the hospital, and I think," continued Notwood, "they made a wise choice."

Major Walden, finding that Edward had not returned, came to the conclusion that, having pursued the dogs towards the neighborhood of Mr. Milligan's, he might have taken Gant on with him to see the young ladies; and his visit, having been extended to its proposed limit, he took leave of his relations, requesting them to state to Edward that he might follow him when he found it convenient.

CHAPTER XLVII.

No! fooled by cunning—by that happy art
Which laughs to scorn the blundering hero's heart;
Into the snare shall our kind neighbors fall,
With open eyes, and fondly give us all.

CHURCHILL.

Major Walden, in company with Notwood and Felix, arrived in the evening after the hunt at Mrs. Ashburn's. Notwood had promised him a safe and unmoled passport from thence to his own neighborhood, and the Major, anxious to obtain the co-operation of one so capable in his proposed arrangements at the Sycamores, had yielded his assent to accompany him to see his lady, and to spend a pleasant evening in the house of the hospitable Mrs. Ashburn.

During the night, after they had retired to bed, Colonel Clannagan, from a previous arrangement with Notwood, made his appearance, with a band of his followers, and demanded an interview with Ashburn and

Notwood. Felix, on learning that he demanded that Major Walden should be placed in his hands, swore that he would fall with his dead body over his guest, before such an outrage should be committed on his hospitality, and the honor of his mother's house; and he immediately summoned his mother to enforce his determination. She, with a becoming degree of courage, declared that she would rather see her house in flames, than submit to such an outrage upon her private rights.

"Private rights, madam," said Clannagan, with a bitter smile, "shall be respected. It is exactly the claim I have on your rebel guest. My private rights have been postponed, until they are considered dead and buried—but I mean to have a resurrection of some of them. Go to bed, madam! I will wait until the miscreant clears your lands—nay, until he has in his heart forgotten you and your hospitality."

"Nay, Colonel Clannagan, he remains here until I am satisfied of his safety," answered Mrs. Ashburn.

"Yes," replied Felix, "and I now call on Major Notwood to fulfill the promise he made to Major Walden! Surely, Major Notwood, you cannot intend to deceive him?"

Notwood affected to fly into a passion at such an insinuation; he frankly owned that he had made such a promise, but contended that he was unable to enforce it, and therefore threw himself upon the generosity of Col. Clannagan.

But Clannagan was too eager to clutch his prey to yield it up without a struggle, and Notwood found that he had to play a double game. To Clannagan he urged privately that he had as much dislike to Walden as he had, but that it would be best to compromise the matter by lodging him in the jail at Ninety-Six. To this proposition Clannagan with great difficulty was brought to yield a reluctant assent.

To Felix and his mother he urged the immediate necessity of despatching an express to the fort, demanding from the commandant an escort for a prisoner, whose life otherwise would be in danger from violent enemies. After he had effected this arrangement, he agreed to convey its result to Major Walden, affectedly congratulating Felix and his mother upon the advantageous terms they had made in favor of their guest.

Major Walden was in a profound sleep, when he was roused up by Notwood. He sprang to his weapons, demanding the cause of his interruption. The waking

moment is often accompanied by the master feeling of the mind—the past—the future—the abiding idea of life! Whatever rules and regulates the ruling propensity, cannot get into full play in an instant—hence, many require time to comprehend the immediate circumstances which surround them.

After Major Walden had ascertained his true situation, he demanded of Major Notwood the proposed safe-guard, or such orders to Clannagan as would prevent his molestation on his way home.

“Know you not, Major,” was Notwood’s reply, “the character of your adversary? He has vigilance, promptitude, and determination. I cannot control him! But I have already accomplished much in your favor.”

“You will recollect the unsolicited offers you made me! I am now in your power—your own sense of honor must determine the proper course.”

Notwood, with apparent sincerity, assured his victim that he was unable to control those of the royalist party, goaded on by revenge and a desire of retaliation, produced by the mutual ferocities and cruelties of both parties.

Major Walden flatly denied that the Whigs had been guilty of the crimes alleged against them, and Notwood was not disposed to add renewed causes of irritation to the man he had already betrayed.

The valiant little Buck Tidder, of Bee-tree memory, was despatched to the fort, to procure the necessary escort, having been duly directed how to demean himself by Mrs. Ashburn. Although closely examined by Colonel Clannagan, he succeeded in passing without disclosing the import of his visit, having taken a basket of vegetables as the ostensible object for his trip; and being well mounted, he lost no time in reaching the place of destination.

In due time the escort arrived, and Notwood, at their head, prepared to conduct the Major to Ninety-Six; but they both had to pass under the fierce eye of Clannagan, who warned Notwood of the danger in any attempt at circumventing him. Accusing Notwood, at the same time, of having attempted to deceive him. He and Major Walden passed glances of mutual hatred.

“I’ll meet you at the gallows yet, my old friend, some of these days.”

“If it were not too great an honor con-

ferred on you, I should say, Amen!” replied the Major.

On the arrival of the Major at the fort—it being a part of the scheme to cause him to yield to the particular designs of Notwood—he was conducted into the yard amongst the other prisoners.

“Ha!” exclaimed the mineralogist, breaking out into a wild laugh—“the fortunes of the house of Walden are hastening to their consummation! But the crimes of the family will require blood! Mark my prophecy! You rejected my offers of peace! Conway followed the same fatal track! Perish in your obstinacy!”

“Your accursed schemes,” replied Walden, with mingled scorn and rage, “are to be accomplished. You will first ruin myself and Edward, and then you and your bastard son will be swung up for the crows of the field.”

Notwood interposed, to arrest the mutual ill blood which was springing up; he wished no open rupture, and taking the Major aside, he proposed, as his situation would be a disagreeable one, (having been ordered, since his arrival, to detain him as having disregarded the Proclamations of Lord Cornwallis,) to give him his choice, either to become a prisoner at the fort, or to give Colonel Conway as his security for his good behavior, with permission for him to live at his brother-in-law’s.

It was in vain that Major Walden objected to the right of the parties to make new conditions, after having deceived him. He was given to understand that the conditions were sufficiently lenient, and admitted of no grounds for cavil or argument. With this narrow field for a choice, Notwood was left to manage matters in his own way, and he determined that Major Walden should become the inmate of Col. Conway’s house, provided that the Col. would stand responsible for his non-belligerent course. It was further determined that these conditions should be instantly made known to Col. Conway.

It is sufficient to remark that in a short time the proper pledges on the part of Col. Conway were given—it being no part of his creed to stand out against the wishes or demands of Clannagan and his confederates. He sent the unwelcome news to Major Walden that he had not heard from Edward, Gant, or his servant, since their disappearance on the day of the deer hunt.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

The wished for time is come—
 To show your valor, friends—being to do, not talk.
 All rhetoric is fruitless, only this—
 Fate cannot rob you of deserved applause,
 Whether you lose or win in such a cause.

MASSINGER.

The approach of Morgan and Green had produced one general flame amongst the well disposed inhabitants of South Carolina, and the universal rush of the militia to the standard of the former, gave a new impetus to the unrelenting and unmitigated cruelty and despotism of the upper portions of Carolina, still under the yoke of their invaders and their Tory associates.

But the daring and the desperate felt a congeniality of disposition towards Morgan, and they broke through every obstacle to join this partisan officer, whose valor and success had become proverbial.

Major Walden was one amongst those whose fiery zeal led him to fly to the standard which gleamed on the confines of the State, inviting the sons of the South to rally to the rescue of their liberties. He had already spent several weeks under the roof of his brother-in-law; and although frequent couriers had passed between Mr. Milligan's and Colonel Conway's, yet no new light had been thrown on the disappearance of Edward and his hunting companions since the first day of their absence. All was conjecture and darkness as to the means or the motives which had led to such an unexpected occurrence.

Major Walden became convinced that a horrible plot had been formed against him. Notwood's recent conduct—the threats of Clannagan—the dark and mysterious language of the mineralogist, confirmed him in the belief that he was to become the victim of a deep and dangerous intrigue—and that Edward had already been sacrificed—whilst Julian was the willing puppet in the hands of the conspirators. Smarting under these feelings, and roused by that indomitable spirit of resistance which entered so largely into his composition—feeling a keen relish for revenge on those who had recently taken possession of his lands and negroes, in a state of complete exasperation he determined to run all hazards, rather than remain inactive.

After seeking Bucklebelt, and asking him to bury the past, with tears in his eyes he spoke of his fears concerning the fate of Edward.

"Let us risk every thing. Life is short, at best—glory endures forever! Rouse

every boy who can stagger along with a musket! You are a happy man! Offer up your boys to the glorious cause! My Edward is already sacrificed, and I am ready to follow him!"

Many who had taken paroles, which by the tyrannical fiat of military despotism had become obsolete, rushed to the impending conflict. These were stirring times, and the flame of patriotism, like the unextinguished spark in the seemingly extinct embers, was kindled in the hearts of our countrymen, by every breeze which bore the sound of cruelty or success.

That headlong partisan, Col. Tarleton, came up with Morgan at the Cowpens, about the middle of January. The latter, irritated by the hot pursuit which had been kept up for a day or so, determined to chastise the temerity of his adversary, by no longer avoiding a battle. The ground chosen is said not to have been the best for riflemen, affording many advantages for Tarleton's superior numbers in cavalry.

On the verge of the battle the hero of the Cowpens, a man of lofty courage, imbued with a full belief in his success, availed himself of the momentous crisis. He extolled the militia—spoke of his own riflemen.

"Two volleys, my brave comrades, well aimed, will secure the victory. Good fortune always follows our standard. Now is the crowning moment—our retreat has lulled them into security."

To the continentals, he said—

"Recollect what I tell you! Victory is certain! Your enemies are fatigued! Our militia will retreat—be not alarmed—that is our orders."

General Pickens, at the head of Majors Cunningham, McDowell, and others, amongst whom was Major Walden, were advanced in front, with orders to feel the enemy—retreat—keep up a desultory fire—fall back to the front line, and eventually to range with it, and renew the attack.

The two armies were nearly equal in numbers. The British officer was confident of success, and the shout raised by his troops was answered by the shrill horn of Morgan, which, like the wild cry of the eagle, towering ready to rush on its prey, forboded sure destruction.

The contest became obstinate—the enemy's reserve were pushed into the hottest of the conflict—every movement of the Americans, whether in retreat or change of position, only resulted in new and unexpected shocks to the enemy. The sturdy

frame of Major Walden was seen dealing blows by the side of his companions, and taking vengeance on his adversaries.

Captain Bucklebelt, leaping from his horse, seized the bayonet of a wounded soldier, and charged at the head of the corps of the immortal Howard, dealing death and carnage amongst the enemy. This decisive movement proved so disastrous to the foe, that they never recovered from the shock and confusion brought on them.

Coldfire was one of those who were in the grand charge made by Col. Washington, whose zeal carried him so far ahead of his squadron, that Tarleton turned upon him with his seventieth regiment. Now it was that three British officers, seeing Washington thirty yards in advance of his regiment, determined to destroy him. Whilst this act of daring was in progress, Coldfire boldly charged a small party rushing to assist the three officers of the enemy. The officer on the right of Washington, whilst raising his sword to cut him down, had his arm shattered by a blow from a sergeant, and it fell powerless to his side. The officer on the left aimed at the same time a blow, but Washington's waiter, though too small to wield a sword, discharged a pistol, which wounded and drove off this assailant! Tarleton, who was the middle one, made a desperate thrust at Washington, but he parried the blow, lopping off his memorable finger! The desperate royalist, however, succeeded in wounding his intrepid adversary in the knee.

This complete and decisive victory established Morgan as one of the ablest commanders of his day; whilst it added immortality to those brave officers who so nobly offered their best exertions in the trying scene.

Morgan, finding himself pressed by Cornwallis, who suddenly changed his views after Tarleton's disaster, detailed a portion of his militia with the prisoners, arms, stores, &c., towards the mountains.

And now commenced that ever memorable display of the goodness of Providence towards the American forces. The retreat over the Broad River, the Catawba, the Yadkin, the Dan, of the great Southern army, and its pursuit by the enemy; the rise of rivers after one had crossed, and before the other had come up; the very waters seemed to await the movements of the two armies, and, like the Red Sea, to be managed by the agency of a supernatural hand! Similar instances are related of

other propitious incidents in the American wars for liberty. For instance, when the General-in-chief left Trenton, and fell on Princeton, the freezing of the ground was so sudden and complete, as to allow him, contrary to advice, to carry away his cannon.

The faithful band under General Pickens, amongst whom were Walden and his friends, after various marches, (and after having by stratagem drawn Col. Piles and his Tory associates in their power, cutting up ninety-six of his men without the loss of a man,) was relieved on the 6th of March, by Col. Clark, one of the heroes of King's Mountain.

These brave and harassed militiamen returned home, to hear of the usual excesses. The system of robbery had been carried to a great height in the neighborhoods of Ninety-Six, and those bordering on the Savannah, as well as Broad river, lying in Georgia.

Colonel Conway was one of the sufferers—a party of Tories, under the pretext of punishing him for allowing the escape of Major Walden from his care, had, by the direction of Clannagan, taken his negroes, and run them off to Augusta, whilst he had narrowly escaped with his life, being compelled to fly to the woods for safety.

CHAPTER XLIX.

How pale was then his true love's cheek?

SHENSTONE.

Right, I have none;

'Tis force, when done, must justify the deed.

DRYDEN.

The reader recollects the memorable interview between Clannagan and Notwood, at Mrs. Ashburn's; that the wily magician cowered under the threats of Clannagan. Although his vanity was wounded, yet he learned that he would be countenanced in his plans; and he was never known to cavil unavailingly, when he had any important matter to lose or gain. Felix, on that occasion, was more strongly drawn into the toils of his pretended friend. The unfortunate and confiding Diana Dashwood had entrusted her affection for Felix, to her insidious and dangerous adviser, who, whilst he flattered her hopes, determined from the worst of motives that Felix should never be her husband. With a seeming regard for his happiness, he had already mingled falsehood and truth so artfully, as to cause Ashburn to withdraw

from the prosecution of his suit at such a stage, and under such circumstances, as to prevent a wish on his part to have an interview with Diana, lest he might have to give an explanation of his perfidy. Notwood had both in his power; neither dared to speak openly on the subject. It would be revolting to record the deep and dark designs which led him to this deliberate fraud upon the two lovers. The stain which clings to the memory of the perpetration of crimes against such a group, including the wife, the friend and the confiding victim, cannot be washed out by tears, nor effaced by time! The meshes woven to hide guilt, and the skill to entangle the innocent, are seldom sufficient to answer either design. Alas! that the lessons of the past are still lost upon the world.—Once entered on the stormy current—once mingling amidst the foaming waters and projecting rocks, the excitement and the confusion did not allow time for cool reflection, or the necessary monitions of reason and conscience, to make an effort to let go the frail bark—give up the cherished enterprise, and cling to some object which offered a chance for an escape from the threatening and perilous voyage; the skillful execution of one design seemed only to whet Notwood's desire for the prosecution of another.

Felix and his equipage were again called into requisition to visit the Sycamores, first taking Forest Hill in the route. Notwood, after reaching Col. Conway's, cautiously approached Miss Peabody; he feared her apparently cold and unbending disposition; he had seldom met with her prototype in society, but like a skillful assayer, he applied the proper tests; he found a pliant and congenial spirit; and the next morning, he led the weeping governess to the carriage, after she had taken leave of her friends, with those feelings of melancholy which ever attend the final separation of persons; even if there had been less respect and friendship than existed between her and those she left at Forest Hill.

Walden had been lodged in jail, and next required to close with such conditions as would involve his brother-in-law in ruin. Clannagan was busily fulfilling his part of the plot against Gant and Edward Conway. Julian and the mineralogist were to be held up for future vengeance.

Notwood loved excitement, and he attempted the dangerous scheme of obtaining the control of St. Ille Grayson. The heart of Felix was to be re-warmed and played upon; Miss Peabody was to be made a

willing accomplice in the execution of his part of the preconcerted arrangement with Clannagan. The fortune, too, of Miss Grayson was too large to be despised; the time for action had arrived.

In times of civil strife ceremony is out of place, and Mrs. Grayson and her daughter were not displeased at receiving their unexpected visitors. The governess, no longer under the eyes of Mrs. Conway, became a new creature. She seemed a correct record of all the crimes committed in the district by either party, in the last twelve months. She joined Notwood in urging St. Ille to visit Camden; whilst the latter, with deep earnestness at a convenient moment, actually alarmed Mrs. Grayson into the determination of sending her daughter under the care of Miss Peabody, to keep out of danger and the lawlessness of the contending parties. He offered his own services at any moment, for the good of the family of his old compatriot and friend. Matters went on swimmingly, and his heart throbbed with joy when he saw Mrs. Grayson take the affectionate and parting kiss of her daughter. St. Ille shed tears of real regret, and departed not without some distrust; she feared the vivid eye, the smooth bewitching smile of the chief actor; she still recollected the night scene, the warning of Bucklebelt; she thought of Julian, shuddered and fell back agitated and pale in the carriage.

Notwood foresaw that Felix would, from vanity and love of consideration, soon have most of the fashionable part of Camden visiting the beautiful belle from the Sycamores. He schooled him and Miss Peabody, on this important point; whilst at a suitable time, he heard the important declaration from St. Ille, that she wished to receive no company; and he straightway established it as her command.

The chain was still incomplete, it was necessary to have the governess identified more closely with the royal cause; her ambition was excited to figure at intrigue; and Felix, in furtherance of his own suit, was directed to bring Dr. Cain as a lover to her feet. Tarleton was consulted and his wishes acted as a command on Dr. Cain. Miss Peabody was flattered by the officers at her prospect of becoming the wife of one of the main pillars of the royal cause. She was told that she would be able to command and dispense favors.—That she ought to have a protector; that according to the established and conventional rules of society, whilst single her sphere of action and usefulness would be

necessarily circumscribed; but once married, she could act on a broader theatre, untrammelled by the formalities of her present situation. Rashness and precipitation often arise from too much caution and circumspection; extremes are sought, to escape from painful recollections and the dread of indecision of character; and Miss Peabody thought that she was escaping all accusations of conscience on these points, when she yielded her consent to change her beautiful name. Suffice it to be related, that the two inveterate waiters on Providence were duly married by the chaplain of the army, under Lord Rawdon. The ceremony was private, and took place before a few friends one evening, about twilight, a fortnight after the arrival of Notwood, in Camden. Joy! joy! to Mrs. Jemima Cain and her noble consort, the redoubtable surgeon to Col. Tarleton's cavalry forces.

Monotony is death to a spirit like Mrs. Cain's; excitement, thrilling and dangerous, was preferred to inactivity; the tense and active imagination heard too seldom the oft repeated warnings of conscience. She mistook the galling servitude under Notwood for power, and instead of being the chief actor, she was the mere puppet, in the hands of the adroit manager.

St. Ille was narrowly watched for a season, but it was time thrown away; she avoided all company, and the pervading tenor of her mind was grief and melancholy. She thought despondingly on the last interview with Julian; his fate was as yet unknown, and she had heard nothing concerning him. She silently acquiesced in the decisions of her governess, and the very vein of gloom which grew and fastened on her spirits, the very manner in which she hugged and endured her thralldom, was construed into a willing obedience. Time rolled on, no change, no news of Julian; not a word from Bucklebelt,—life became almost insupportable, and the visits of Felix, backed by the voice of Mrs. Cain, in furtherance of his suit, (which were pertinaciously pressed,) left her no other alternative than to rouse from the torpor which had preyed upon her spirits, and to dismiss Felix, requesting him earnestly no longer to annoy her with his visits or attention. She went further, and demanded of him and Mrs. Cain, that her mother should be sent for, otherwise she would appeal to Lord Rawdon. They lost no time in making her demands known to Notwood, who had been of late too busy with the confiscations of estates, and with the in-

roads of the rebels, to interfere with the well conducted and quiet fraud practiced at Mrs. Cain's; but this unexpected news alarmed him, he saw his danger! he dreaded the eloquence of truth and beauty appealing to generous manhood!

He saw the fixed and stern resolve of woman's love; he dared not provoke the dormant energies of such a heart. He quietly resigned Felix to his fate, but he was yet unapprised of the ready willingness of St. Ille still to brave every impediment for Julian's safety.

"Ah! my dear young friend, I sympathize with you; no one loves Julian more than I do, but I regret that he is now a prisoner at Ninety-Six, liable to be tried for a high misdemeanor, a breach of his parole, and I am loath to tell you, that Col. Clannagan owes him no affection; and I fear unless great exertions are made, he must be sacrificed to the vengeance of the laws."

"I will fly to Col. Clannagan! yes, to Lord Rawdon, and beg them, on my knees, to spare his life." St. Ille swooned, as she uttered those passionate words, and was caught by Mrs. Cain as she fell from her chair.

"Time is precious with us," whispered Notwood, "we must promise to convey her home—she must be removed from this vicinity—promise her any thing; whilst I go and despatch Felix to Col. Clannagan."

The scheme was quickly arranged; Mrs. Cain, with her maid, were to be placed in a hack with St. Ille, while Notwood and a couple of armed out-riders were to accompany them, as it were, to the Sycamores, but really to McIlhaney's. They departed immediately after Felix and his servant had been despatched homewards.

Young Ashburn having proved so little gifted in the wooing line under the guidance of his friends; and having answered Notwood's purpose so badly in the last instance, was kept ignorant of the main plot. By the way, however, of using him to the last moment, and to keep up his ideas of his own consequence, he was requested to become the bearer of certain important despatches, connected with the public service, to Capt. Tidder; and in the event of not meeting with him, to deliver a letter to Col. Clannagan. But the unfortunate lover having arrived at home, and utterly disgusted with the world, and the things thereof, ordered Sampson to prepare himself to convey the letters in his stead.

It needs not to be told, that as usual every matter in such a case was not pro-

perly managed. Sampson either did not receive the proper orders, or he jostled them utterly out of his memory, by the time he had reached the house of the worthy express bearer.

"By jing," said the little worthy, "I tell you what, friend Sampson Ashburn, this letter is for the great Col. Clannagan, and not for such small fry as your humble servant; take it back to your blind young master, and tell him to open his eyes and try again."

"Read it! read it, Captain!" said Sampson, "perhaps I may assist in mitigating the mistake."

"Well, read away, Ashburn! don't you see?" continued Tidder, reading aloud the letter.

"CAMDEN.

"*Dear Colonel:*—She's refractory; the mountain air is absolutely necessary for her health and senses. As for young happy, who by-the-bye is any thing but Felix, he is too far gone for any further use; he is not now worth the ammunition it would take to kill him at the distance of three feet—a mere puff—a fopling of sorry mental dimensions. I have used him to the stubble; you may try the balance. To be serious, I wish a trusty guide. And to accompany the sweet rebel-loving maiden, an experienced, or inexperienced female. I shall be at McIlhaney's on Wednesday night. Any commands from you, will be faithfully executed. Ever, and truly yours,

"STEPHEN NOTWOOD.

"Col. Benjamin Clannagan,
"By Felix Ashburn, Esq."

"What a pity," said Tidder, "the poor girl is dying of love, and completely run stark mad about some rebel boy."

"You are wrong, Capt. Tidder, it is some rebel girl in love with master Felix, and he's run mad too; and they are making fun about it; I thought so, for he's been roaring and singing all along the road in his carriage; till I was actually afeard we would have been mistook for a couple of drunken larks, just leaving Camden for the country, to cool out of a full soak of whiskey."

"By jing, Sampson, we are both wrong, here is my letter," said Tidder. "To Capt. Timothy Tidder, by the politeness of Felix Ashburn, Esq."

"Exactly the point blank truth! Well, I thought I handed you the right subscription," said Sampson, leaning over, as if really able to read the direction.

"At CAMDEN.

"*Dearest Captain Tidder:*—Meet me without fail, on Wednesday night next, at McIlhaney's,—bring your oldest daughter to visit the mountains in company with a young female friend. You shall be well rewarded—be silent.

"Yours, in friendship,
"STEPHEN NOTWOOD."

"Now," said Tidder, "I am not to be fooled by Notwood; in one letter he says the girl is raving mad; in mine, he calls her a young female friend. I am not so plaguy blind, as to place my daughter too close, to be infected with that love sickness; for I'm a Dutchman, if the girls are not apt enough to take such ailments at home, without being sent abroad to find patterns, or to become inoculated."

Sampson handed the silver sent by Notwood, to the little express; who, stimulated by such an unexpected sight, broke forth into the following strain—

"Well, by jing, times are getting a little better; or else this is a nefarious plot, full of danger and rascality, and requires good heads to manage it. The letter, too, is a negotiable and promissory note, collectable and suable, in any of His Majesty's Courts. By jing, Light-wood-knot, we've had a small resting spell, but they can't do without us. Master and horse are again up to the bridle-bit in business."

Sampson departed, bearing the letter to his master, which betrayed to him the manner in which Notwood had written to Clannagan, and the poor requital returned for his devotion to an ungrateful and designing friend.

Tidder, after carefully hiding his money about his person, took leave of his family. He could but suspect that all was not right; conjecture after conjecture were vainly made; he mused and talked to himself, arriving at nothing definite. An end however was put to his colloquy, by suddenly overtaking the well known form of Edir Immerson.

"Which way, stranger?" inquired Tidder, in a familiar tone, as he held out his hand, riding close up to her.

"What new schemes of villany and mischief are on foot?" inquired Edir sternly, "for," continued she, "you and your horse are ever the index of Clannagan's and Notwood's malicious intentions."

"Always mad and scolding," said Tidder, flattered by the salutation, "and if it warn't bad manners to a lady, I might tell

you that I never think of you without feeling my throat, and recollecting about that night I was so ghost ridden. Oh! come, do n't frown so, for I swear it was a real goblin; but I'm proud to see you, you're the very person to manage the poor girl, that's run mad in love with some rebel or other; I must have your advice, as you may have had similar infections in your time, and may be able to give something suitable in such a case.

"Aha!" said Edir, after reading Tidder's letter, "he wishes your daughter to go on a trip of pleasure. Never! never!" said she, looking steadfastly at him, "I tell thee your daughter shall not go."

"Never!" replied Tidder, catching her enthusiasm, "I would die first, and her brothers, and mother, and even herself would die first. But," continued he, after he had related the contents of the letter to Clannagan, "I am sure the poor girl is to be pitied, for she is refractory mad, and I'm mortal afraid of people with any kind of bewitchments, especially if they come from the heart; because," said he, in a melancholy tone, "I've a notion that a scorched and burning heart, will print itself on another, just the sun does itself in the water."

"Ah!" replied Edir, "and the first cloud that passes, the first night that comes, and the image is effaced; so with the smiles and sympathies of man." She paused as if greatly agitated, then continued, "And you, Tidder, betrayed Julian?"

"I swear," replied Tidder, bursting into tears, "I did not intend him any harm; I declare before high Heaven, I did not know his pretended friends intended to betray him; I was forced against my conscience."

"Enough! enough!" said Edir, "it is now too late to complain. Beware, Tidder! you are again taking part against the innocent—against St. Ille Grayson!"

Tidder stood aghast at this unexpected intelligence, and he almost shuddered at the accusations of his own mind; he at length exclaimed, "I'll be cut into ten thousand pieces; I will hide out in the thickets and be starved; yes, I will give up my calling, and let the royal army go to the devil, before I will aid in harming a poor sweet girl like her." And he actually turned his horse, to give up his intended and cherished purpose, when Edir seeing his intentions, caught at the idea of aiding St. Ille, and effecting her design, through the agency of Tidder.

It may be considered extraordinary, that she should have penetrated the secrets of

Notwood, but she had just had an interview with Bucklebelt, who had returned from a late expedition, in which he gave her an account of Notwood's visit to the Sycamores, as well as St. Ille's departure to Camden. Edir was already acquainted with the capture of Julian, and the place of his imprisonment; and the letter to Tidder, and the more extraordinary one to Clannagan, confirmed her fully in the belief that some design was on foot against Miss Grayson.

Tidder, having been assured of the friendship of Edir, agreed to hasten ahead, and prepare Notwood for the employment of her as a guide. The party had already arrived, and the stir and bustle at the Wolf Pit, (a name by which McIlhaney's place was sometimes called,) plainly indicated that the good lady had been taken by surprise. The little express was joyfully received, and soon made the necessary excuse to Notwood for not having brought his daughter with him; laying perhaps the blame correctly on the fact, that she had not the necessary requirements for such a trip.

Notwood hesitated to engage the services of Edir, until Tidder peremptorily refused to go with him unless she went. He declared that he knew nothing of the way, and that Edir knew every foot, by path or woods.

No sooner did Tidder ascertain the arrival of Edir, than he brought her and Notwood, face to face. So soon as he retired, she said to Notwood,—

"You wish to go to Tower-Rock—to the hills," and she drew close up to him and whispered, "perhaps, to the prison house!" As he drew back with alarm, she continued, "Be not afraid of me, I know McQuirk, I know the path. But why take a carriage? why take ladies? have they, too, turned rebels to the king? why take St. Ille Grayson from her mother? from her home and friends?"

The strong light which gleamed through the kitchen chimney, showed Edir that she had pressed her questions too far; that she had struck a chord, sensitive and quick in the bosom of Notwood; and she attempted to repair her imprudence by saying,— "Perhaps 't is well; some wild boy of the rebel party may deceive her, and you are determined to prevent it."

"You are right, no rebel or traitor shall ever wed such a jewel; the daughter of an old friend, who has voluntarily sought my protection; but how did you know her?"

"How did I know her? did I not ask

her name? did she not tell me that she was going to see her mother at the Sycamores?"

This was all true; for Edir, determined to ascertain the truth of her conjectures as to the person hinted at in the letters, had gone into the room, and rather unceremoniously satisfied herself on that head.

"All is right! all is right!" whispered Notwood, breathing less hurriedly, "you are the best guide I could have obtained; Tidder is unacquainted with the way, and withal is such a babbling fool, I will send him to Camden."

Edir caught at the last words and said, "Yes, leave the babbler behind, I can lead you on the right way without him;" and she left Notwood, to go and urge Tidder to fall in with the determination she had just heard expressed.

Early the next morning, Tidder found himself at the head of a couple of out-riders, and conducting the carriage which was conveying the late governess back to Camden. He much preferred this new arrangement, as it kept him more within the range of social enjoyments, and added a shade of consequence not displeasing to his vanity.

St. Ille was not a little surprised at the unexpected arrangements, and expressed it to Notwood and to Mrs. Cain before she departed. They lost no time in assuring her that some accounts of an alarming nature had just been received, which made it necessary for safety that they should change the route and the mode of traveling.

Edir, as she pursued her journey on foot by the side of St. Ille, (who had been furnished with a gentle and docile beast to ride,) embraced an early opportunity of leading her into the designs of Notwood. She was exhorted to patience and fortitude; and Edir gave the best evidence of her devotion to her safety, when she spoke of Julian, and the deep interest taken by herself and Bucklebelt in his welfare, and their recent determination to make an attempt at a suitable time for his release from imprisonment.

How strange are the operations of the human mind! St. Ille, now that she had an object for hers to grasp and contend against; now that she had ascertained Julian's situation, and the only chance for his escape, (although it was scarcely possible,) summoned up her resolution, and assumed a gaiety and vivacity which astonished and delighted Notwood. He hoped that she was becoming pleased with the journey; but this was only a momentary hope, for there was in her manner and her keen

searching eye, *that* which caused the practiced courtier to cower and draw away from any attempt at familiarity, and he pursued and ended the route, showing at least the exteriors of a polished and respectful gentleman towards her.

CHAPTER L.

Yet for all this so full of certain passions,
That if once stirr'd and baffled as he has been
Upon the tenderest points, there is no fury
In Grecian story, like to that which wrings
His vitals with her burning hands, till he
Grows capable of all things for revenge.

MARINO FALIERO.

Immediately preceding the celebrated interview already referred to in the last chapter, which took place at Mrs. Ashburn's between Notwood and Clannagan, the latter, ever prompt and energetic, urged by the dread that Capt. Gant might exercise some control over the better sort of royalists, (smarting too under one or two rebukes, recollecting his kindness to Julian, and his more recent visit to Forest Hill,) determined to include him in the contemplated capture of Edward Conway. This was the more necessary as he might interpose in behalf of Edward. He had just executed his designs upon the two absent huntsmen and the faithful Cato, through the agency of one of his partisans, and a select number of followers, when he found Notwood somewhat reluctant to carry out the previously arranged measures against Major Walden. It was on that occasion that Notwood learned what was expected of him; and although somewhat tardy in executing his part of the contract, he nevertheless acted in the end with sufficient promptness to make amends for any previous lukewarmness. He had already been apprised that Edward Conway and Capt. Gant were safely lodged in the stronghold of the Tories, and he now sought the place of their imprisonment.

After due precaution Notwood succeeded in reaching the settlement called the Tower Rock, or Camp House; which was deep amongst the hills, bordering on the country inhabited by the Catawba Indians. This secluded and buried spot had been well chosen by Clannagan and McQuirk for the safe keeping of their captives, and as a hiding place when too hotly pursued by the Whigs. Near it resided Ohilca Hightower; said by some to be a distant descendant of the tribe near which he

dwelt. It was his house which had so often afforded Edir Immerson a shelter. It was here, amidst the wilds of nature, that she acquired her cognomen of "daughter of the woods;" and it was here, no doubt, that her mind became so imbued with its strong and deeply marked energies. Ohilca (as he was generally called) and his wife had an only daughter, the beautiful and artless child of the forest! Kelonah was the constant companion of Edir, and she imprinted her own enthusiasm and love of nature on the glowing feelings of her beloved charge.

The taciturn character of Ohilca, his great fidelity, his immense muscular powers, and unrelenting hate, were well known. Clannagan lost no time nor opportunity in attaching him to his cause; and hence the reader may infer, that his known friendship for Edir was the passport which allowed her so often in the very jaws of danger; and watched by the most vigilant, and acute as she must have been, to execute her daring efforts, shielded as it were by some unseen hand! Hightower having recently lost his wife, determined to take his only child and remove from the scenes which recalled the recollection of his misfortunes! McQuirk learning his design, prevailed on him to move to the Camp House. The absence of Edir, (who had become so deeply interested in the welfare of Julian,) and the unsettled state of the country, determined his resolution.

Such were some of the facts connected with the immediate vicinity of Tower-Rock. Notwood found on his arrival, that McQuirk had been ordered suddenly, with his small force, on important business; and that Col. Clannagan had permitted the release of Capt. Gant. This unexpected state of affairs did not add quiet or repose to the turbulent feelings of Notwood; and he quickly determined to leave St. Ille under the immediate care of Ohilca, who had been left in command by McQuirk, whilst he flew back to supervise the points more likely to menace him nearer home. He held a short interview with Edward, and assured him that he would return and exert his utmost abilities for his release; and he facetiously apprised him, that he had brought a fair neighbor to keep him in spirits by her songs, if not by her presence; and that when he returned to Tower-Rock, he hoped to have the pleasure of deputing him, as the gay gallant, to see the fair St. Ille to the Sycamores.

"I would sooner be your attendant to the gallows;" was the short and cutting

reply of Edward, to these hollow and false pretensions. To St. Ille Notwood spoke kindly, and assured her of his continued protection; telling her that if she would disavow an engagement with Julian, and give from under her hand a declaration that she would never marry him, she should be immediately conveyed to her mother.

"Leave me," said St. Ille, "I defy your malice! I will make no conditions—Julian will yet live to avenge my wrongs. Mark what I tell you."

"Quite a heroine, and somewhat of a prophetess," replied Notwood, as he held forth his hand to take leave of St. Ille, who turned herself from his proffered indication of respect, with unblenching cheek.

No sooner had Notwood departed, than he began to dread the effect which Edward Conway might have over Ohilca. The more he listened to the suggestions and fears of his own mind, the more he determined at all hazards to hasten forwards and send back a sufficient force to guard the prisoners. Much to his joy, he met McQuirk on his approach to McIlhaney's, preparing to return to the Camp-House, whom he urged to proceed with haste, in order to guard against the arts and wiles of the prisoners, and the shrewdness of Edir Immerson.

The very hour of Notwood's departure from Tower Rock, was the commencement of Edir's cherished plan for effecting the release of the prisoners. The apprehensions from the return of McQuirk and his squad, were well founded. She knew it was a fearful thing to tamper with the blunt honesty of Ohilca—but time was precious; and although no one could hope any sudden influence over a nature so stern, marked by the strongest exteriors of indomitable courage and unyielding stubbornness; whose dark and flashing eyes, long coarse raven hair, added to the already ferocious countenance, which forbade familiarity; yet in spite of his instinctive moroseness, Edir determined to make an effort to enlist him in her cause. She knew the proper hand to touch the chords. She pressed upon Kelonah to join with her in behalf of the prisoners. Edward had already said to the gentle, the feeling Kelonah, "Ah! Kelonah, I have a sister, she is beautiful and young like yourself. Oh! that she was a prisoner with me, that I might hear her sweet voice, to soothe my bursting heart."

Kelonah wept—his words sunk in her heart—they thrilled every chord, and she

felt that she loved Edward Conway. Edir knew the state of her feelings; she saw her standing at the knee of her stern father; she approached Ohilca, and boldly appealed to his parental feelings. She saw the stern man brush an obtrusive tear from his cheek. Kelonah fell on his neck, and urged him to pity the sweet St. Ille, and the noble and innocent Edward; then weeping, turned to Edir and said, "Ah, my mother—my only mother now—my father is perplexed, his heart is kind and melts at the misfortunes of the prisoners; but he fears to betray his trust; he seems in doubt what course to pursue."

"What course to pursue?" answered Edir, looking Ohilca in the face, whilst she seemed to pierce his very soul, "I tell thee, Ohilca, these demons will betray you into crimes, under the plea of duty to your country. When have they asked your advice, or taken you into their counsels? Look at Kelonah! look at St. Ille Grayson! are they not both fair and beautiful as the flowers of these thy native hills? If they can make one a prisoner, why not the other, whenever they may choose to exercise their unbridled power? Did they not detain one of their own officers here, and is not Edward Conway, although a son of a royalist, held a prisoner?"

"My mind is made up," said Ohilca, "they shall be released!" Full round drops of perspiration covered his face, so strong had been the workings of his feelings.

Kelonah fell on his neck, and wept for joy. Then suddenly springing up, she ran to tell Edward the pleasing intelligence, whilst Edir and Ohilca determined on the course to be pursued.

It was agreed that Edir Immerson should start back to obtain sufficient assistance to cope with McQuirk, who was hourly expected, and who would be able to overtake them, if they were to succeed in any immediate effort at releasing the prisoners before they could reach the sycamores. Ohilca promised to meet Edir at a well known spot called the Giant's Cave, about a day's journey from Tower-Rock; she bringing aid to meet him and the two prisoners, whom he proposed to conduct that far, with the hope of eluding the pursuit of McQuirk and his band, even if they should ascertain that the prisoners had made their escape.

Having settled all the preliminaries, and the day of meeting at the Giant's Cave, they sought St. Ille; they found her looking out upon the sun. "Be of good cheer,"

said Edir, "the sun sets clear to-night, it augurs a fair to-morrow. She then whispered in St. Ille's ear, perchance it was of liberty! perchance it was of Julian! The beautiful girl blushed deeply, and half smiling, threw her arms around Edir's neck, and resting her face on her bosom, wept tears of joy.

"Thank thee, oh God! for these few burning drops so long a stranger to my eyes," said Edir, slowly wiping her face. Suddenly she took leave of St. Ille and Kelonah; and ere bed-time she was wending her way to seek succor for the victims of the deep-laid fraud, which had hitherto seemed to prosper under its directors.

CHAPTER LI.

As far as I have seen, we are enough
To make the enterprise secure, if 'tis
Commenc'd to-morrow; but till 'tis begun,
Each hour is pregnant with a thousand perils.
BYRON.

The reception of Capt. Gant at Forest Hill can be better imagined than described. The friend and companion of Edward in his imprisonment; the ardent and faithful admirer of Cathena; and more than all, the noble and high-minded gentleman; who, although just released from a situation which was calculated to have subdued the energies of a less buoyant and elastic mind, still ready and anxious to aid his friends, now in the hour of need. No marvel then if he was received and treated more in the light of a son, and of a brother, than as a friendly acquaintance, forgotten and forgetting, with the pressing moment. He with much earnestness induced his friends to leave their present residence, and take protection under the fort at Ninety-Six; and by the time that Notwood had returned from his trip to the Prison-House, they were boarding with a family near the farm house occupied by the ladies of Colonel Cruger and Major Green. These two ladies afterwards received a high and delicate favor from the besieging general, proving his gallantry equal to his bravery, in voluntarily affording them protection, whilst he vigorously laid siege to the fort, so gallantly defended by their husbands.

Gant, disgusted and enraged with the Tory leaders, who had committed such impudent acts of cruelty against himself and Edward Conway, made complaint to Col. Cruger, and demanded redress. Having received an assurance of an immediate in-

vestigation into the whole proceedings, as well as a promise that Edward and his servant should be brought to Ninety-Six, he obtained permission for Julian to accompany him out on the evening of the same day in which he had received the promise, and he hastened to communicate the pleasing intelligence to those so deeply interested in it. At Col. Conway's they met with the ladies already mentioned, who had come to pass a few social hours. They entered heartily into the efforts Capt. Gant was making in behalf of Edward Conway; impelled not only from the native goodness of their hearts, but by the deep sympathy which they felt for a family which had been so cruelly treated.

Captain Gant had received the warm thanks of the Conways, and the congratulations of their friends, and was preparing to return with Julian to the fort, when they were all roused by a sudden and loud voice demanding,

"Who keeps house?"

"Housekeepers!" answered the good woman who had charge of the house.

"Tell your company," continued the same voice which had first spoken, "I am a peaceable man and mean them no harm; but I have good and sufficient reasons to request my two friends, Capt. Gant and Julian Onslow, to place themselves immediately under my protection."

"The voice of Capt. Bucklebelt," said Julian to Gant, "I must dissuade him from any act of the kind."

Gant attempted to escape out of the opposite door, but was met with a bluff monosyllable, "Stop!"

Whilst Julian and Bucklebelt were conversing, the loud voice of the mineralogist was heard,

"Marcus Coldfire! don't you hear the guns of the fort? Don't you hear the drums beating? The blast of the bugle for pursuit? Break off the parleyings of this thy friend, with long speeches and formalities."

Coldfire and two of his associates, for he it was who spoke to Captain Gant, rushed in, and taking hold of him, urged him out at the door, amidst the loud screams of the good lady of the house, and the no little consternation of Col. Conway's family and the ladies who were casually present.

The mineralogist, after assuring those in the house that no injury was intended to any one, exclaimed—

"This stratagem of the valiant Coldfire and his associates will build up the science of mineralogy on its true foundation! Pro-

fit those who hear and believe! Perish those who doubt! The fires of hell are leaping to overtake us!" continued the mineralogist, seizing Julian by the arm, "the bloodhounds will soon be upon our trails! I hear their horses' feet!"

And as the party hurried off with those they had captured, led by Coldfire, they could distinctly hear the voices of the different parties sent from the fort to scour the several roads and passes.

"Be silent yourself," said Bucklebelt, to the mineralogist, who seemed disposed to caress his long lost horse, re-captured by Coldfire from a royalist.

"What," answered the mineralogist, "not speak a kind word to the beast which has borne me from the Schuylkill to the Saluda, without ever making a blunder? and who has worn out more rounds of shoes than you have children? Be it so! But I will soliloquize inwardly; for I do hear the accursed sound of hired assassins, anxious to carry out the behests of those who wish to destroy me, and the mighty schemes I have in progress."

A few words will suffice to explain the escape of the mineralogist. The bold design of Edir and Bucklebelt, to attempt the release of Julian, has already been adverted to.

Edir, previous to falling in with Captain Tidder, had met with his son Buck; and recollecting his fidelity and shrewdness on a former occasion, communicated her designs to him. The name of Julian acted like a talisman, and he promised to renew his visits at the fort, and to learn the necessary particulars for effecting his design; the modes of ingress and egress, and the lodging place of Julian. He held frequent interviews with Bucklebelt, and had arranged his plans on the same night that Captain Gant and Julian visited the family of Col. Conway.

No one was better calculated for such an undertaking—looked upon as a mere child, he was acute and shrewd, for one even of his age, and had all the zeal and abilities to execute which might have prevailed in more size, without incurring its hazards or suspicions, in such a dangerous attempt.

The scheme of little Buck worked well, for no sooner had he discovered the countersign—having overheard Gant as he and Julian came out, without knowing them—than he availed himself of his knowledge, and passing the sentinel, flew to Julian's apartment—where he usually lodged since Gant's return—and not finding him, sought the mineralogist, who, suspecting his de-

signs, and ascertaining that Coldfire was concerned with him, immediately proposed to join him in search of Julian.

CHAPTER LII.

Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
And every care resign;
And shall we never, never part,
My life—my all that's mine.

GOLDSMITH.

None from his fellow starts,
But playing manly parts,
Stuck close together.

THE BALLAD OF AGINCOURT.

Bucklebelt, owing to his accurate knowledge of the country, was enabled by the faint light of the stars to make his way near to the river, deep amongst the hills and valleys which lie along its side.

After the proper guards were placed out, most of the party fell into a profound sleep, except the mineralogist, who, after rubbing and examining the limbs of his horse, made observations upon the different constellations, applying their different aspects to the destiny of those with whom he was acquainted.

"Ah," said the mineralogist, "no part of the night is so little noticed by mankind as the first hours after midnight, when silence and the weariness of man conspire to send them to repose. Too often the greatest enterprises are postponed for the approaching hour of daylight! Man is a timid animal in the dark. The distant roar of the shoals of the river—the occasional dripping of the accumulated dews from the trees—with the sharp twinkling of the stars, or the fierce blaze of a meteor, as it fell fainter and fainter in the air, were well calculated to produce a melancholy state of feeling in the mineralogist.

"Beautiful stars!" said he, "well may ye weep tears of purity over the crimes of the day; and well may the angry fires of the skies leap forth to consume the filthy vapors which ascend from the earth. The church hath its wolves in sheep's clothing, and there is not an acre of land but innocent blood cries for redress from its soil—and were it not that I have my great vocation to fulfill, my predictions to await, I would like to put off this mortality, and dwell up amongst your harmonious and soft silver beams. There is no pollution—no rivalry, in your mansions of purity and gladness."

The mineralogist looked round, and close

to his side stood the tall figure of Edir Immerson, with a drawn dagger in her hand.

"What!" said she, "a deserter from the king's prison, standing star-gazing in the very jaws of death? What brings you hither? Love of mischief—of peril? Where is Bucklebelt?"

And without waiting for an answer, she blew in the palms of her hands, making a loud and shrill whistle, which echoed through the dense air along the valleys and hills, rousing those that slept from their hard beds of repose.

"Desist, woman!" exclaimed the mineralogist, instinctively preparing himself for an attack, "or my duty will compel me to take thee prisoner, in the name of the king of Great Britain, and—"

"And what?" exclaimed Edir. "Are you not a friend to Bucklebelt? Is he betrayed? Speak! for if you have betrayed him you shall die!"

"Hold! Daughter of the Woods!" exclaimed Bucklebelt. "I have met you, according to appointment. Good luck, beyond my expectations, has crowned my enterprise. We have rescued this good man and Julian from prison, and hold Captain Gant a prisoner."

"Where is the deceiver? He who swore, by his honor and his life, to rescue Edward Conway?"

"Judge me not too harshly, Edir Immerson," said Captain Gant; "I have deceived no one, and this very night, ere I was made prisoner, I had such promises made as caused me to hope that I should speedily have the happiness of restoring him and his faithful servant to his friends."

"Then prove thy sincerity by volunteering with us. Not an hour is to be lost! They are now on their way, and in constant danger of pursuit," said Edir.

"I knew not the object of your enterprise, Captain Bucklebelt," said the mineralogist, "but put me down as a volunteer."

"No," answered Edir, "we want none but the silent, the vigilant—not those who can be taken on their posts, star-gazing!"

"He shall go!" said Coldfire.

"Who have we here?" asked Bucklebelt. "Is this Fawk—the Tory and the patient?"

"Tory, Whig, or Neutral, he shall go with us," said Edir, imitating the manner and tone of Coldfire.

"It was to get him from the clutches of Clannagan and McIlhaney," continued Edir, "that I was detained. He has taken up a strong inclination to find precious

metals—a student worthy of his unexpected tutor.”

“Then thou art well disposed towards mineralogy, and those who seek to benefit mankind in the discovery of the precious treasures of the earth?” asked the mineralogist, addressing himself to Fawk.

“I am in search of a trade, and would as lief, or a little liefer, follow the making of money as a livelihood!” answered Fawk.

“The digging of the ore, you mean—not the coinage?” asked the mineralogist.

“Cease thy prattle, Fawk,” said Edir; “time is precious! And to cut the matter short, Ohilca has sent me ahead to collect a sufficient force at the Giant’s Cave, near the Great Falls. He may out-travel his foes for a day, but unless succor is sent, the captives must be overtaken and destroyed.”

“I am ready to join the party,” answered Gant, after having understood all the facts of the case.

“It is well,” said Coldfire.

“Ay, ’tis well!” added Edir. “We are now ready for the rescue. Follow me! I must keep an eye on the path—on the craggy peak—on the deep thicket, and the grass itself! Silence and caution, or all are lost!”

Such were the brief and ominous words of one whom all silently acknowledged as their guide—and on the evening of the second day after the company departed from the spot of their short and interrupted slumbers, Edir Immerson, with an air of exultation, pointed to a singularly romantic spot called the Giant’s Cave.

On the east lies a considerable eminence, and on the west a high projecting peak shoots up in the shape of a pyramid; far below, between these two projections, falls over a strong ledge of solid rock, a small creek, which often sends up its mist and spray, which form beautiful rainbows. And there are times when the moon presents its fainter mimic ones to the gaze of the nocturnal visiter of the place. No wonder, then, if vivid imaginations should people such a spot with beings of their own creation!

It was a clear evening in spring, when the teeming earth begins to warm and expand each flower—when the air is filled with the busy hum of insects—when the feathered tribes pour forth their joyful songs, and when the mighty sun sheds its subdued light and heat, so as to produce that peculiar and exquisite feeling, so nearly allied to gentle intoxication. The

very horses of the party seemed as if they were led up to breathe a more animating atmosphere, and to feel as if they had suddenly been transported to a more congenial clime.

“Rest here,” said Edir, “until I approach the cave and see if Ohilca has arrived with the captives.”

A ravine descends from the Eagle’s Peak, as the western point was called, (which hangs with its rocks and small trees, as it were ready to fall on the depths below.) At the base of this peak, and not far from the brink of the water-fall, it terminates, and empties the snow and rain which fall above.

After winding round a large ledge of rocks to the left, and in sight of the falls of the creek, is the mouth of the cave, having some thirty or forty feet of open space in front, Edir entered this spot, with a palpitating heart. It was almost dark, from the umbrageous foliage, which began to clothe the forest so thickly as to obstruct the rays of the sun. But she entered, and after her eyes had recovered from the shock of sudden darkness, returned to the company, with the melancholy tidings, that she could discover no traces of the arrival of Ohilca.

Edir then conducted such as attended to the horses, a winding way into the semi-circular place, formed in the channel of the creek. These, with the aid of their knives and some vines, completely secured the horses, within a space sufficiently large to furnish them with cane and grass.

The mineralogist was in ecstasies, as he seized handfuls of sand, and eagerly gazed on them; imagining that they rivaled those of the river Pactolus; whilst his ill-starred pupil affected to be deeply interested in every motion he made.

Gant was awed at the sublimity and grandeur of the scene before him—he was thrilled, too, by the motives which had led him amongst these wilds; and he failed not to think of Cathena Conway—of her heart-rending fears for her brother!

Edir, after having conducted the party to the cave, disappeared. On the top of the highest peak, she stood, waving the branch of the cedar, bearing a bunch of white feathers, plucked from a bird, which the gun of Bucklebelt had brought to the earth.

She looked with unwonted restlessness upon the calm sun, as he descended to rest in the waters of the west; the streams of his beams shot off into points, far to the right and to the left on the sky; as if

some mighty promontory, deep below the surface of the globe, had projected forth to obstruct his course!

At length the deep blush of sunset faded, like the rich tinge, on the cheeks of those whose lamp of life too early goes out, when touched by the hand of remorseless disease! The new moon, with its crescent of silver on a shield of pale blue, began to shed its feeble rays. "Why does he not come?" she exclaimed, as star by star began to twinkle into life. "He is not a liar! he is a true friend! The new moon is brighter and fairer, and portends calmness. It changed at the hour of midnight, which always brings good weather. Some evil betides him." Such were the incoherent mutterings of Edir, as the signal still waved amidst the dwarfish growth of the peak, which overlooked the whole surrounding scenery. A wild and exulting whoop is heard!—loud and long the echoes swell and reverberate along the hills and dells of the place.

"We are betrayed," shouted Edir, (after waiting some time in suspense,) running down to her companions, "be on the alert, for defence," she continued, hastily preparing for the expected assault.

But she was soon gratified to learn her mistake; for on the opposite side of the stream, she heard the well known voice of Ohilca, calling on her name.

The mineralogist, who had placed a small smelting vessel on the fire, with the assistance of Fawk, was attempting to ascertain the richness of some of the supposed ores, hearing the last words of Edir, seized his gun, and was in the very act of shooting at Ohilca, who was seen moving on the margin of the opposite bank.

"Hold, thou wizard of hell, with thy caldrons of magic," exclaimed Edir, grasping the knife of the mineralogist; "down with your gun," she continued, in accents which rung like the fierce peals of a rifle. In the scuffle, between the two, the gun went off, and Edir, maddened with the horrible idea of the murder of Ohilca, was about to drive the uplifted knife through the heart of the mineralogist, who, undaunted, still grappled with his furious adversary. But the powerful arm of Bucklebelt, and the quick assistance rendered by the others, separated them, ere the sound of the gun, which fell like the bursting of an aerolite, had subsided.

"I saw and heard savages," said the mineralogist; "let us not die like Abner the fool; why yield to the whims of this Indian Jezebel?"

"Thou fool," retorted Edir, in a laugh almost hysterical, "I swear to avenge the death of Ohilca on thee." Edir immediately sprung out of the cave, and Bucklebelt and Julian followed her. Gant in the meanwhile said to the mineralogist, "you must ask pardon of Edir, she has shown so much interest in the affair because Ohilca has ever been her friend."

"You mistake me, sir," replied the mineralogist, with decision, "I bow not the knee to Baal or his priestess. I bow not to the Hittites or the Jebusites; nor to king George, himself, true friend although he may be to mineralogy."

Edir put an end to further discussion by returning with Ohilca, who was an object of great interest to the whole company. Julian, who had hitherto borne himself with buoyant spirits, now that he saw not St. Ille, leaned himself against the dark smooth rock of the cavern, a thousand wild fears preying upon his bosom.

"Rouse ye, Julian," said Edir, "this is no time to despond! Rouse ye for the rescue! our friends still live, we must fly to their assistance!"

A brief explanation, from Ohilca, sufficed to show that the prisoners were still at the Camp House; that McQuirk, urged by the fears of Notwood, had returned before any scheme for their escape had been completed; and that Clannagan, with two or three others, had arrived on the day that Ohilca set out to meet Edir, according to appointment; and that he had feigned a desire to hunt, for a few days, in order to conceal the object of his absence.

"Are there any precious metals in the hills and valleys, around the Camp House, whereof you speak?" asked the mineralogist. "Yes," replied Edir, fiercely, "there are bayonets and rifles, swords, pistols and bullets, and if you are a true soldier, you will seek for them!"

"I was never afraid of the face of man, and if," continued the mineralogist, "my learned friends, Captains Gant and Bucklebelt, think that the right of conquest will give us a title to the lands, or rather the medals thereon, then am I ready and anxious to march forwards, without a moment's delay."

"I am a dead man, to a dead certainty, then!" whimpered Fawk.

"But then there is hope for a poor fellow that gets killed in a righteous cause," replied Bucklebelt, encouragingly.

"Yes, I know there is," said Fawk, "but I can't help having my fears; it's what I have been dreaming about these

two or three last nights; but I hope the Lord will have mercy on me, if I should get killed in the righteous cause."

"Let the coward and the dastard hesitate," said Edir; "who doubts that we are not to have fierce and busy work at the Prison House? there may even be a fulfilment of Fawk's dreams on others, besides himself, but every moment is precious; and will strengthen our enemies."

"Yes," said Julian, "our enemies, if not already apprised of our intentions, will soon be in pursuit of us. With the canopy of heaven above me, and a hand once more unloosed, I long to strike for liberty, and to avenge the wrongs of the innocent."

The party immediately set out for the Camp House, guided by Edir and the resolute Ohilca, those on horseback, being enjoined to observe the utmost caution and silence.

The Camp, or Prison-House, was a strong double cabin, built out of large logs, hewed and notched down close to each other. It had been raised two stories high, with a passage between the lower rooms. The doors of these rooms opened opposite to each other, and were exceedingly heavy and strong. A rough kind of steps, led up from the passage into the small middle room, between the upper stories; one of which was furnished with a narrow door leading from the middle room, and was the only way by which it could be entered. Back and east of the house stood a large projecting rock, reaching the length of the north room, and rising in height nearly to the middle of the one above; the distance of the rock from the house was nearly fifteen feet, and furnished the only means of reaching one of its upper rooms; this was effected by pushing a plank from the rock, until it lodged in a crack, between two logs, just below a small, strong window. A few out-houses were scattered around this strong castle of the Bloody Scout; a position which had been chosen because of its difficult access, and the rock, which furnished them, not only a defence, but the means of reaching a strong and impregnable room.

Ohilca, after having given the approaching party an accurate description of the different rooms, and their way of access, proposed to go forwards, whilst they remained a short distance, awaiting a signal to be given for the assault.

The party had arrived, by hard travelling, near the Camp House by day light, and only waited the approach of sunrise, for Ohilca to execute his schemes. He pro-

posed to approach the sentinels, in a friendly manner, and after having thrown out the priming from their guns, or deranged their flints, to fire off his gun, as a signal for the onset of his friends. But this arrangement was completely frustrated, through the agency of a countryman, going into the camp to carry provisions; being alarmed at the sound of horses' feet, at so early an hour, he crept near enough to overhear the whole conversation. He knew the voices of Ohilca and of Edir Immerson.

Clannagan, thus apprised of his danger, made due preparations. The horses were saddled, and the soldiers, at the first sound of a gun, were ordered to charge and cut the attacking party in pieces.

At the expected hour, the well known form of Ohilca was seen slowly and carelessly advancing towards the front of the house. Clannagan had taken his station in the middle room, up stairs, to overlook and direct his men; surrounded by well loaded muskets, ready to give his enemies a deadly reception. The two sentinels, who generally watched in front, were directed to get close together, and take Ohilca prisoner. Ohilca seems unconscious of his impending fate—he halts! he hesitates! Through a crevice, in the upper, south room, a hand is seen pointing to the countryman, and then to the sentinels! It seems to indicate, by its motions, that danger is to be apprehended. The voice of Kelonah is heard, uttering the wild words of "fly, fly! my father! you are betrayed!"

Ohilca obeys the warning—like an arrow he is gone! The sentinels fire. Clannagan shoots, and raves; and forth rush the horsemen, in full pursuit.

Kelonah cries "He is safe!" and falls in the arms of St. Ille. This ardent child of the forest had taken a deep and active part in the release of the prisoners; and was constantly alive to every movement at the Camp House. She had heard the sound of the countryman's voice, and was so fortunate, as to overhear the whole conversation between him and Clannagan. Being locked up in the same room with St. Ille, she had taken the only means left her, to warn her father of his danger.

Fortunately Capt. Bucklebelt and his comrades were prepared for the reception of the enemy. They were certain that Ohilca had been foiled in his stratagem, so soon as they heard the report of the several guns; and they lost no time for defence, posting themselves behind trees; by the side of their horses; and the foe was alongside of them, receiving their well

aimed and deadly fire, before they were aware of their perilous situation. The shouts of the party, at that early hour, joined to the report of their muskets; were well calculated to strike terror in a soldier like McQuirk, whose proverbial reliance on the swiftness of a good horse was well known throughout the country; and may have accounted for the keen relish he always exhibited, in appropriating a good racer to his own use. The sight of Bucklebelt and Coldfire acted like magic! It transfigured trees into soldiers; and McQuirk led off his men with the belief that they were pursued by a band, who had an especial desire to overtake them. No wonder, then, if consternation seized upon them, when they found that their apprehensions were likely, every moment, to be fulfilled, as the shouts of their pursuers rung in their ears.

Whilst this stirring scene was in progress, a deadly one was enacted at the Camp House. Three sentinels were with Clannagan in possession of the place. Edir and Julian, who had been sent to reconnoitre the Tower-Rock, and to watch the movements of the sentinel, who was constantly posted on its top, or at its base, no sooner heard the firing, than they rushed forwards to the succor of Ohilca. Julian had fired at the sentinel, and was rapidly approaching the house; when he was met by the two sentinels, who guarded the passage and front of the house; he parried the bayonet of the one nearest him, with his own musket; and transfixed with its bayonet the other, who was advancing to the assistance of his companion.

Then suddenly turning again, and closing with the first, he threw him to the earth, and was in the act of discharging a pistol through his brains, when the wretch clamored loudly for quarters, at the same time shouting,

"The prisoners! the prisoners are safe!"

"Where are they?" demanded Julian. "Speak quickly."

"There, there!" he exclaimed, pointing towards the rude stairway.

It was fortunate for Julian, for at that instant Clannagan, (who had heard the number of guns, and the loud shouts, had become alarmed, and determined to secure St. Ille, in the room which had its entrance from the rock, and was dragging her by the hair down the steps.) They saw each other at the same moment, each fired a pistol. Julian drew his other one; but Clannagan, with a horrible oath, threw his empty and only weapon at the head of

Julian, and snatching St. Ille in his arms, instantly disappeared. Julian was so stunned, that he was several minutes recovering. When he regained his senses, the sentinel had disappeared, and he was almost in despair; he fortunately thought of the Tower Rock, of the prison room, and making a desperate effort, reached there just as Clannagan was securing the window; he fired, but it availed nothing.

"Fool, fool!" exclaimed Clannagan, "who has removed my muskets? my pistols? Caught in my own trap; aye! I removed them myself to the middle room this morning, when I brought Edward Conway to his wooden jacket." After a few moments' stillness, he continued in a louder voice, "Julian Onslow, you have overheard me—be not deceived, my hands are still free. I can strangle, I can grasp the swan-like neck of your own dear St. Ille."

"Oh! spare her, Clannagan; make your own conditions. Speak quickly! You shall have your horse, arms, a passport! I swear before high Heaven!" said Julian, almost frantic at the appalling thoughts conjured up by the words and threats of Clannagan.

"A passport!" replied Clannagan; "ha! ha! A passport from Julian to Colonel Clannagan, and he on his own Amulet. Give the wolf a passport to the lamb! Too young yet, Mr. Onslow—but hear me. Come, set the house on flames, and hear the screams of the rebel's sweet-heart! and the piteous whimpers of Edward Conway for mercy! Come, help me to get rid of the fellow who wished to thrust his feet into your own shoes. What say you to such a passport—for me and your two friends?"

"Speak not thus, Clannagan—you will distract St. Ille. I am in earnest—make your own conditions!" said Julian, as he ran down the rock, to ascertain the cause of the loud noise he heard below.

Edir Immerson, all this while, had been deeply engaged with her own troubles; the sentinel from the rock having escaped the fire of Julian, was made to bite the dust by her musket; the countryman, seeing the fate of her victim, fired his gun at her and fled. Edir, enraged at his audacity, attempted to intercept him as he dodged around the out-houses for several moments, but he made his escape, and she ran to the assistance of Julian. Astounded at the dead sentinel, and hearing the shouts of some one in the room near where he had fallen, she seized an axe, and was hewing the door down, when it flew open, and the

unfortunate Cato rushed out, his features distorted with alarm. The sentinel, whose life had been spared by Julian, scarcely less frightened than Cato now seemed to be, had taken the precaution to lock himself up in the same room, the key of which he kept; hence the source of the great uproar, into which Julian came down to examine.

Kelonah, as soon as Clannagan opened the door to remove St. Ille, fled in the direction she had seen her father go, and found him leaning over the wounded and dying boy of the ill-fated Fawk; she pointed to the countryman, as he was just then making his escape from Edir Immerson.

"There!—there is your betrayer!" she exclaimed.

The hot blood of Ohilca was roused—he seized the still loaded gun of Fawk, and bidding his daughter remain, with rapid strides went in pursuit of his enemy; he knew the country, and as he approached the ford of a creek, not far from the Camp House, the flash and the report of his gun! the tumbling of the corse from the frightened horse! the blood-stained and bubbling waters! nay, his own feasted eyes, tell him that he has done his work of death, well and surely!

Just as Edir and Julian, followed by the sentinel and Cato, reached the top of Tower Rock, Clannagan looked out in front, and saw the party of Bucklebelt returning, with Ohilca and the mineralogist bearing the body of Fawk. Forgetting his own danger, he joyously shouted—

"Hurra! for my mountain huntsmen! They have brought down one rebel buck!"

Then suddenly running to the side where Julian was, he changed his tone, saying—

"Look! my mortal enemies are safe! I would live a little longer yet, Julian! I saw Bucklebelt and Coldfire—I would know their very shadows made by the moonlight. My horse, my good Amulet—he is in the nearest out-house."

Julian whispered a word in Edir's ear—she hesitated.

"St. Ille! My word of honor!" was rapidly uttered by him.

"I must see if all are safe," said Edir, "before I consent for the wolf to leave the pit he has made for himself."

"Come in, madam, and gratify your curiosity, for I am somewhat of the belief that it has already been at the bottom of this whole affair. Yes, curiosity! curiosity!" repeated Clannagan, peevishly—

"It is the favorite bait of the devil for catching mother Eve's daughters!"

Soon after Edir had entered the room, she returned to the window, saying to Julian—

"All is right! St. Ille and Edward are thrust into separate cells. I have spoken to each. Go, fulfill your bargain, whilst I release them!"

And as Clannagan leaped out, she said to him—

"Go, wretch! and teach thy followers new lessons in perfidy. Beware! lest my curiosity should cause us to meet again!"

Clannagan, as he and Julian passed on, with his peculiar smile, whispered—

"Our favors to each other to-day have been equal; our accounts hereafter shall not be quite so well balanced."

"You cannot provoke me to violence, now," said Julian. "Obligations and favors on your part are never spontaneous; they are ever the exactions at the point of the sword, extorted from fear."

"Extorted from the hope of future revenge," retorted Clannagan, casting a look of scorn at Julian.

He mounted his noble charger, saying, "Speed! speed, Amulet!" Then dashing down the steep hill leading from the Tower Rock, pursued his headlong course, breathing revenge on those who had found and dispossessed him so unexpectedly of his stronghold.

Julian, trembling with emotion, scaled the rock, and called the name of St. Ille.

"My long lost Julian!" she exclaimed, as he rushed into the prison room.

The long separated lovers are in each other's arms! They shed tears of joy! St. Ille rests on the bosom of Julian, like the emblem of innocence and repose! She has fainted!

Julian implored Edir to bring water, and imprinted a kiss on the pale forehead which rested so quietly against his throbbing heart.

"Be not alarmed," said Edir, "the heart of the sweet girl is only surcharged with joy. Beware, Julian, that you never fill it with grief."

Edward, who ran after water, found St. Ille recovered. He brought the intelligence that their friends had returned, and were anxious to congratulate Julian and Edir on their success.

A general shout of joy burst from the brave and gallant band, as St. Ille advanced, supported on either side by Julian and Edward. Kelonah greeted her and

Edward, whilst each noble soldier followed her example.

"Let us bury the dead, and immediately depart," said Julian. "We know not what the chafed and raging heart of Clannagan may attempt. He has just obtained his liberty by base threats of violence on our friends whilst in his power; he still burns for revenge.

"He must find other followers," said Bucklebelt; "for his valiant steed cannot overtake those led off by McQuirk. A few may halt by the way, wounded in the back by the long shots of Lieutenant Coldfire and Captain Gant; but a more determined and successful effort to interpose distance between themselves and danger, never was made by brave soldiers."

The dead were collected. A grave, supposed to have been dug for Edward Conway, was appropriated to the body of the unfortunate Fawk; and a well, which stood in the yard, served for the reception of the bodies of the two sentinels. Before they were buried, however, the mineralogist begged leave to say a few words.

"I lost," continued he, "my dear pupil, the worthy Sciolist, early in the conflict, whilst gazing with unmingled horror upon the raging battle. Alas! his presentiments, and the predictions of the Daughter of the Woods have been fulfilled; let us hope that he rests from all his earthly troubles and fears. Aye!" continued the mineralogist, the tears trickling down his noble countenance, "dust unto dust, small and great, the white man and the red man, the bond and the free, to the silent house, appointed for all living, must sooner or later go. The words of truth are, 'It is appointed once for all men to die, and afterwards the judgment.' Hear me, Marcus Coldfire, thou bravest of the brave! Forget not the admonitions of thy now sainted mother. And thou gallant son of our mother-land, the flower of chivalry, in the language of Scripture I fear I must say, 'One thing thou yet lackest!' And thou idol of a mighty house, recollect the language of the poet, 'Those whom the Gods love, die early.' And thou, whom I love more than myself, Julian Onslow, the refined gold, tried seven times in the fire, set not thy heart on the things of earth, for they perish in the using. And thou, bright star of a cloudless night! sweet pensive captive! worship Him whose eye suffereth not a sparrow to fall to the ground unheeded! And thou, bold warrior! so full of man's philosophy and reason, recollect that the wisdom of man faileth! And

thou, father and daughter, the sturdy oak and the tender vine, children of the forest, hear ye not the voice of God in every breeze? Worship Him, for hath he not manifested his power to-day? And thou, prisoner! behold the bodies of thy comrades! Why hast thou escaped? Speak not their wounds to thee, to prepare for death? Glory to Him who hath the keys of life and death in his hands! The day is not distant when the precious treasures of the earth shall be eviscerated to send the words of life unto heathen lands. And thou, son of the sinful Ham! Ethiopia shall yet rejoice! And thou, daughter of storms, of sensibility, of wrongs and sorrows, be humbled, be of good cheer! The day is not distant—yea, it is at hand, when justice shall be done thee and thine. And lastly, thou, Geoffrey Jarvis, mineralogist, the man who will be misrepresented and misunderstood, go on rejoicing in thy tribulations and sorrows! Thou hast performed thy last duty to thy pupil. May God, in his mercy, prosper thee in all thy great schemes of benevolence. Amen."

The bodies of the dead having been disposed of, and strict search made throughout the Camp House, Edward and Coldfire, assisted by Captain Gant, set fire to a train of powder, which, (after their friends had departed a sufficient distance,) shook the earth, and scattered the Prison House into a thousand fragments; they remained long enough to witness the spectacle, and to cause the sentinel, to whom they gave a written parole, to fire the remaining cabins.

The happy and rescued prisoners related many stirring incidents—the horrors of suspense, and the menaces from their insolent oppressors—their many fears for those coming to their relief; whilst Cato dwelt with intense interest on his alarm at the firing of the guns, and the sudden appearance of the sentinel, whose presence in the room only served to increase his alarm, vowing most solemnly in conclusion, hereafter to give up the pleasures of the chase, until more peaceful times should be established.

Late at night the party reached the Giant's Cave, and found all things as they had been left. After a hasty repast, and proper guards had been posted, the weary and exhausted sought that repose which they so much needed.

At dawn of light, Edir approached Julian, who was on guard, and after saluting him, said—

"I have done my duty. I fain would

now go with you and the fair angel who slumbered so sweetly and gently in my arms last night, and called thee by name so kindly, saying, 'Oh! Julian, let us thank Heaven, that we have again met—never, never again to part!' Deceive her not, as one did me! Your camp and your crowd suit not me. I must seek the fresh breeze, and the lonely place. My heart is sad—I must leave thee! Farewell. But hear me. Tell thy counterpart, Edward Conway, not to trifle with the heart of Kelonah. She already loves him too well. He must wed, or shun her—there is no middle ground of dalliance! I must away; the Bloody Scout will yet thirst for more blood and revenge!"

She suddenly disappeared, leaving Julian to muse over words and conduct altogether extraordinary and unexpected to him.

Julian, with his fair friend mounted on the croup of his noble charger, listened to each other's various trials and misfortunes; whilst Edward and Gant alternately recounted to their companions the scenes through which they had passed at the Prison House.

Ohilca was earnestly solicited by the mineralogist to take up his abode near McIlhaney's, in a region abounding with many signs favorable to the bed of precious metals—whilst the gentle and ardent Kelonah was besought by St. Ille, with much earnestness, to make her mother's her home—but she preferred to be near the side of her father.

In due time, each of the company who had traveled together, and who had undergone so many perils, reached their respective homes or friends, without any serious accident, showing that heartfelt regret at parting which mutual dangers and kindness ever produce.

But there was one exception to this happy termination of the late adventures. Poor Cato wept with a bitterness of feeling which derived no consolation from hope or reason. The home of affection, and pleasure, and plenty, had been turned to penury and sorrow. At the name of Prudence, he would burst into childish tears!

Aye! thy hopes dry up, and despair draws its pall over future visions of happiness. Unalloyed misery broods over the mind, filling it with the phantoms of by-gone joys; whilst the misdeeds of other days menace the worn-out and irresolute conscience, till death, so long dreaded, after having produced its thousand anti-

cipated agonies, kindly administers the Lethean draught, and puts the seal of dark oblivion upon the aches and throbs of a heart already bereft of its courage!

CHAPTER LIII.

They sin who tell us love can die;
With life all other passions fly,
All others are but vanity.

Its holy flame for ever burneth,
From Heaven it came, to Heaven returneth.
SOUTHEY.

The powerful army of Green investing Ninety-Six, and the three Brigadiers, who were ever ready to take the field, had produced, during the absence of our party, a temporary respite in the brutal conflicts of personal hatred; and the bold leaders in rapine and plunder had gradually shifted the scenes of their villanies to the more distant and unprotected settlements.

The unfortunate Col. Conway was more bewildered than ever; his mind revolted at the injuries he had sustained from his acknowledged political friends, and yet he feared to take sides against them. Clannagan had stripped him of all his property, alledging that he was in league with the rebels. At the approach of the American army, Conway again ventured to return to his unfortunate residence; his wife and daughter had to undergo the most trying privations, and the Hall which had resounded with merriment was silent and gloomy; and the board of plenty furnished a scanty subsistence! But two hearts held up against distress, and poured consolation into the drooping hearts of Col. Conway and poor Cato; Cathena and her mother seemed to gain fresh courage from every disaster.

It would require no stretch of the imagination, to believe that the meeting between Gant and Cathena was one of painful interest; mingled with gratitude on the part of Cathena, and of admiration of her virtues and fortitude on the part of Gant. He recollected his first interview, when she was the reputed possessor of thousands. Whatever might have given the first impulse to his attachment, he felt a conscious pride when he now knew it arose from his elevated regard for the qualities of her heart and the attainments of her mind; and Cathena secretly felt that no one could blame her for her affections for the man who had shown so much devotion for the welfare of her family, and

such unwavering attachment to her; but these were her own thoughts, she breathed them to no one, not even to the object of her regard.

Gant, who did not know the extent of the deep and reciprocal interest felt towards him by Cathena, with true delicacy did not under present circumstances feel justified in pressing his suit. With proper professions of regard, he took leave of the family, (promising to see them in a short time,) for the purpose of resuming his duties at Ninety-Six, which had been so unexpectedly interrupted, on an occasion already recorded.

Julian, although dreaming of happiness at Mrs. Grayson's, and Edward Conway, who had thought that one smile from Amelia Milligan would repay him for all his perils, no sooner had got back into the excited community, than they felt the *gaudia certaminis, the glory of the strife!* They desired again to strike for the liberty and the glory of their country!

The scene between Mrs. Grayson and her daughter must be noticed; that shock which no pen can describe—the joy of a mother on meeting with a lost daughter. Mrs. Grayson, in the excess of her feelings, called Julian her worthy son; the one who should alone inherit the pearl he had rescued; and poor St. Ille, half blushing and weeping, could not but respond to this gush of feeling on the part of her mother.

And Edward, the hitherto discreet and somewhat circumspect young gentleman, galloped off to Mrs. Milligan's. "It is Edward," exclaimed Amelia. She was silent and motionless! the unexpected surprise overpowered her—she was caught in the arms of her sister, who alone of the family knew the deep secret of her heart. Edward followed her to the couch. "I hope she will soon be better," he sobbed, whilst the tears streamed down his cheeks, as he beheld the pale and delicate features, white as the Parian marble, when no stain has touched it; gradually the pale cheeks began to assume a beautiful crimson tinge; the lips, so bloodless, looked like the last touches of an artist!—the sparkling eye, so motionless and lustreless, now flashed with pleasure, as she smilingly reached out her delicate little hand, with the token of love still where Edward had placed it.

"Ah! Edward, I knew I should see you again! and St. Ille and Julian?"

"They are safe at Mrs. Grayson's," replied Edward.

It was in vain that Mrs. Milligan urged that Amelia's health was too delicate for

her to exert herself; alledging that ever since St. Ille's absence, and that of Edward's, her daughter's health had been declining. "My heart aches when I look at her," continued Mrs. Milligan. "The wit, the smile, all life are gone! and that deep red tinge has been the only hope left." Ah! who can tell the ethereal sensation, the sweet reality of a flame acknowledged, and then to know that the health has been subjected to the deep passion of the heart. Edward worshiped Amelia, and he who but a day ago was but an infant in matters of the heart, felt and acted like a giant. "She must not—shall not be exposed!" Such was the language to himself, but the beautiful and now exhilarated girl looked so well, was so full of life, that she declared that no harm could possibly accrue "from a gentle and cautious ride."

It would be useless to relate the happy words which passed between them; there was no preliminary courtship, no cautious circumlocution. They each knew each other's heart instinctively, and the full and unpracticed words of love and endearment sprung up so readily, that they seemed as if they were but those they had always used. Amelia asked him over and over his perils, and when he would begin to tell them, she would weep, and ask him to desist until she could be more composed. Life—love—all, all are a mystery!

Major Walden, who had heard through Bucklebelt of the arrangements of Edward, ventured to meet him at the Sycamores. He had already arrived, and was listening with intense interest to the narrative of St. Ille, when Edward and his fair charge made their visit to Mrs. Grayson's.

Edward sprung forwards on the neck of his uncle; who, half weeping and laughing, chided his nephew for his seeming neglect, in not having paid him the first visit; he even for a moment treated Julian with marked and unwonted kindness.

But pleasures cannot last forever; the young and gallant lovers, after many vows on their part, and as many tears and smiles from their fair angels, took leave to join the besieging party under General Green. The whole Whigs of the South looked with intense interest on his efforts, whilst Colonel Cruger, and his associate Major Green, urged their men to stand fast against the attacks of the rebels. The latter officers had good cause to be alarmed; for they beheld Fort Watson taken by Marion and Lee—Camden evacuated by Lord Rawdon—Orangeburg taken by Gen. Sumpter—Forte Motte the next day; and

two days afterwards, the post at Nelson's Ferry, and the next day Fort Granby. Georgetown was evacuated by the British. Thus rapidly six of their posts were taken or abandoned. Soon followed the post at Silver Bluff; and then the siege and fall of Augusta, under Lieut. Col. Lee and Gen. Pickens.

Many who had been injured by the loyalists, now burst forth breathing revenge; and it required all the cool judgment and persuasion of the Whig commanders to succeed in allaying the keen and aggravated spirit of retaliation in those who now felt that they had an opportunity of redressing their private grievances on their foes.

The regular siege on Ninety-Six had been prosecuted with great spirit and courage by the assaulting party. During the latter part of these vigorous efforts, Edward and Julian had been detailed to guard the ladies of Colonel Cruger and Major Green, at their residence at the farm house already noticed. It was the pleasing office of Capt. Gant, through the directions of his commanding officer, to apprise this small detachment of guards of the sudden retreat of General Green, and the near approach of Lord Rawdon. Coldfire, who had been sent out on a foraging party, came up after the army had retreated, and must have fallen into the hands of Clannagan, but as he passed the house of Mrs. Cruger, she sent a messenger to warn him of his danger; thereby showing that she had a noble and generous heart, capable of appreciating the kindness and politeness of the American General, as well as the proper rules of honorable warfare.

Thus was abandoned a siege, which in three days must have ended in complete victory. The noble General alone preserved his equanimity; for gloom and disappointment were depicted in the faces of every soldier; but their gallant General cheered them with the prospect of the future; telling them that the day was not distant, when they would meet their foes on an open field.

Thus retreating, the army passed the Saluda, and successively the Enoree, the Tyger and Broad Rivers, towards Charlotte in North Carolina. But learning that the enemy, (through an intercepted letter,) were about to abandon the garrison of Ninety-Six, Green immediately changed his plans, drawing nearer to the enemy.

CHAPTER LIV.

They now to fight are gone,
Armor on armor shone,
Drum now to drum did groan,
To hear was wonder;
That with the cries they make,
The very earth did shake.
Trumpet to trumpet spake,
Thunder to thunder.

THE BALLAD OF AGINCOURT.

The heat of the season becoming oppressive, General Green, ever mindful of the health of his brave comrades, selected the high hills of Santee; thereby allowing his light troops to fall on the British posts in the vicinity of Charleston. But the active spirit of the immortal hero of the South, after finding his army recruited, could not remain idle. He soon rallied his friends; calling Pickens, Marion, and others to his aid; and pursuing the enemy, came up with them at the Eutaw Springs.

It will be hardly necessary to state, that Major Walden's battalion, joined by Julian, was under the command of Gen. Pickens; and joined in the first attack, and was well supported by Col. Williams and Lieut. Col. Campbell.

The continental troops followed with a less eager, though more regular movement.

The battle soon became general, and men and officers rushed forwards through showers of musketry and the heaviest cannonade. The immortal Campbell fell speechless in the decisive charge which broke the British line.

Major Walden received a slight wound in this glorious battle. In his eagerness in the pursuit, he was surrounded by the enemy; Julian saw his imminent danger, and without stopping to consult his own safety, plunged in the midst. Blow after blow was dealt. The fatal sword was thrust behind, and under the arm of the hard pressed Walden, and nothing but the prompt and powerful aid from the sword of Julian saved his life; for at a blow he disabled the arm of the unobserved foe, who was so near accomplishing his designs; another stroke from the same victorious sword and the wretch fell dead to the earth; his head falling forwards on his breast, ere his almost decapitated body had reached the ground.

"Ah! my dear Edward, you have been my deliverer; you have saved my life."

"I came too late, although I saw with

agonized feelings your critical situation ; it was all the work of a moment ! Julian was too prompt for me, he espied your danger, and called to me to follow !”

The exhausted Major seemed mortified at his mistake ; but very fervently thanked Julian for his timely assistance, exclaiming aloud,—“Hurra, my brave boys ? this is the consummation of all our privations, victory and liberty are ours !”

Pickens received a wound ; Col. Washington was wounded and taken prisoner. The battle raged for three hours, in the very heat of the month of September ; and of six commandants of regiments bearing continental commissions, Williams and Lee only escaped unhurt.

Congress passed resolutions of thanks to the troops of the several States, and presented the immortal commander with a British standard, and a gold medal emblematical of the battle and victory.

Thus closed the national war in the South. Although sundry enterprises were projected and executed ; and the loss of property and private barbarity, with an occasional skirmish, or murder, continued. No campaign ever reflected more credit on a commander and his comrades ; and this ever memorable and trying one must be considered as placing General Green upon the list of great commanders ! Gloom and confusion met him in its inception ; glory and peace followed its termination ! His army unpaid, unfed, and half clothed, had to contend against those whose situation was the reverse,—plunder and plenty supplied them with all the pre-requisites of war ; and it has been beautifully said, that “the enemies of Green, found him as formidable on the evening of a defeat, as on the morning after a victory.”

CHAPTER LV.

As panthers, after set of sun,
Rush from the roots of Lebanon,
Across the dark sea robber's way ;
We'll bound upon our startled prey.

MOORE.

After the memorable battle just glanced at, General Green disbanded most of the militia ; whilst he again returned to the high hills of Santee, where health and hospitality were to be found for his brave comrades in war. Commissioners were appointed to exchange prisoners, and settle down a regular system of paroles, between the contending parties.

The famous order of Governor Rutledge,

about this time, commanding the royalist families, and those whose husbands were in the service of the British, to move without delay within the British lines, produced a state of great excitement and distress, upon such as this stern though righteous order operated. Then it was that the poisoned chalice was returned to their own lips !—Many determined to evade the order, or make a desperate effort to rekindle the subsiding flame of civil war ; restore the royal power, and retrieve their lost influence ! Amongst those who felt the greatest repugnance to this order, was Major Notwood ; who had, by various stratagems and frauds, obtained the rights and titles, to negroes and lands, belonging to certain families. And although he was willing to follow for awhile the fortunes of the royalists, he was not disposed to see them retire from the command of the country, without one more desperate effort at repossessing his former ascendancy, aided by their co-operation.

It was not more than a fortnight after the proceedings, taken by Gov. Rutledge, (already noticed,) when Clannagan and Notwood paid a private visit to McIlhanney's. It was at the hour of midnight.—They inquired for Ohilca and the mineralogist. The deaf, and now disenthralled man, coolly answered, “Now, Colonel, your race is over, what can you do ? the Waldens and the Bucklebelts are now exulting at the order of Rutledge, to remove us poor innocent people within the lines of the conquered and retreating British ?”

“What ?” asked Clannagan, fiercely, “you are like others, ready to submit and lick the feet of the rebels ? but the scourge of sickness is worse than resistance ; and I will die before I obey the hard-hearted decree of this would be dictator of Carolina. And revenge ! sweet revenge ! like that of Sampson, in the temple of the Philistines, shall yet be mine ! Beware ! lest you and Conway be found amongst those who will find out my power to do mischief, when it is too late !”

The craven cowered before the threatening speaker, although he had already determined to abandon his service. The two conspirators compelled him, however, notwithstanding his repugnance, to accompany them to the camp of the mineralogist and Ohilca, who had recently been much together in the woods, and seemed to have formed one of those associations, which spring from unseen and often inexplicable congeniality of feeling ; which is seen and

wondered at, by the casual observer; and without attempting to analyze the hidden impulses which led to this association, it may be supposed that the child of nature, who looked upon its works and almost worshiped them, and he, who looked through and examined them so diligently, could but harmonize in feeling and attachment.

Ohilca and the mineralogist were found on one of the high and rocky spurs or points, which led out from the banks of the river, not far from the one on which Edward stood guard, during the celebration of the Declaration of Independence already noticed. Clannagan and his two companions approached cautiously, until they were discovered by a dog, which had been seduced to take service under better masters, from some one of the abandoned plantations. Ohilca was busily engaged in dressing and quartering a deer, he had killed that morning, whilst Kelonah had just returned with a string of perch, some still fluttering. The mineralogist was busily employed, as if transcribing his manuscripts from loose and fugitive leaves and scraps of paper, on more enduring materials.

At the signal given by the dog, the mineralogist seized his gun, and hastily glancing around, "Friends or foes?" he demanded. "Come ye upon the solitude of the children of nature? Come ye to disturb and rob us, even of the blessings of silence and of repose? are we too happy for you? wish you, Clannagan, to shut me up again in the narrow prison house, amidst poisonous vapors and contagious diseases?"

"Friends! friends!" exclaimed Notwood, "your best friends, come to rejoice with you, in the glorious solitude of nature, enlivened by your philosophical discoveries and researches."

Ohilca, still grasping his bloody knife, cast a quick and searching look at the group; he attempted to read the features of McIlhaney, but the imperturbable and dogged countenance exhibited no indication by which to unravel the dark workings of his breast.

"Be seated," said the mineralogist.

"Thank you! thank you!" replied Notwood, "although I have had no personal knowledge of you, yet your brilliant discoveries and schemes have often been mentioned to me, by your great admirer, my friend, Col. Clannagan; who is, like yourself, excitable, and of a quick and heroic temperament. We come to ask pardon, for the great and wicked misconduct done to you, through the misrepresentations of

Major Walden, and his Whig friends, and, if possible, to make honorable amends to you."

The mineralogist listened attentively, whilst the countenance of Clannagan seemed to give a flat contradiction to the insidious apologies of his companion.

"By heavens! Col. Clannagan!" exclaimed Notwood, looking towards Kelonah, "there is the paragon of beauty! look at the dark ringlets, which hang like the rich foliage around the clusters of blushing grapes; or rather like the mists of evening, on the placid sky of twilight; and then the eye, like the rapid flashes of light from a whirling mirror; ornamented, too, by her own tasteful workmanship; an eastern beauty cannot vie with her. She is as perfect in form, and contour, as if from the hand of the statuary?"

"She is my daughter," replied Ohilca, who noticed, with no little chagrin, the confusion of the girl, "and I am her only protector."

"Not so," quickly answered the mineralogist, whose countenance reflected the feelings of Ohilca, "she has another in me; and never shall she be insulted in my presence, by the impudent or profligate; her ears shall not be profaned, by the idle cant of professed gallants, or the set phrases of designing compliment; and you have mistaken your men, Major Notwood, and your intended victim, if you expect to circumvent us, by glozing and cozening artifice."

This unexpected rebuke to the flippant gallantry of Notwood would have disconcerted any one else. But he quickly exclaimed, "You mistake me, my good friends! I am as ready as either of you to defend her; I am a father, and therefore know how to appreciate her feelings and her rights."

After a hasty breakfast, Clannagan taking Ohilca apart from those who were present, held the following language,—

"You have ever been a friend to the king of England; you have risked your life, and drawn blood in our cause; but you have been deceived by designing knaves, you have been enticed from your oldest and best friends—from your allegiance and the path of honor! Even your tender bird is not allowed to sing with her equals! Beware! she is now at the mercy of the keen eyed hawk! Listen to me, High-tower! You say you are the protector of your only child! Be so then not in words, but in deeds! Does she not love Edward Conway, and is she not as good? Hath she not the same blood in her veins? Has he

returned the love of her, whose father saved his life? The spirit of revenge has sent me to join you, and lead you, and our brave friends to victory! We are waiting to receive you again, in our band! We are panting for the onset, and there are many now awaiting your eagle cry amongst your native hills; to follow you to victory or to death!—now is the time to avenge the wrongs of your child, and to re-establish the authority of our sovereign.”

The noble countenance of Ohilca underwent rapid and painful changes. “Yes,” said he, “it is true, that the proud boy seemed to love my Kelonah! I have seen him weep, when he heard her sweet songs, and he called her sister. It was her tears that saved his life; and let him beware, lest they yet cost him what he has gained. He shuns her of late, he loves another; whilst Kelonah, the only one left to me of my family, still weeps and loves him; she will not hear my words to return; but I will follow your advice. We must start this night.”

During this conversation, Notwood had embraced the opportunity to make an attempt to enlist the mineralogist in his schemes; artfully playing upon his ruling passion; hinting at the gross injustice which had been exercised towards Julian, in the accusations of Walden, and he combatted the fastidious honor which kept Julian from demanding satisfaction for the suspicions which were cast upon him. He declared that with the assistance of Clannagan and himself, the testimony of McIlhane, and the skill of the mineralogist to direct, Julian could get possession of wealth and power, whilst the great necessity of an immediate change in the currency of the country, and the assistance which Julian might afford in effecting it, were emphatically enforced. “Yes,” said Notwood, “sleep not over your mighty schemes! force to force must be used; coercion in lieu of persuasion! and if need be, let us seize the refractory, and carry them within the royal lines.”

The mineralogist was bewildered and agitated, and promised to consult Julian, and urge the proposal to his favorable consideration.

The conspirators left the two hermits, promising to see the mineralogist again; their scheme was to rouse the flagging spirits of the Tories; divert Green from his regular plans of warfare, until the royalists could regain their lost positions; and if possible, still retain South Carolina and

Georgia, under Tory and British subjection.

Soon after the departure of Notwood and his companions, Julian, who had spent most of his time (since he had been disbanded,) at Mrs. Grayson’s, sought the mineralogist to urge him no longer to delay that information, which he had so often requested him to impart. Kelonah bounded like a fawn to greet him! Julian thought of the gay butterfly, disporting its happy existence in the sunshine. After she had inquired after his health, she looked him in the face, and with a melancholy smile, said,

“And how is Edward Conway? I fear he is sick! why does he not come to see me? I hear that he loves another; but I know it is false! sit down, Julian, here by this beautiful rill, and I will sing you a little song, which you must carry him! sit down,” said she, “let my father and the mineralogist talk of their own affairs; we will join them so soon as I sing you the song for Edward.”

Julian obeyed the earnest injunction of the enthusiastic child of nature; who, to a simple air, sung the following words, composed by herself,—

I.

Tell him I love him yet—
That deep within my heart
His image bright is set,
Never from thence to part.

II.

Tell him I love him yet—
Though woo he charms divine,
His love will ne’er be met
With ought so true as mine.

III.

Tell him I love him yet—
That he’s adored—though tears
May fall my cheeks to wet
Amidst my hopes and fears.

IV.

Tell him I love him yet—
And should his smiles grow dim,
I never will regret
I gave my heart to him.

“Now,” said she, smiling through her tears, “give these lines to Edward; perhaps he will come and call me sister, and he will hunt with my father, or fish with me.”

Julian could scarcely restrain his tears; he saw what had been done by the blind archer, and what had been done by the innocent and grateful expressions of affec-

tionate regard by Edward. He promised to obey her request, and immediately approached the mineralogist and Ohilca. The former, after asking Kelonah and her father to retire for a few minutes, in a deep and solemn tone related the conversation which had been held by Notwood, and the favorable impression it had made on his own mind.

"The terms are righteous," he exclaimed. "Justice to you demands it! Shall Heaven and earth be overturned, and nothing achieved? Shall damnable fraud longer triumph? Will you become the mere drone of a rich hive? The bought husband of a rich wife? when you have the means to become more than her equal in wealth? And shall one who has been saved by our hands, and who has broken the heart of Ohilca's daughter, enjoy the whole? No! the house of Walden totters to its foundation!"

"Beware!" replied Julian. "Remember the prison! Remember the injustice of Clannagan! Forget not a long life of honor, and successful investigation and study of a noble science! Warn Ohilca in time against their criminal machinations!"

"Speak not to me thus, Julian Onslow! Am I not an astrologer? Am I not a reader of the map of man's features? I hear the mutterings of the storm—I must direct it in its course! Events converge to a crisis!"

Julian again earnestly besought the mineralogist to ponder. He drew a vivid picture of the cruelties and frauds of the two partisans, and urged him to rely, like a giant, on his own powerful energies, and not to seek or suffer such an alliance.

The mineralogist wept, moved by the eloquent and affecting appeal which Julian made; and he promised, with some show of reluctance, to yield to his advice.

Julian, after promising to return again, and without accomplishing the design of his visit, took leave of each. He was too much interested in the welfare of the community, and too much moved by the communications just heard, to remain to investigate his own private affairs. Kelonah followed him a short distance, and begging him to return again, and bring Edward with him, burst into tears, and hid her face in her hands.

Immediately after Julian's departure, Ohilca urged with great earnestness the mineralogist to accompany him back to the neighborhood of the Camp House, and hinted his strong desire to be revenged on cer-

tain inhabitants in the present neighborhood. The mineralogist had no sooner ascertained the tendency of his mind, than he began to reflect that his own great plans might be frustrated, and recollecting the strong appeal just made by Julian, he hastily, without giving Ohilca an answer, mounted his horse, (tied but a short distance from the camp,) and went in pursuit of Julian, taking the precaution of starting in a different direction.

He had not gone far before he was overtaken by Coldfire and little Buck Tidder, both under a galling gait.

"I'm going to let Mr. Onslow know that the neighborhood is to be burnt out of house and home, and some are to be seized and carried off to the British camp! My friend's neck, I am sure, never was designed for a halter. I am just ahead of Jake Adams and his squad; they are to join Clannagan and Notwood somewhere hereabouts."

When the three persons arrived at Mrs. Grayson's, they fortunately found Julian and Edward prepared to assist them in rousing up the neighborhood to the contemplated attack, although they had had no apprehension that the blow was meditated as early as represented by young Tidder.

Coldfire separated from the others, promising to ride to several houses, and meet them at Captain Bucklebelt's. He had not left them long, before the mineralogist pointed towards the direction of the Holidays. They saw the smoke rising up, like the tall form of the dark cypress; whilst towards Coldfire's it hung like a sable cloud on the verge of the horizon at evening, extending itself in a long, lazy mass, just above the tops of the trees.

"They are now at Bucklebelt's!" exclaimed Julian. "Behold! the lurid and boiling signals, like the disastrous belchings of a volcano, as the falling materials stir and feed the flames!"

This last and fresh sign led them, and as many as they could conveniently gather—amongst whom was Bucklebelt, who had fortunately escaped with his friend Holiday from the Bloody Scout, whilst on a friendly visit to his house—to quicken their speed.

It was late in the evening before the party had gathered a sufficient force to authorize them to face the foe, for Tidder's account represented them as comprising some thirty or forty individuals. They met with a scene at Bucklebelt's, which

beggared all description. The new log cabin, which had been erected by the neighbors, was now a heap of cinders! The little white-headed urchins were gazing in mute astonishment on the devastation of their home; and not far off sat Mrs. Bucklebelt and her second twins. Bucklebelt, after ascertaining that his two oldest boys were gone in quest of him, without any reference to his misfortune, said—

“Have you seen Coldfire, my dear? I fear he has missed us, or has fallen in with the Tories.”

“Ah! husband!” replied his wife, with a deep sigh, “we are ruined forever! I don’t mind the burning of the house a fig; but I have been the cause of the death of the bravest soldier, except yourself, in the thirteen United States!”

“What! Julius Cæsar, or Cneus Pompey slain? Speak, woman! Why, I thought you told me they were safe?”

“Marcus Coldfire is dead!” said the mineralogist, with a deep and fierce voice, not waiting a reply to Bucklebelt’s question. “I know it!” he continued. “I had a presentiment when I took my last look! The bravest warrior, and more after my own heart as such, than I have seen or read of, since the days of Joshua and Joab!”

“Too true,” exclaimed Mrs. Bucklebelt, wiping her eyes; “and all on our account. For when he rode near, and saw the flames boiling up, and looked at my poor little helpless children, and heard of their insulting language to me, he raised himself up in his stirrups, and pointing his sword towards Heaven, he cried out—‘Revenge! revenge! revenge!’ three times, and without hearing my entreaties to come back, rode off as fast as his horse could carry him. Presently I heard shouts, and the firing of pistols! Poor fellow! he must have been taken in by the Bloody Scout—for Clannagan wore off your uniform, and made all his men put white paper on their hats, in imitation of your company. I heard their wild shouts in pursuit of him, and just as they got against the house, they wounded his horse, and he was thrown off by the falling of his horse. He sprang to his feet to defend himself! The cowardly villains! Three of them fired at him at once! After he had fired off both his pistols, the blood streaming from the wounds of the shots which he had received, he pulled out his sword and rushed at Clannagan. ‘I ask no quarters from such bloodhounds! You see I am overpowered by numbers!’ he said. Clannagan shout-

ed, ‘We give none! Remember Joice and Hanks! Revenge is sweet! I swore to avenge their wrongs on their murderer!’ Then Coldfire, with one desperate spring, caught hold of the leg of Clannagan, and had his sword’s point against his breast; but the blood-thirsty monster was too quick! He dealt a blow with his sword which caused Coldfire to stagger, and fall to the earth! ‘The rebel is dead!’ said Clannagan, ‘and we have no time to spare.’ Jake Adams rode up and shot the wounded horse, thus meanly trying to take revenge on the poor beast. When they had rode off, I carried some water and washed the blood from Lieutenant Coldfire’s face. He opened his eyes, and said—‘Farewell! I am dying! I commend my spirit to my Maker, and bequeath my sword to the mineralogist!’ These were his last words.”

Bucklebelt wept aloud, as he bent over the stern features of his friend, and beheld the noble and athletic form cold and mangled.

“Behold,” exclaimed the mineralogist, “the effects of the obstinacy of those who have refused to listen to my plans. But the finale approaches. Marcus Coldfire, the valiant, thy pulse is like the gems of the fountain when congealed! Thy eagle eye of fire, like the diamond hid in darkness! And thy well knit frame, like the giant oak under the rude blast of the tornado! Thy name and thy deeds, like letters written on iron! Thy blood is the seed from whence will spring precious fruits! Here, before high Heaven! I swear to avenge thy death with thy own trusty sword! Yes! this valiant sword shall drink of the blood of thy murderer, and then shall be kept as a sacred relic! And thou, my noble science! the long and cherished pursuit of years, must lie neglected for a season, till I fulfill this my last solemn vow! till I avenge the wrongs of this my valiant friend! ay! and the wrongs of his friend and his country! Yes, Marcus, although it may seem weak, yet I will weep over thee. Marcus, my beloved! my dormant and inexplicable sympathies yearn over thy memory!—Yes, over thy lifeless body! I must kiss thy pale cheek! thy livid lips, out of which issued no guile nor falsehood! Register my name, Captain Bucklebelt, in the place of Lieutenant Coldfire’s.”

There was weeping by the side of Coldfire’s corse, as his friends bore it slowly to lay it beside that of his mother’s; and the sweet and solemn quiet of the spot was often disturbed by the sobs, and last kind

offices of those who hid their friend and companion in the deep vault that too often hides the brave and the good.

The hurry—the battle—the house-burnings! were all lost for a time, in the deep feelings of those who performed the last sad rites to the memory of their beloved friend.

“My heart is too sad,” said the mineralogist, in a voice of profound sorrow, after the interment was completed, “too full of human sympathies—too little reconciled to the all-wise and righteous dispensations of Providence, to finish the public services so common and proper on such an occasion! Leave me for a brief space, my friends! All depart with the blessings of Heaven! I must weep—I must wrestle in prayer—for my heart requires to be melted and reconciled—to be visited with grace from on High!

CHAPTER LVI.

But Oh! who can deceive his destiny!
Or ween by warning to avoid his fate,
That when he sleeps in most security,
And safest seems, him soonest doth amate,
And findeth due effect, or soon or late,
So feeble is the power of fleshly arm.

SPENSER.

My son! is this the marriage
I came to celebrate? false hopes of man;
I come to find a grave here!

A VERY WOMAN.

The sudden and unexpected atrocities committed by the Bloody Scout, and the death of the lamented Coldfire, produced great excitement and commotion. Several days were consumed in scouring the country, but no traces could be found of the party, further than that they were supposed to have decamped within the royal lines for protection; and the unavailing pursuit proved that they were neither to be overtaken nor chastised. Matters soon settled into their ordinary channels, and the bustle and ardor for battle gradually gave way, because the proper objects to sustain them were not within reach.

Some two or three weeks afterwards, Capt. Gant prevailed on the British authorities to restore the negroes of Colonel Conway, which had been taken by the authority of Clannagan and Notwood; whilst he obtained a furlough from his commander and a permit from Gen. Green, for an indefinite period, to come up to Forest Hill, ostensibly to see that the order of restoration was faithfully executed.

One fine evening towards autumn, Cato

and Prudence were seen driving up to Forest Hill, whilst their friend the Captain, the man of all trades, mounted on his faithful pony, headed a gang of ragged and ill-starred negroes, welcoming their happy return home, by obstreperous songs and shouts, and repeated efforts at broad humor, upon their late captors, and their own misfortunes, whilst in their possession.

And not ten days after the events recorded in the last paragraph the two trusty friends were found at Mr. Milligan's, to invite him and his family to a wedding at Forest Hill. They extended their visits to Mrs. Grayson's and Major Walden's.

It is unnecessary to attempt a description of the preparations for this nuptial celebration; suffice it to say, they were the best the country afforded. Whilst the busy scene was in progress, Cathena calmly examined her own heart. She had long deliberated on the matter; her reason approved the choice, and her heart responded with deep affection; her parents and her lover urged a speedy conclusion of the marriage; and she saw no just grounds for further delay. Two evenings before the appointed marriage, whilst Cathena was walking alone in the garden, she found a letter directed to her; warning her against the insidious character of Gant;—hinting that he was the betrayer of Diana Dashwood, who now was a broken hearted out-cast, shunned by, and shunning her former friends. “Will you reward such a cold-hearted villain with your hand and property? fly, fly,” it continued, “to your best friends! If you consult your parents you are ruined; the means are in your grasp! Stay not a moment; but if you hesitate, if you do not now comply, your fate, and that of your parents, and Gant's, are sealed forever! You hear the warning, obey it! if you refuse, you are doomed to die, and your friends will be led on by you, to the same fate. P. S. Fly and consult Mrs. Notwood. Mrs. C. C. Cain, your former friend and governess. Beware! beware!”

Cathena heard a signal; she screamed and rushed half frantic to the house; and exhausted she fell on the neck of her mother. “The letter! the letter! it has almost killed me. It has frightened me out of my senses.”

Col. Conway and Gant endeavored to explain away the effects of the letter.—They insisted with some plausibility, that it was the work of some disappointed enemy, who took his revenge and vented his spleen in the only way which offered a chance to wound their feelings; or it was

the work of some inconsiderate wag, who prostituted himself to the annoyance of others, by anonymous missiles. But who can describe the anxiety and the distress which Cathena experienced that night. The imagination conjured up the most frightful phantoms, and those happy moments of hope and anticipation, which shed a halo around the feelings of the young and affianced! Those delicious dreams which cause the mind to feel as if abstracted from the body; as if its identity with itself were lost; when time and its progress are measured by the pulsations of the exulting heart; were embittered by grievous and appalling apparitions of horrific mein!—wo! to those who have such presentiments; which come unbidden and go not away with the sweet and cheering rays of the morning; which whisper to the imagination until the heart sinks, until the body, ground into submission and nervous weakness, reacts upon the mind! Then it cowers under its weight, and threatens to annihilate the poor machine which holds it bound down to such evils! wo! to those who are surrounded and pursued by the shadow of that invisible demon, which, like the sound of the echo, whispers again and again its threats, even after the real cause has died away! Such, temporarily at least, was the misfortune of Cathena, during the two days and nights preceding her wedding.

All who had been invited from the neighborhood of the Sycamores, did not find it convenient to come; but as St. Ille and Amelia were apprised that they were to be attendants, they cheerfully complied with the mandate, and were of course accompanied by their happy lovers. Edward had taken the privilege of adding Capt. Bucklebelt to the list of invited friends. The latter, with Major Walden and Mr. Milligan, preceded a few minutes their young friends, who arrived in the evening in safety at Forest Hill.

About sunset, Capt. Gant, and Felix Ashburn, (who, advised by his mother, and still smarting under the severe castigation of Notwood's letter to Clannagan, had withdrawn from his former associates,) were added to the number already present. The wedding was a private select one. The mineralogist, still burning for revenge, and anxious to carry the war into the distant camps of the enemy, had on the preceding day visited Bucklebelt to urge immediate action; but being disappointed in obtaining an interview, he determined to pursue him to Forest Hill. He arrived,

just as the bride and bridegroom, with their attendants, took their appropriate stations before the minister, Mr. Milligan; who had been called on to join the happy pair in the holy bands of wedlock.

"Let me," exclaimed the mineralogist, rushing towards Mr. Milligan, "interrupt this solemn ceremony for a moment! This letter thrown in my way, by an unknown hand, forbids the banns, on penalty of immediate destruction to the whole assembly; pause, pause, I beseech you, and prepare for immediate defence."

"Proceed, Mr. Milligan," said Major Walden, sternly, "this is another device of knaves and conspirators to frighten and deceive us. Silence! once and for all!" said Major Walden, fiercely turning and facing the mineralogist.

The mineralogist raised his shrill and piercing voice to its highest pitch. "I feel the very foundations of the house of the Waldens giving way. The hand-writing is Notwood's, it is the venomous and deadly hissing of the viper, ere it strikes!—The blood of the innocent be on that head which attempts to set aside my timely warnings! Oh God! my predictions will be fulfilled in vengeance and wrath, upon the innocent, as well as upon the obstinate."

"Proceed with the ceremony," said Capt. Gant, firmly, "it is the same device already attempted to frighten and annoy us!"

The injunction was obeyed; but the solemnization dragged, like the removal of heavy artillery from a defeated field. Despondency and gloom were depicted in every countenance. The bold and emphatic warning of the mineralogist! The pallid countenance of the bride. The frigid and fixed features of the bride-groom, and the faltering voice of Mr. Milligan, as he pronounced them man and wife, added a death-like solemnity to this unique scene of gravity and mystery. And the parties had not yet left the floor; the last benediction of amen, to the prayer, had just been pronounced, when the tall figure of Edir Immerson, her countenance wild and haggard, rushed into the room, exclaiming—

"Fly! fly to the thickets! to the woods! Ohilca and his friends, Clannagan and Notwood, with the Bloody Scout, are upon you!"

Alas! scarcely were these ill-omened words pronounced, ere the deafening and appalling yells of the Tories were heard; accompanied with the demoniac shouts of their leaders, at every door.

"Put out the lights! and let us fight our

way at the point of our daggers," shouted Bucklebelt.

"Never, never," replied Edward, "divide out your weapons, seize the carving knives from the tables, and let us die like men."

In the meanwhile, Edir Immerson with the quickness of thought, and the strength of a giantess, seized St. Ille and the bride, and rushed out of the room, notwithstanding the efforts of those within, to prevent her. The report of several fire-arms announced that she had been discovered by the assailing party in her attempt.

The doors were soon broken open, and the well known form of Ohilca, in spite of every obstacle, with his sword uplifted, rushed towards Edward, who stood firm and erect, whilst the beautiful and frightened Amelia clung wildly to his arm for protection! The whole fury of the contest seemed to concentrate around the spot where he stood; undaunted and collected, he made several of his assailants fall at his feet in death. The prints of the blood-stained hands of the crowded combatants were marked upon the casings of the doors, as they grappled each other in the deadly strife.

The shrill voice of Clannagan, venting oaths and imprecations on the Waldens, was often heard, amidst the shouts of the Bloody Scout.

Major Walden and Mr. Milligan clung to the spot where Edward and Amelia stood. The mineralogist, well armed, fought around them, with the skill of a veteran, and the fury of an avenger; whilst Bucklebelt and Gant seemed to be in every place, so vigilant, active and furious were their efforts.

A slight pause in the bloody tragedy prevailed. Julian and Notwood were seen foot to foot, in deadly strife, with daggers.

"No quarters, miscreant!" said Julian.

"To the heart then," answered Notwood, striking at Julian.

"Alas to the heart! I am mortally wounded! you are avenged!" exclaimed the pale and haggard wretch, as he looked wildly back on Julian, and still repeating as he retreated, "you are avenged. Ay! to the heart! to the heart!"

Again the combat deepened! again Ohilca and Clannagan rushed towards Edward. A brief and rapid clashing of steel is heard—Ohilca falls dead. Edward is caught at by Amelia,—they both fall lifeless to the floor.

Who can look upon the scene of desolation! There, pale and stupified, kneeling

in puddles of blood, is to be seen the father, gazing on the marble form of his daughter, clinging in death to her lover! Her beautiful features, and white dress, dyed by the blood of that heart whose every pulsation was warmed and quickened by the affection he so devotedly cherished towards her! And there is he, with the brow of scorn and defiance, still unrelaxed, the lover, still with his hand grasping hers, even in death! Ay, well may you gaze, Major Walden, with thy fierce lips compressed, and thy eyes as if they were ready to start from their sockets! And behold Ohilca! his murderer, his glaring eyeballs shooting frenzy and keen revenge! And, look, there stand the statue-like forms of thy sister and her husband! they, like thee, are gazing on the jewel of thy heart, Ay! and of their own too!

Gant and Julian, now that the assailants had retreated outside of the house, and now that the rage of battle seemed to be over, looked with intense anxiety on the scene; they beheld many of their enemies amongst the dead; and they saw most of their friends, the living and the dead. But St. Ille, Cathena, where were they? They rushed wildly out in despair, to ascertain their fate.

At length the cry of fire was heard, the rumbling flames are near. The thick lurid smoke, choked in the garrets, poured down in suffocating masses. Louder and louder sounded the crackling flames. The hot air parches and suffocates those who still remain in the house.

"Retreat!" shouted Cato, who rushed into the house, and seizing his master and mistress, pulled them out at the nearest door.

"Retreat," shouted Bucklebelt, "I will save the living, the roof is tumbling in upon us."

"Save the living," said the mineralogist, who, roused from his mute astonishment at the scene through which he had just passed, seized Mr. Milligan and forcibly dragged him out, breaking his grasp from the body of his daughter.

"You shall leave the house," vociferated Bucklebelt aloud, as he fiercely struggled and compelled Major Walden to leave his position; shoving him backwards out at the only place of escape. At that instant, Gant and Julian, disappointed in finding those they were seeking, and fearing that they might be in some part of the house, attempted to rush in by Bucklebelt; imminent peril threatened them all; but Edir Immerson was in time to assist Bucklebelt, just before the crashing build-

ing fell, throwing its burning brands in every direction.

"I have saved the bride, St. Ille is safe. Let us retreat before Clannagan renews the attack; his work of destruction is not yet over; follow me," said Edir, as she led the way, in a hurried pace.

"Oh, God! righteous are thy judgments," said the mineralogist aloud, as he turned to take his last look upon the scene of devastation, and saw the angry sparks, still blazing and shooting upwards, "we may not comprehend them, by our shallow understandings,—but still in the end, they will prove thy inscrutable wisdom. Thy heavy hand has fallen with more force than I had calculated, and on some that I did not expect; but glory forever to thy name. Behold, my prophecies are fulfilling. The glorious era of my usefulness approaches; my great and wonderful discoveries will be realized."

CHAPTER LVII.

Alm.—What! how's this?

A dismal sound! come nearer, cousin, lay
Your ear close to the ground—closer, I pray you—
Do you howl? Are you there, Antonio?

In the vault, in hell, on the infernal rack.

How he roars.

I do begin to pity him.

A VERY WOMAN.

The falling avalanche, that hurries the sleeping inhabitants of a devoted city deep beneath its ruins! The tornado of the torrid regions, which springs up with its quick, white and whirling clouds, and spreads sudden and terrific ruin in a moment, are not more appalling and stunning on the minds of those who may escape, than was that terrible scene just described, upon the agonized bosoms of many of those who now, more like walking automatons than persons endowed with ideas of self-preservation, gave themselves up to reckless indifference. Mrs. Conway and her husband, and Major Walden and Mr. Milligan, were forced away, as they stood gazing, in this state of mind, upon the funeral pile, as it still flung up its hot and burning cinders and steam on the surrounding air.

There is a silence which is observed by those who have a proper respect for the heart-stricken and the despairing!—there are moments when the feeling and the wise dare not provoke the just scorn of their friends by attempting to offer ill-

timed consolation!—when their own reason teaches them that there is no cure, no palliative! Oh! that state of suspense!—that fixed agony of heart! for the alleviation of which the most fruitful imagination cannot conjure up change or remedy this side of the tomb!

Bucklebelt, desponding and slightly wounded, led his friend, Major Walden, like a sullen sacrifice going to the altar. Edir Immerson was the guiding spirit of the party—the others were wounded, or so exhausted and overwhelmed by the late scene, that they were of little service to each other, as they groped their way in the dark. The consternation of Cato had abated as soon as he saw the flames, and met with an object, although appalling, which his mind fully comprehended. He now rendered constant attentions, assisted by Ashburn, to his mistress and master. The mineralogist attempted to console and aid Mr. Milligan.

The party having been conducted to a place of apparent security by Edir Immerson, she declared that the safety of all required that they should halt, and observe complete silence.

"Ere morning the Bloody Scout may retreat," said she, "but I know not their plans."

Then whispering to Julian, she said—

"Tell St. Ille that you must go back with me, to reconnoitre the course of the enemy. I pledge my life that you shall receive no injury."

After obtaining the reluctant assent of St. Ille, Julian and his mysterious friend set out on their seemingly perilous adventure, leaving the mineralogist deeply engaged in pouring consolation in the wounded spirit of Mr. Milligan, who, at any other time, might have been able to reciprocate the well meant favor; but there are times when the mind falls back to its youthful days of obedience and reliance, yielding itself to the guidance of those who may first attempt to sway it.

Sleep! thou wonderful sequence of man's organization!—the balm of weariness!—the restorer of strength from mental and corporeal exhaustion!—thou, too, hast thy clouds and thy phantoms! Who hath not looked with torturing wonder on thy heartless mockings of the friends of the dying? seducing the senses one by one into thy oblivious embraces, and shedding calmness and serenity when the heart and the mind should be keeping vigils! should be learning the necessary preparations for the hour of judgment! Ah! who hath not shud-

dered at the dark phantoms, and wild imaginings which are aroused under thy deceitful semblance of repose? But above all, the heart of the beholder shudders and sickens at thy deceitful whispers of hope and life to the doomed and dying! To see them awake, and put out their trembling hands, and tell their friends that they are better!—that they have just had a dream, and that they were to be restored to their friends, and to the pleasures of life again! And then to be called back into thy embraces—ay! to the cold and chilling one of thy own destroyer—Death!

Gant sat with his bride leaning on his bosom—he heard the mutterings and sighs which escaped from her in her broken slumbers—he felt the convulsive twitchings of her frame, and heard the words of agony, each falling on his sympathizing heart—he felt the hot tears trickle on his hand!

“Oh, my God!” said he, “the dreadful pageant still pursues and harasses her in her sleep. I fear her mind will be injured. I cannot endure to see her undergo such exquisite tortures. Cathena, dearest!—wake up! Be not affrighted—I will protect thee!”

“Let her sleep!” said Walden; “let the deceitful emblem of oblivion menace her with the shadow of the horrible tragedy for a few hours. The yells—the groans—the clash of steel—the spouting blood—and the fiery eyes of Notwood—the hyena-grin of Clannagan, still ring in my ears, and stare me in the face. Oh! for oblivion!—for an hour—for a day! And then to think of the looks of Conway—the heroic agony of his wife—as they rushed forward to cast their looks upon the young lion of our house! Let Cathena sleep!—let her sleep, and shut out the realities which would mock her with tenfold fury! I wish I could steep my brains in the waters of Lethe. To think that all I have lived for, or valued, is lost—just as we had accomplished our independence against your infernal comrades! Forgive me, Gant—I am almost frantic. Yes, the flower of chivalry—the very form and essence of beauty and honor—is now a mass of cinders and ashes, in that pile of rubbish.”

“Yes,” replied the mineralogist, “if you had listened to my proposals two years ago, then these calamities would not have fallen on thee. Did I not tell thee that thy brain would be maddened, and that the agonies of the damned would fall on thee!”

“Oh! that we had!” exclaimed Mrs. Conway.

Bucklebelt, roused by the loud voice of the mineralogist from his unquiet slumbers, interposed to induce silence.

“I hear thee, Bucklebelt—but let me say, that I have saved the noble patron of my science. The catastrophe draws to its finale—justice is more than satiated. The dawn of light and science must soon follow.”

“For God’s sake!” said Bucklebelt, to the mineralogist, “probe not the wounds of Major Walden, whilst he is under the great afflictions of Providence, for I am sure that he, and you, and I, and the whole country, have sustained an irreparable loss, for truly Edward Conway was the very gem of chivalry.”

Whilst these scenes were transpiring, Edir Immerson, soon after she and Julian started, declared to Julian her great fears lest the Bloody Scout should still renew the attack. At length, she said—

“After I left you at the Giant’s Cave, I returned back to my old settlement. I watched the emissaries of Clannagan and Notwood, and would have prevented mischief—but the arch intriguers came themselves, and judge of my horror and consternation when Ohilca proposed that the whole of the Waldens, with others, should be massacred in cold blood! I immediately determined to risk my life to save you. I was forbidden to leave the neighborhood, and was left to take charge of Kelonah. But I have saved you, and rescued your future bride. Play not the part of unkindness—of unfairness—of inequality! I saw the wild gray eyes of Clannagan as he pointed to you, and urged on his bloody allies, as I rushed by him! I saw the wild and blood-shot eyes of Notwood, haggard at the fiend-like part he had played, the blood gushing from his breast, exclaiming, as he rushed away from the carnage—‘Fool! fool, that I was, to listen to the counsels of Clannagan! I am mortally wounded by Julian—and all! all is lost!’”

“But, alas!” replied Julian, “Edward Conway and Amelia Milligan—”

“Repine not—they have escaped,” said Edir, “from the machinations of the wicked, and the disasters incident to life. Be silent!—I hear the sound of a human voice!”

In attempting to approach the ruins of Forest Hill, in a different direction from the way they had retreated, the piteous wailings, curses, and prayers of some one

were heard alternately using abusive epithets and imprecations on his own folly, and then in prayers for longer life.

"That," said Julian, "is the voice of Notwood. Let us cautiously approach to where he is, and render him assistance."

About an hundred yards from the still blazing timbers, which threw its light high and gloomily around, they found the unfortunate wretch leaning against an oak, which in some degree had sheltered him from the falling pieces of flaming materials which had filled the air, and covered the earth around. A thicket of undergrowth, which led off from this position, suffered the two visitors to approach without being exposed by the light of the fire to the observation of the enemy, should they be near. They had approached within a few yards, when they were shocked by the renewal of the wailings and execrations of Notwood, who exclaimed—

"Burn on, terrestrial hell! I'm parched and scorched! The very air heats my lungs—the faint emblem of that which lies gaping for me. Would to God! I could see Clannagan and Rawdon, Cornwallis and Tarleton frying in your still unslaked fires! Poor Diana! The flattery—the threats—ay! and the damned drugs and medicaments! 'T were well if thy still aching heart could sleep with its wrongs in the house of silence. But you have been avenged by the hand of Julian! Oh! my children, what a legacy—what a name of blood and dark hellish crimes is left you! My broken-hearted wife—I will not pollute her name! The dark plots against my relations!—against Onslow! And last, the horrible scene still before me! The desire to postpone the execution of the deed, and not the courage to avert it, or refuse a share in the expected profits! Blaze on, thou smouldering heap, and hide in oblivion the bloody deeds of this night from the blaze of day! Oh! that I could burn, with my deceivers, in your hot and consuming flames!"

"Let us remove him," whispered Julian; "his brain is bewildered, and he is parched with thirst!"

"No, let him belch out the misdeeds of your race to the fiery winds of Heaven! Let him ease his soul of the mountain which would weigh it down to the seven times heated fires of the burning lake which now awaits his doomed spirit!"

Edir had scarcely finished this awful sentence, in a low and solemn tone, when Clannagan emerged from behind an out-building—which stood near to where Not-

wood lay, and which had escaped the flames—and riding close up to the dying man, and looking down for a few moments, said, with a bitter laugh—

"Ha! ha! I have been listening. You die like a craven—consistent with yourself to the last—with lies on your tongue! Let me tell thee, caitiff, how to make confessions. Say that you planned Onslow's arrest in the North, and his conveyance hither, in order to have a semblance to obtain the property of old Walden—say that you was a leading advocate for confiscations, murders and retaliations!—say that but for your avarice and lust, the country would now be under its rightful rulers—confess that you deceived me when I had at different times my enemies in my hands—Onslow, Walden, Gant, and the Conways!—and last, and not least, confess that you have been a traitor to your wife, to your country, and even now to your own soul! I leave thee, detested wretch, to finish thy cowardly existence—thy carcase to the beasts and the ravens, and thy soul, if aught thou hast, to the justice due its long course of deception, intrigue, and villanies, of the deepest and darkest die. I have wasted away the flower of my life—spent my talents in vain. I have no followers left!—dead—murdered by your blunders, or panic-stricken efforts! All—all is lost! Curses on the country! I leave it, to seek more congenial spirits—and wo! on those of its inhabitants, friends or foes, who may chance to fall into my hands!"

Thus ended the disappointed partisan—and putting spurs to his charger, suddenly disappeared, whilst his terrible imprecations still floated on the air.

"Oh, don't leave me, Colonel Clannagan! Save my life! Water—water! Ah!" continued the dying man, "my destroyer is gone. Oh! that I could grapple and rend his throat! I would slake my thirst in his heart's blood!"

"I can withstand his cries no longer," said Julian, running to his assistance.

He found him with his eyes fixed and glazed—his lips closed, and his jaws immovable—his pulse gone, and the cold, damp perspiration was death-like to the touch. Julian's heart melted—he started for water—but Edir called him back.

"Too late!" she exclaimed, "his limbs are stiff—he is dead!"

After a pause of several minutes, in which they both gazed in mute horror upon the corse, Edir continued—

"Examine his pockets—perhaps there

may be schemes for more massacres! More letters which you might fear to read—perhaps some relic, which the betrayed wretch might mourn over—something from the poor broken-hearted wife, ere he deceived her.”

“No, no!” replied Julian; “I shall not pry into the secrets of the dead.”

“Be it so!” said Edir, seizing the dead body, and with frantic energy running up to the very flames, and flinging it in the midst of the heated coals, exclaiming wildly—

“There—Notwood! Thou hast thy earnest wish fulfilled!”

Julian was too much shocked by the awful death just witnessed, to have penetrated through the designs of Edir, ere it was too late; he looked with amazement upon the scene—he could not be reconciled to the propriety of the act.

“Ah!” she exclaimed, “you cannot fathom my motives! You think me heartless and profane; but recollect it was the body—the clay without the soul; we had no time for burials, the beasts of the field would have preyed upon his corpse; and we have the living awaiting our return. Tell me is his body better than?—I will not call their names with his—I have acted wisely; I have kindly fulfilled his dying request.”

Suddenly the sounds of horses’ feet are heard, nearer and nearer. There, there! in the full blaze of the fire, whose light is widely extended, sits Clannagan on his sable charger; the very flames are reflected from his smooth and glossy coat. Rider and steed seem to listen! “Fool,” said Clannagan, “he still pursues me; ’tis well! his last hour is at hand.”

And, behold! There is Bucklebelt, mounted on his own Avalanche, confronting his bitterest foe! Why doth he pause? Is he blinded by the strong glare of the flames? or is his heart appalled at the coming contest?

“I fled from the darkness, not from Bucklebelt; a fair exchange of long deferred, though oft sought civilities, by the funeral fires of our mutual friends and foes,” exclaimed Clannagan.

“I thank thee for the fair challenge,” answered Bucklebelt, “but why lose time in parley?”

“Be not too hasty,” replied Clannagan, “need I swear that one, or both of us shall die? Need I tell thee, Bucklebelt, that there shall be quarters neither taken nor given? But I left Notwood a few minutes ago dying, at the foot of yonder oak; I

thought I beheld dark figures moving beneath its shadows; I fain would fathom the mystery. I wish not his craven spirit to hover around me, in this the greatest contest of my life.”

“Thou canst not alarm me, by threatening me with Notwood or his ghost! Either would be thy fit attendant, forsooth, at all times,” replied Bucklebelt indignantly.

“Liar, prepare! Amulet, Amulet! to the charge,” shouted Clannagan.

Long shadows of armed horsemen fly towards each other; the earth resounds from the violent springs made by the two powerful chargers! The clash of swords is heard, and the falling flakes of steel, burning to the very ground, attest the violence and frequency of the blows. The combatants pass each other; Clannagan whirls suddenly, and bending close to the head of his horse, whispers for a moment in his ear; then driving his rowels deep into his flanks, he shouts, “Amulet! Amulet! to the charge!” The infuriated steed obeys the magic commands of his master—he rushes forwards with ears turned back and wide extended mouth—he rears, and plunging headlong, strikes furiously at Avalanche. Brave Amulet! the strong blow aimed at thy rider has cost thee thy life. The horse of Bucklebelt had scarcely time to recover from the late unexpected and terrible shock, which threw him backwards almost on his haunches, when the noble charger of Clannagan, gashed deep into the skull, staggered a little distance and fell dead.

In an instant both riders are on their feet. “Revenge for Amulet; remember too, I wield the sword that drank the blood of Coldfire’s heart,” whispered Clannagan, as he gazed with demoniac fury in the steady unblenching eyes of Bucklebelt, still watching and parrying his heavy and oft repeated blows.

Clannagan’s agility, dexterity and quickness seemed to match well the might and calm precision of his antagonist. But the countenance of Bucklebelt, as if infuriated by the last words of Clannagan, grew dark as the murky clouds of smoke which flew over his head, as he said, “I thank thee, murderer, for that name of terror to thy guilty conscience. Know then that I wield his sword!” and then in a voice of thunder, he shouted, “Coldfire and his sword forever!”

Still round and round, closer and closer, fiercer and faster strike the well matched and life-in-hand combatants.

“Oh God!” muttered Julian to Edir, as

they beheld unobserved the thrilling spectacle. "Oh God! hold me not here! let me fly and prevent Bucklebelt's death. It is I, Edir Immerson, who should be wielding his sword against Clannagan. If the murderer must have more victims—if he still thirst for more blood and revenge, let me be the sacrifice, not Bucklebelt, who has a wife and dependent children."

"What! dost thou distrust the cause, and the skill of Bucklebelt? Disturb not his well directed blows! Hear me, hear me, Julian! did I not swear to return thee unhurt to St. Ille? Let me entreat thee not to rush unarmed between the swords of madmen!"

"I will save Bucklebelt or perish," exclaimed Julian, as he tore himself violently away from the strong and earnest grasp of Edir.

"Coldfire and his sword forever!" again shouted Bucklebelt, as he drew his successful weapon, dyed and dripping from the side of his conquered and fallen foe.

"Heaven be praised," said Julian, as he grasped the hand of his brave friend. "I hope you have escaped unhurt from the many well-aimed blows of your determined and powerful adversary."

"Yes, Heaven be praised for my protection," replied Bucklebelt, "and more especially," continued he with more seriousness, "in having permitted me to accomplish the burning wish of my life, to meet in fair fight the much vaunted leader of the Bloody Scout."

"Ha! Julian Onslow and Edir Immerson, we have met again!" said Clannagan, as he raised up, resting his head on his hand, and gazing intently on the still fierce and burning flames. "Aye! you were the spectres I saw, and which so troubled me; I am dying! Bucklebelt, Onslow, look on me, and see how calmly a soldier, your mortal foe, can die. Too late! too late! Oh for life and chance to play my part over again; to take revenge on each of you! Coldfire, and Edward Conway, they sleep! Notwood, the hated Notwood, where is he? tell me, does he still live?"

Edir, with horror depicted in her countenance, pointed towards the fire, saying,

"There, there! see you that dark and restless vapor? It issues from the ashes of thy friend—'twas his wish; his dying words still tingle in my ears!"

"Burn me not in the same fires with Notwood. No! nor my brave Amulet. Bury my good Amulet and myself together in the same grave; and my doomed sword too! There is money, Bucklebelt, in my

pocket; give it to Conway for a grave, and pay yourself and the slaves who may assist you. I ask no favors, even in death, of a Walden, a Conway, nor of you, Bucklebelt, without buying it! Bury me on the cliff which overlooks the fretting waters below; and they, when the hoarse winds lash up their muddy billows, will resemble the choked up and troubled current which fed my own heart. Poor Amulet, I taught thee too much. Avaunt!" continued the exhausted and fast dying wretch, as Julian attempted to assist him; "touch me not! Lay not your rebel hands upon me; my proud spirit shall be free to the last. Yes, sweet relic, sweet picture! I have kept thee fast through many an hour of peril; when the heart was chafed like a lion, ready to bite through his prison bars. Let me gaze once again on the features of innocence! Of her who loved me when I was innocent. Am I not now innocent?"

The miniature which he had drawn from his bosom, and so feelingly addressed, fell from his trembling hand. Bucklebelt picked it up, saying,

"Let me bear this precious relic of Rachel Walden to her sister; it will recall her features, in this the hour of her great afflictions."

"Darest thou look on it, Bucklebelt, and speak of afflictions? think rather of treachery! Think of the rankling thorn you assisted to plant in my bosom. Ay, I have it again! Dearest image, I cannot see thee—my eyes are glazed; but I will kiss thee. My hands refuse to obey my will. Wretches, wait—wait a moment longer! Take not my talisman from me; a little while and I will even die. Ha! ha! they wish me dead—they grow impatient. Avaunt! I will not die! Safe at last from their polluted hands," continued Clannagan, thrusting the miniature between his teeth, and with a strong effort of his jaws, champing it to fragments. He lay still for several moments, as if already dead; then suddenly starting up, almost regaining his feet, he shouted in a shrill and wild voice, "Amulet! Amulet! to the charge!" and fell breathless to the earth before he could be assisted; so startling and unexpected were his last words and dying struggles to those who looked on his fearful exit.

Bucklebelt, after inquiring more fully into the particulars of Notwood's manner of death, stated that fearing some injury might befall his two friends, he had borrowed the sword of the mineralogist, and mounted his horse with a faint hope of

falling in with Clannagan. "We met point blank in the dark, I called him by name; he turned and fled—I pursued him, branding him with fear. But I was wrong," continued Bucklebelt, "I will do him justice; he was daring even to a fault, and was every inch of him, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, true game; he had but one kind of fear—a grievous defect indeed—it was the fear of being called merciful. But we lose time, our friends will grow impatient—each of you return, and send Capt. Tidder with sufficient assistance to do as Clannagan has directed; I will join you early in the morning. Good night! I must attend to Avalanche, he is getting alarmed at the death-stillness and blood of poor Amulet—the demon steed, as I have often heard him called in moments of terror."

Edir led the way to the spot where their friends had been left; her wild and fiery spirit seemed invigorated by the hitherto thrilling and thronging scenes of the night; whilst Julian, now that the tension of excitement was somewhat abated, appeared exhausted and stupified.

Felix Ashburn burst forth into loud laughter of horror, when Edir, who was ever sensitive to the wrongs of her sex, repeated the last words of Notwood in relation to the betrayed and ruined Miss Dashwood, "Then his victim, the unfortunate Diana, is avenged, ha! ha!"

"Vengeance is mine, and I will repay, saith the Lord," replied the mineralogist.

"Ay, you say right for once," replied Edir. "For notwithstanding Julian and myself left Bucklebelt wounded—notwithstanding the darkness of the night—and notwithstanding Clannagan's solemn resolution to quit the country forever, made with curses over the dying body of Notwood; yet I have seen him suddenly return to the same spot, and there meet the retributive justice of Heaven, falling under the sword of Bucklebelt."

The mineralogist, unmindful of his well meant reproof to Ashburn, regardless of the occasion and the exhausted state of those around him, burst forth incoherently, exclaiming,

"I am wronged by my senior officer; and by you too, Julian Onslow. You should have made the challenge in my name. Did not each of them hear my solemn vows, made over the body of the hitherto unrivaled soldier of modern times, Marquis Coldfire? Swore I not before high Heaven to avenge his death with my own hands, and with the trusty sword which he

bequeathed to me in his dying hour? My cherished revenge hath been snatched from me! 'Tis true I could forgive personal injuries, but the murder of Lieut. Coldfire was a public one; I was his selected avenger. I have lost, alas! that commotion which rouses the heart to seek great dangers as the acme of bliss! I hoped to have pressed the bleeding bosom of Clannagan to my own; I felt his warm heart's blood trickle, drop by drop, from the wound of the avenging sword. I did hope to have snatched his last expiatory groans from the winds, and borne them to the grave of my friend! But I was even denied the gleam of the avenging sword, as it reflected on his startled vision; the angry fires, which still shoot upwards to mark his path of wrath and death, after he has ceased to live."

Julian ran to the mineralogist, he seized him by the hand,

"Be not desponding," said he, "have you not fought at all points in the great struggle of the night? Wielded you not a sword that drank deeply of blood? Aye, and was not a part of your vow that the sword of Coldfire should be dyed in the heart's blood of Clannagan? Be thankful to Heaven that the most important part of your prayer and your vow has been accomplished! I heard the battle cry of Bucklebelt as it rang on the startled air! Be content, it was 'Coldfire and his sword forever!'"

"Aha!" muttered the mineralogist to himself, "Coldfire and his sword forever! Yes, the craven coward, conscience-stricken under those potential words. Aha! I do remember now; I parted with the sword for the first time—I then parted with the locks of Sampson! No wonder that Bucklebelt burned to wield it! Yes!" said the mineralogist in a louder voice, "I do forgive thee, Julian Onslow—I forgive thee, Bucklebelt! Although the avengement was not completed in jot and tittle, as I had hoped and predicted, yet I will humbly bow to the wise decrees of Him, who hath truly said, 'Vengeance is mine, and I will repay.'"

Clannagan's death dissipated all apprehension of an attack, and as soon as Capt. Bucklebelt had performed the duties which he had assigned himself, the party set out, (after having obtained the necessary assistance for traveling,) to the hospitable mansion of Mrs. Grayson. Edir Immerson, without taking leave of any one, had disappeared before morning.

The scene at Mrs. Grayson's was too

sad to dwell upon; the meeting of relations, stunned and overwhelmed by their mutual losses—of friends whose well meant condolence was thriftless and unavailing! All can be imagined—not described.

In a few days, Mr. Milligan's family departed to a home, where the innocent smiles of beauty and love, which were wont to add so much to its attractions, could no more come—tears to thy memory, bright and artless Amelia!

Mrs. Grayson and Julian prevailed on Col. Conway and Capt. Gant to remain with their wives at the Sycamores. But Major Walden, silent and moody, would return to the chill and solitary Hall, to mourn over his ruined hopes; no more to be cheered by the life and buoyancy of the glory and idol of his heart! The storm may bend the young oak, but in after years it scarcely survives its fury; and those who looked upon the care-worn features of Major Walden, might well imagine that they beheld the emblem of the shattered monarch of the forest after it had been rent to the core. Bucklebelt, of all his acquaintances, was the only one whose presence for a long time was tolerated with any show of kindness.

The mineralogist had his name erased as Lieutenant, and after spending a day or two at Bucklebelt's, and in visiting the grave of his friend, departed without stating when he would return, or where he could be found.

CHAPTER LVIII.

King conscience sits upon his awful throne,
And bids our long forgotten actions rise,
And as they come in troops, or one by one,
The startled sight their numbers multiplies!—
How few, alas! beneath the spangled sky,
Can turn the page of memory, to each lid,
And not find deeds, o'er which to weep and sigh,
Such as they wish were in oblivion hid.

ANON.

Julian was much astonished and gratified one evening, whilst sitting and conversing with St. Ille, and deploring the unreasonable pledge which the mineralogist had extorted from them, in regard to their marriage without his assent, to see him approaching the house, in company with Edir Immerson.

"I am now a wanderer, seeking some place to die at," said Edir, as she reached out her hand to Julian; "my heart beats sadly, as if it had lost all its energy, and my poor brain is bewildered; I left you to go and protect the fatherless Kelonah. The

poor innocent and sweet girl has found a kind guardian, in a distant relation. But her heart is dead. It lies buried with the ashes of Edward Conway's. And I will own no master,—and I will not,—I dare not, after he has so wronged me, after so many dark years have passed, go to McIlhaney's."

St. Ille kindly assured Edir of her affectionate regard, and besought her with deep earnestness to make her mother's house her home, whilst Julian avowed his lasting gratitude towards her; and declared his determination ever to prove a friend, at all times and under any circumstances.

"It is I," said the mineralogist, "who have waked up the sad and slumbering thoughts of the past, in Edir Immerson's breast. There is no time for words now—no time for compliments or promises. The propitious hour for action has arrived. And I, Geoffrey Jarvis, sometimes astrologer, and lieutenant, but now, chiefly mineralogist, command you, Julian, to accompany Edir Immerson and myself to the residence of Micajah Walden, without further parley or delay."

"I dislike to refuse any command, or request which you may make," replied Julian, "but on this occasion I cannot obey you."

"I command you then, myself," said Edir, with great emotion. "I command you, by all the sleepless nights and the dangers I have passed and encountered on your account; I command you in the name of your own honor, in the name of—" she suddenly ceased, too much affected to proceed.

"It shall be so," said the mineralogist, the full drops of sweat trickling down his forehead. "The horoscope is full,—the scene is posting to its close."

"Never will I again put my foot in his house, until I am requested by him," firmly answered Julian, witnessing with great interest the agitated features of these strange and wayward beings.

"He shall be humbled then; he shall write," said the mineralogist, as he caught at this new plan of annoying Micajah Walden. "Time is on the wing; daughter of the woods,—stir up your heart for thrilling scenes; for harsh words, and for the wailing of the damned," added the mineralogist, as he shook Julian by the hand.

Edir and the mineralogist passing by the residence of Bucklebelt, compelled him, somewhat reluctantly, to join them in their visit to Major Walden. They surprised the latter, looking over the letters of his la-

mented nephew, which he had at different times received from him. He was pale and in tears. Not far from her uncle, sat Cathena, in deep mourning; her husband, with her father and mother, having gone to Forest Hill, to make necessary preparations for removing thither.

Edir immediately addressed Cathena in a voice of kindness. "Be not offended, afflicted one!—I, too, have had afflictions and wrongs. I come as a friend, and must entreat you to leave the room for a few moments." Then turning as soon as Cathena had complied with her request, to the astonished and bewildered Walden, she continued, "I have come in the name of Heaven, to claim long-sleeping justice, at your hands. Yes! deferred, postponed for twenty-one years. I come not to upbraid,—I will let the deep and burning oaths, due your deeds and your race, burn up in my heart. I throw my own crying wrongs to the winds of heaven, to be gathered up in the great day of accounts. Hear me! stern man, I see thy brows knit, as if to keep down the scorpion stings of conscience. But here in the presence of that eye, before whom you swore to cherish, honor and defend Edir Immerson,—I, the same outcast and neglected Edir, swear never to leave you, until you do justice to Julian Onslow!"

"What have you to do with the vile conspirator now at your back? have I not given my assent to his marriage? have I not declared my readiness to yield him up all right and title to the portion due Miss Grayson? is this injustice!" replied Major Walden, and then looking at Bucklebelt, with a stare of unheeded reprobation, he exclaimed,—“How is this? have you, too, joined the conspirators against me? the incendiary scout who has laid waste our neighborhood? Am I never to have a moment's respite from the vagabond herd?"

"I rise above all passions,—I heed no epithets,—I am not the mere individual Geoffrey Jarvis. No! I am the chosen instrument of mighty events, and am not to be diverted by the idle breath of man, from their prosecution, to the *ultima thule* of my duty. Will proof upon proof satisfy you? If so," continued the mineralogist, throwing down bundle after bundle, "read, until your eye-balls are seared; until your brain is scorched,—yes," continued the excited speaker, "a voice from the grave of your father will issue from this tin case; which will startle up the deep buried crimes of twenty-one years. I come to prove to you, and to the world, that my protege is your

lawful son, and is rightful heir to the house of Walden."

Major Walden sunk overpowered in his chair,—his stout frame heaved, and the livid hue of his complexion added a desperation to his appearance, as if his mind bordered on insanity. "Water—Bucklebelt, call in Cathena. Oh God!" whispered the agonized man, as he leant his anxious and throbbing brow on his hand, "support me."

"Ay!" laughed Edir, wildly, until the tears trickled down her cheeks. "Ay," continued she, seating herself before Major Walden, on the floor, "Julian is the son, born in wedlock, of the lawful marriage between Micajah Walden and Edir Immerson. Told you not this to me, Jarvis? Speak."

"I did," replied the mineralogist, "and will prove my assertion, or forfeit my title to the respect of the age, as its benefactor."

"Yes," continued Edir, "I believe he is the son of Micajah Walden;" she hesitated, as if fearful to speak, "I will speak it, for my heart has spoken it a thousand times—and the son of poor Edir Immerson. I met Julian, ready to walk blindly into the pits prepared by his enemies—I looked at him, I saw thy features, Walden; I saw thy very form and size; I beheld the beautiful curl, the manly brow, the curl of the lip. I loved him for the revival of the image I once loved; and look!" said she, pointing to the portrait of Edward, "look at the nose, the wild dark eye; the brow of pride and haughtiness. Ha! ha! I saw it this morning, when he refused to bow, to come before thee, Walden. Ha! ha! was it the blood of the Waldens, or of the Immersons, which mounted his cheek, and fired his resolution? Are the clouded skies going to clear off? shall I again press my acknowledged babe,—curses on thee, McIlhanney,—curses on thee, Geoffrey Jarvis, for keeping me so long in ignorance of my lost treasure. Oh, Jarvis, you have mocked me, and brought me here, to play the fool before him, who turned me out to wander midst the beasts of the forest, like Nebuchadnezzar. Yes! Walden, you were too weak, or too proud, to acknowledge me as your wife to your proud and haughty father; he and you have scorched my brain, you both have dried up the feelings of pity in my heart. But this arm is stronger now than—"

Cathena, alarmed at the gestures and agitated features, and at the singular and exciting conversation of Edir, with tears besought her to be more calm, and not to

suffer her mind to dwell on such melancholy topics.

"Yes," replied Edir, looking earnestly at Cathena, and taking hold of her hand, "Yes, you can feel for those who have drunk of the waters of affliction, for thy tender heart hath already had its share. I ought to have been thy acknowledged aunt."

"Oh, God," said Walden, "this is too much! It is more than my feelings can bear. Forgive me, Edir, forgive me, my once beloved wife. I acknowledge that we were lawfully married. I acknowledge Cathena, that she is your aunt by marriage. Help me to my room, Bucklebelt, I can stand no more."

"Forbear," said the mineralogist, "he must not leave the room. God will give him strength to acknowledge that Julian is his son. You must write to him; he now awaits your command, or rather, your invitation."

Cathena had fallen on the neck of Edir; the facts just admitted by her uncle, and the deep and successful interest which Edir had shown for her safety, on the night of the massacre, rushed to her mind; she wept for several moments, then rising more calm, she said, "My dear uncle, Mr. Onslow must be sent for; he is an honorable man, and the circumstances which are coming to light imperiously call on you to have him present, and to assist in clearing the mystery which seems to hang over your house."

"Do as you please, send for whom you please, and come what may, justice shall be done to all. I am weak, Bucklebelt, I must be suffered to retire to my room."

"Go," said the mineralogist, "I perceive that thy stony heart is softened from on high; go and wrestle in prayer, for wisdom to perceive, and honesty to acknowledge the mighty truths which will soon be disclosed." Then turning to Cathena, he said, "Recollectest thou the questions I asked thee? Ay, the pending misfortunes which I hinted at. But no—I will not stir up the dark waters of memory,—go write to Julian, he is the prop of thy house, and thy kinsman;" and to Bucklebelt, who had returned from the Major's room, he said, "command that Dr. String Halt, McIlhaney and his wife, Mr. Milligan and Jedediah Holiday be sent for, post haste; I grow impatient, deferred justice calls aloud for her rights."

Cathena immediately wrote a letter to Julian, intimating her belief that facts highly interesting to him were about to be

developed, and expressed her individual hope that they might result in proving that he was the son of Micajah Walden.

The mineralogist, finding that immediate steps had been taken for sending for his witnesses, carefully arranged his several papers, preparatory for the expected trial of the truth of his assertions.

Bucklebelt was much with Maj. Walden, and soothed his harassed feelings, and exhorted him to rely on his long tried friends, to see that no injustice or imposition should be practised. "I have," said he, amongst many other observations, "always thought that you did Julian great injustice. I have no doubt that your enemies designedly laid schemes to prejudice you against him; and so thought, and so often expressed himself, our late, brave and exalted friend, Edward Conway."

Major Walden seized the hand of Bucklebelt, and these stern men both burst into tears. "Say you so, Bucklebelt?—too generous,—too brave; for his sake, then, I will strive to be calm; to discard my prejudices, if such they may be called."

During the evening, Capt. Gant arrived, and hearing the particulars, entered warmly into the necessity of the proposed investigation. The night closed in on sleepless eyes. Major Walden's mind recurred back to the days of his first love!—to the misfortunes which had fallen on his wife's mind, and had driven her out from his control, a wayward and imperious woman.—McIlhaney and his wife determined, so soon as the developments were made, and their testimony given in, to move from the neighborhood into the Cherokee nation. Edir Immerson, restless and excited, went to Bucklebelt's; whilst the mineralogist, with a placid and serene countenance, betook himself to the open air, to look out upon the stars, which were in his estimation coming to the predicted conjunction, and about to prove that his predictions had, and would be fulfilled to the very letter. But Julian! he who had undergone so many anxious hours, in the chase of the deep mystery of his birth, spent a night of alternate emotions of hope and despondency. At times, the rainbow fountain sprung up in the sandy desert, and then again it sunk in the dry and deceitful earth, at his feet.

CHAPTER LIX.

There's no contending against destiny.

Now you shall find all my predictions true.

MASSINGER.

The morrow came, and, in a few hours

after sunrise, the hall of Major Walden was crowded with those who had been summoned as witnesses in the proposed investigation, whilst many others, hearing of the affair, swelled the concourse.

To a suggestion made by Major Walden for a private investigation of the proofs of Julian's claims upon him as a parent, the mineralogist loudly objected, saying—

"I come to rescue my name, and a long life, from unworthy aspersions—I come to vindicate and prove my claims as a great public benefactor—one who has been constantly engaged in the pursuit of truth, and of the hidden arcana of nature. And I come to complete my great schemes, by establishing the rightful heir to the house of Walden, according to a solemn vow, made to my ancient and noble patron, Warwick Walden, of blessed memory. Thanks to a kind and over-ruling Providence! I have been spared to see this proudest hour of my life—and I demand an open and public exhibition of my claims for veracity, and the profundity of my oft repeated predictions!"

The pale lips of the mineralogist trembled as he exultingly finished his determination.

Mr. Milligan, wan and serious, was requested to preside over the proposed proceedings for the examination of the proffered proofs of the mineralogist; and Captain Gant was appointed to read aloud each document as presented by the mineralogist—whilst Bucklebelt was designated as Secretary.

Julian was requested to come forwards before any proof was exhibited, and give a succinct history of his early life. This plan was suggested by Doctor String Halt, in order that there might be no suspicion that he was influenced by any facts about to be developed. Julian, with an air of some little surprise at the suggestion, came before Mr. Milligan, and related substantially the same particulars already recorded in his interview with Major Walden.

Mr. Milligan, when Julian had finished, with considerable surprise depicted on his countenance, stated that the incidents of the rock with an excavation, and the name and actions of the horse, were still fresh in his own recollection, though they had been forgotten.

"And the white spot on the head was mine, although," continued he, "the hand of time has since changed the other portions of my hair to the same color of age."

This singular corroboration of Julian's account of his early history, by such a wit-

ness as Mr. Milligan, was well calculated to excite the curiosity of the whole of the spectators to the highest pitch, and to produce a feverish anxiety to have the whole mystery of his parentage thoroughly unraveled.

The mineralogist now came forward, and said—

"We have spent time unnecessarily on circumstantial evidence—I wish to proceed at once to proof as clear as the sun at noon-day. Here, sir," continued the mineralogist, "is paper, No. 1. It is proof of the marriage of Micajah Walden to Edir Immerson, by the Reverend Geoffrey Jarvis, licensed Minister of the Gospel. Captain Gant will please read the same audibly to this assembly."

Major Walden, with stern and fixed features, rivaling those of a Roman statue, said, in a loud voice—

"Read it not! I acknowledge the fact of our lawful marriage, and I further say, those bonds have never been dissolved by any legal enactment whatsoever."

"Aha!" laughed Edir, "Did Walden acknowledge that I was his lawful wife—and that I am so yet? Then here, before all these witnesses, I swear he speaks the truth. But, oh!" she continued, in a low voice, "it has come too late! Yes, like the rain after the poor flower has been dried up by the burning sun. Yes, too late!—Too late!" and Edir burst into tears, whilst her sobs were heard distinctly by all in the room.

Julian looked with utter amazement upon the scene. Strange visions floated before his imagination! He had never heard that Edir Immerson was the wife of Micajah Walden! Could that strange and eccentric being be his mother? He was diverted for a moment from this exciting train of thought by the mineralogist, who loudly announced—

"Here is document, No. 2," holding forth a long tin tube, "and is the agreement between myself and that late illustrious gentleman, my worthy friend and patron, Warwick Walden, father of Micajah Walden now present—signed, sealed, and delivered to my keeping; and was destined to be opened for the first time in verification of the claims of Julian to the honors and lineal descent to the noble house of Walden. And I now appeal to McIlhaney to produce the copy which was deposited for safe keeping in his hands. Come forth, sir!" said the mineralogist, looking at the shrinking and trem-

bling wretch, "and dare, without dread or favor, to speak the truth, the whole truth, so help you God!"

"I have brought it with me, according to your request, whenever I was called on, to have all my papers in their proper place," replied McIlhaney, drawing forth a paper, which appeared soiled from smoke and time, and handing it to the mineralogist.

"It is well you have obeyed," said the mineralogist. "But," continued he, "open the original—break the seals which have through perils, by day and by night, kept the important facts from the gaze of the idle. Read it aloud, Captain Gant."

Profound silence was maintained by all present—a fixed earnestness clothed every feature, as the noble Captain, with a clear, full voice, obeyed the request of the mineralogist.

Amongst other particulars, the document portrayed in vivid colors the signal injustice which Micajah Walden had done his long line of ancestors, by marrying, when a minor, into a family of obscurity. It next justified the intended fraud practised upon Edir Immerson, stating distinctly, that through the agency of M. McIlhaney and his wife, a certain male child, the son of Micajah Walden and the said Edir Immerson, had been transferred from their possession to the care of Geoffrey Jarvis, mineralogist. That in order to raise up a great champion, to further the noble science of mineralogy, and to carry out the views and discoveries of Geoffrey Jarvis, an eminent young philosopher, the said child, hereafter to be called Julian, was to be taken to Philadelphia and educated; and that the said mineralogist was to keep a supervisory control over the said Julian, in such manner and mode as he might deem most conducive to the great purposes for which he had been placed under his care and control. Provisions for the payment of necessary expenses were mentioned; and the document ended by specifying that, in the event that Micajah Walden should refuse to acknowledge said son as his lawful heir or child, and withhold a due portion of his estate from him, then the titles of certain lands were vested in the said Julian—and in case of the death of Micajah Walden, without leaving a will, or children, then the right, title, and claim of the aforesaid lands should be vested in the said Julian, urging that this agreement should be looked on as of binding and most solemn

import. Signed by Warwick Walden alone, and witnessed by M. McIlhaney and Jedediah Holiday. And signed by Geoffrey Jarvis and Warwick Walden, and witnessed by the same witnesses in another part which related to the mutual agreement.

The copy and the original were found to correspond.

"Swear M. McIlhaney, Mr. Magistrate, on the holy Evangelist," said the mineralogist, "and let us have his testimony—and you, too, Judith McIlhaney, join your hand upon the same book."

The proper oaths having been administered, they both testified to the following facts:—

That Edir Immerson, in a state of mental derangement, came to their house, and that she and Mrs. McIlhaney were both confined at the same time—that the child of Edir was a son, and that of the other a daughter—that in a week the female child died—that soon after they were visited by Warwick Walden, who, when he ascertained that his daughter-in-law had a son, and that she was out of her senses, besought them to take the child, and own it as theirs, and impress upon Edir that the one which had died was hers. They acknowledged that they had sacredly kept the secret, except from Notwood, and that Clannagan had since extorted some of the facts from them. McIlhaney further stated, that in order to recognize the child, he had made, with a certain application of lunar caustic, a small scar on his forehead, and he confessed, but for that scar, he would have given up Julian Onslow, notwithstanding his solemn injunctions from Edir, when Clannagan and his Bloody Scout were in pursuit of him. He recollected, also, the time when Mr. Milligan came to his house—Julian was then three years old. For the proof of what he said, he appealed to Doctor String Halt, who was—with Mrs. Holiday—in attendance on the two women at the time of their confinement.

Mr. and Mrs. Holiday sworn.—Mrs. Holiday well recollects that Edir Immerson's child was a son, and that of Mrs. McIlhaney a daughter. Jedediah was not apprised, he said, "of the chicane and collusion in this case, although he thought at the time he smelt a rat"—he went on to say, in consequence of that suspicion, he had departed from his usual signature, and had made his letters capitals—"and

behold! here they are—just as I made them!” said he.

“Now Doctor String Halt, the last and the best witness, come forward! I see by your noble countenance that the sunshine so long hidden from your eyes has illumined them. Yes,” said the mineralogist, with an air of sublime excitement, “I proclaim that my prophecies are fulfilled!—that my sacred vows and trusts on this subject have been faithfully and religiously observed!—the justice of my motives vindicated! Henceforth, with the assistance of the rightful heir of the house of Walden, I am devoted to the advancement of the wonderful and glorious science of mineralogy. Proceed!—proceed, Dr. String Halt—I have already anticipated your conclusive testimony.”

The mineralogist sank to the chair which he held, whilst the perspiration trickled down his countenance—and he muttered, in a low tone, his thanks to Heaven for the fulfillment of his predictions.

Doctor String Halt next testified.—He confirmed the statements of Holiday’s wife, and the McIlhaney’s, and he added—“I am entirely satisfied that Julian Onslow is the lawful son of Edir Immerson and Micajah Walden; but to make ‘assurance doubly sure,’ I have one fact to relate. I was requested by the late Warwick Walden to make, with indelible materials, the initials of J. O. on the left arm of the son of Edir Immerson. I thought it a strange request, but I complied—now if that proof is still visible, no one can doubt for a moment.”

Julian was requested to draw off his coat, and to exhibit, to all present, this last evidence, if such he had. But Julian was pale, and scarcely able to proceed—the Doctor kindly assisted him. The whole assembly was breathless, until the letters were exhibited, distinct and plain to every eye. A simultaneous shout arose, and Major Walden and Edir Immerson both rushed forwards, falling on Julian’s neck.

“My long lost babe!” exclaimed Edir, swooning to the floor.

“My own dear son!” cried Major Walden—“my Edward! No! my abused Julian!—my wronged and neglected son! O God! forgive me for my pride of ancestry. My poor wife! I have unwittingly broken her heart! Henceforth, I am an altered man! Oh, my son—forgive me my pride! My love of Edward blinded me. Here, publicly, I acknowledge that Julian is my son—and is the sole heir to the house of Walden!”

CHAPTER LX.

Fortune here hath shown
Her various powers; but virtue, in the end,
Is crowned with laurel; love hath done his parts too!
And mutual friendship, after bloody jars,
Will cure the wounds received in our wars.

THE BASHFUL LOVER.

Edir Immerson was conveyed, apparently lifeless, to a room prepared for her, and Julian and Major Walden, with other friends, urged Dr. String Halt to render her all the aid in his power. But a few days soon sufficed to prove that her words to Julian were prophetic of her doom. She gradually sunk, until life seemed to flicker like the expiring flame of the taper. She regained, in a great degree, her reason, and besought the forgiveness of her husband, taking blame to herself for rejecting his aid and control. St. Ille paid her all the attentions which her own heart-felt gratitude inspired, independent of that duty which she owed towards the mother of the man she adored. Edir, after affectionately kissing her, added her blessing, and with exhortations to all to prepare for another and a better world, she exchanged her fitful and wayward existence for one of quiet and happiness.

After a suitable time for a partial recovery from the heavy blows which had fallen on them and their friends, Julian and St. Ille were repaid for their many fears, and the hopes so often deferred, by being happily united to each other by their mutual friend, Mr. Milligan. A display being neither congenial with their feelings, nor compatible with recent events, but few friends were present. Amongst those who graced their nuptials, may be mentioned the mineralogist, Bucklebelt, and Mr. Milligan’s second daughter, who seemed to have received, in addition to what her own virtues demanded, a part of that homage which was so justly due to those of the beautiful and lamented Amelia.

The mineralogist, after the acknowledgment of Julian’s claims by his father, had paid a visit to each of his friends. A deep and solemn serenity was depicted upon his placid countenance. Having appropriate rooms at several of the places he visited, he busily employed himself in arranging his numerous manuscripts. The disinterested and faithful part he had acted towards Julian, his daring courage, his unshaken adherence to whatever he believed right, at all times, under the most trying circumstances, caused him to be a great

favorite with all who appreciated rightly such evidences of a noble nature. And his immediate friends expected long to enjoy the pleasure of rendering their heart-felt respects towards one for whom they had so much regard. But they were doomed to a sad and sudden disappointment—for a few days after Julian's marriage, and whilst he was on a visit to his father's, with St. Ille, the mineralogist and Captain Bucklebelt were announced.

The usual salutations being ended, the mineralogist, finding the family all present, turned to Julian, saying—

"I come to deposit a copy of my labors and discoveries of many years with you. How I have loved and pursued the studies therein treated of, this is not the fit occasion to speak."

The countenance of the mineralogist for a moment underwent a change—his resolution seemed to falter.

"You are all dear to me!" Then looking earnestly at Julian, he continued, with a choked and desponding voice—"And you, Julian, are dearer to me than life! Alas! I have failed to school my heart for this trying interview—but nevertheless," said he, wiping hastily an obtrusive tear away, "my duty must be performed."

The mineralogist paused, as if to regain fresh courage, and, in a more composed tone, proceeded again—

"After the solemn vow of the avengement was fulfilled—after the happy and glorious termination of all difficulties on a subject in which most of us present were so deeply and vitally involved, I had hoped to commence the immediate operations of my great plans; but more leisure, and a closer investigation of the subject, in all its bearings and results, have convinced me that the people of this State are not yet sufficiently enlightened, nor prepared to do them justice. They must have light. Great truths require great energies to enforce and perpetuate them. I must seek the great focus of improvements, and there subject my theories to the severest scrutiny. I live not for a day—I live for posterity. I may yet have to cross the seas. Having fulfilled my private obligations, I enter now upon my public ones!"

Julian and St. Ille each caught hold of the extended hand of the mineralogist—even the stern Walden and Bucklebelt joined them in their entreaties that he would forego, for a time at least, his proposed departure. The mineralogist gently disengaged his hand, and walking to and

fro for several moments, turned to Julian, and said—

"Alas! I have failed to inspire you with the right enthusiasm. You, even you, would hinder me in my great pursuits. Beware, my dear Julian, how you attempt to prevent the decrees of Heaven. You know not the mighty impulse which urges me on to the performance of my duty. I stand not on the same platform with other men. You have my labors now in your possession. If I return, well;—if not, then I call on you, now before high Heaven, not to palter with your duty. Observe the times! Observe the tempers of men; and commit the fulfillment of my designs to no faithless, or incompetent hand. And now," said the mineralogist, pausing,—“there is nothing more left me, but to give my parting benedictions to all, to each! Come hither, Julian; my heart grapples to thine with hooks of steel. I will embrace thee! Farewell! my son. Perchance, my last earthly blessing is now given thee.”

The mineralogist tore himself away from his friends, and was mounting his faithful beast, when Major Walden pressed Capt. Bucklebelt to carry a purse of gold to him. "He accepts it," said the Major to himself, wiping his eyes, "a poor recompense for thy love and constancy to my friendless and unknown Julian."

Ah! sad indeed, were the hearts of those who, as they gazed on the slow, wending form of the mineralogist, felt the melancholy presentiment, that they were then looking on him for the last time."

* * * * *

Not twelve months after the cessation of hostilities, Jedediah Holiday gratified his friends, by the exercise of his fine talents at descriptive narrative, in rehearsing Capt. Bucklebelt's services and claims to a seat in the Legislature of his State; a post to which he was unanimously called, by the suffrages of a grateful public.

Felix Ashburn, much reclaimed by his new associations, in manners, and the advice of an excellent mother, has fortified his probable reform, by becoming the son-in-law of Mr. Milligan.

Later accounts state, that Julian had taken his friend, Buck Tidder, under his particular guidance; sending him to school, where he was making excellent progress in his studies; whilst his father has been allowed "ample verge, and room enough," at all times, to visit his old friends Cato and Prudence, at Forest Hill; where, it is

said, a little white-headed urchin can generally be seen, called Edward Gant. And that at the Sycamores, Mrs. Grayson, who has ever been considered a very intelligent and excellent woman, is accused of attempting to spoil a certain little lass, whose name has not yet been settled on, though

it is rumored that most of the family incline that it shall be written out in full, in the great family bible, Julia Armond Walden. A fit tribute to friendship and to beauty. Farewell! Julian Onslow! Happiness to thee, and to thy friends! Happiness to thy gentle—thy constant St. Ille.

870
Price 31 $\frac{1}{4}$ Cents.

ON SLOW,

OR, THE

PROTEGE OF AN ENTHUSIAST;

AN HISTORICAL TRADITIONARY TALE OF THE SOUTH,

By A GENTLEMAN OF ALABAMA.

PHILADELPHIA,

G. B. ZIEBER & Co. No. 3 Ledger Building.

NEW YORK, . BURGESS, STRINGER & Co., 222 Broadway.

BOSTON, . . REDDING & Co., No. 8 State Street.

BALTIMORE, . SHURTZ & TAYLOR, No. 6 North Street.

CINCINNATI, . ROBINSON & JONES.

PITTSBURG, . J. W. COOK.

CHARLESTON, S. C., M^CCARTER & ALLEN.

ST. LOUIS, . . H. A. TURNER.

NEW ORLEANS, J. C. MORGAN.

AUGUSTA, GEO. S. A. HOLMES.

WASHINGTON, G. BROOKE.

LOUISVILLE, KY. N. HALDEMAN.

NEW & CHEAP PUBLICATIONS

FOR SALE WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

BY G. B. ZIEBER & Co., No. 3 Ledger Building.

LITERARY REMAINS of the late Willis Gaylord Clark,	\$1 50	Wandering Jew, by Eugene Sue, now publishing in numbers, price per No.	
Pencillings by the Way, by N. P. Willis,	1 50	High Life in New York, by Jonathan Slick, Esq., of Weathersfield, complete in three parts,	
Sylvester Sound, the Somnambulist,	37	Arnold, or the British Spy, a Tale by Ingraham,	
Life and Adventures of Martin Chuzzlewit, by Charles Dickens, 14 plates,	50	The Adventure of Capt. Pamphile,	
Conningsby, by D'Israeli	18	Father Goriot, by E. S. Gould,	
Jacob's Scenes on the Pacific Ocean,	1 25	Highlands of Ethiopia,	
Afloat and Ashore, by J. Fennimore Cooper. 2 vols.,	75	The False Prince.	
Memoirs of Vidocq, Principal Agent of the French Police,	50	Cecilia Howard,	
Corinne; or Italy, by Madame De Stael	50	The Yemassee,	
Alida; or Town and Country, by Miss Sedgwick,	50	A Complete Practical Receipt Book,	
The Mysteries of the Heaths,	25	Mysteries of London, in Nos., at	
Ellen Woodville; or life in the West,	50	Seatsfield's Works,	1
Barney O'Reirdon,	25	The Prairie Bird,	
The Wilfulness of Woman,	25	Hiram Ellwood, the Banker,	
Ellen Middleton,	12	Jack of the Mill,	
Woman as Virgin, Wife and Mother,	12	Sweethearts and Wives, by T. S. Athur,	
The Mother's Medical Adviser; or the Diseases and Management of Children, with Recipes,	12	Texas, in Geography, Natural History and Topography, by William Kennedy, Esq.,	
The Life of Beau Brummel,	38	The Physiology of Health, to which is added a Dietetical Regimen for Dyspeptics, by Jonathan Pereira, M. D., F. R. S.,	
Arrah Neil, by G. P. R. James,	12	Destiny, or the Chief's Daughter,	
The Rose of Tistelton,	12	Arthur, from the French of Eugene Sue,	
The Sisters,	12	Excursion through the Slave States, by G. W. Featherstonhaugh,	
Alice Capley, a Tale,	12	Venetia, by D'Israeli,	
Merton, a Novel, by Theodore Hook.	25	Jacob Faithful, by Marryatt,	
Heart; a social Novel,	12	Wonderous Tale of Alsoy,	
Lakes of Killarney, New Edition,	37	Midshipman Easy,	
Commerce of the Prairies, illustrated with Maps and Engravings, by Josiah Gregg. 2 vols., cloth.	2 50	The Two Brides, 1 vol. 8 vo.,	
Observations in Europe, principally in France and Great Britain, by Dr. Durbin. 2 vols., cloth,	2 50	Celebrated Trials, 1 vol, 600 p.,	
The Poems and Ballads of Schiller, with his Life, by E. L. Bulwer. 1 vol., cloth,	1 00	Francesca Carrera, 1 vol.,	
The Ladies' Work Table Box, containing Instructions in Needle-work, Embroidery, &c.,	50	Snarleywow, by Marryatt,	
Amy Herbert,	12	Romance and Reality, 1 vol.,	
The Grumbler, by Miss Pickering,	12	Bevan on the Bee, 35 cuts,	
The Unloved One,	12	Macaulay's Miscellanies, 4 parts, paper, (each part,)	
Rose D'Albert, by James,	12	Byron's Works, 11 parts,	
Arabella Stuart, do.	12	Kohl's Travels in Russia, 2 parts, do. do. in Austria, 8 vo.,	
The Heretic,	12	The Young Duke,	
Light Dragoon,	12	Encyclopedia of Chemistry, 29 parts, paper, (each)	
Miseries of New York,	12	Farmer's Encyclopedia, 17 plates, 16 parts, paper, (each)	
Major Jones' Courtship,	50	Contarini Fleming,	
Autobiography of Heinrick Stilling, from the German,	25	Charcoal Sketches, 4 plates,	
Young Kate; or the Rescue,	25	Japhet in Search of a Father,	
		Whispers to a New Married Pair, paper,	

NEW & CHEAP PUBLICATIONS

FOR SALE WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

BY G. B. ZIEBER & Co., No. 3 Ledger Building.

ads of the People, 8 Plates, . . .	25	The Nabob at Home, by the Author	
nhoe, complete in 1 vol. . . .	25	of "Life in India," . . .	25
y of the Waverly Novels can be had		Ernest Maltravers, by Sir E. L. Bul-	
separate. Each Novel complete in		wer. Engraving, . . .	25
one vol., at . . .	25	Alice, or the Mysteries, by Bulwer,	
ut. Eyre's Military Narrative, paper	25	Engraving, . . .	25
val Officer, by Marryatt, . . .	25	The Last of the Barons, by Sir E. L.	
ers' French Revolution, 16 parts,		Bulwer, . . .	25
(each) . . .	25	Forest Days, by G. P. R. James, Esq.	12
The Last Year in China, paper, . .	25	Adam Brown the Merchant; by Ho-	
The Lawyer, 1 vol. 8vo. . . .	25	race Smith, Esq. . . .	12
The King's Own, by Marryatt, 1 vol.,		Pilgrims of the Rhine, by Sir E. L.	
paper, . . .	25	Bulwer, . . .	12
Burnes' Travels in Cabool, paper, . .	25	The Home, by Miss Bremer: transla-	
D'Aubigne's History of the great Re-		ted by Mary Howitt, . . .	12
formation in Germany and Switzer-		The Lost Ship; or, the Atlantic Stea-	
land.—In 1 vol., octavo. Price—		mer, by the Author of "Cavendish,"	
Paper cover, 50 cents; half cloth,		&c. . . .	25
75 cents; in cloth, . . .	1 00	The False Heir, by G. P. R. James,	
History of the Christian Religion and		Esq. . . .	12
Church, during the First Three Cen-		The Neighbors: a Story of Everyday	
turies, by Dr. Augustus Neander.		Life. Translated from the Swed-	
1 vol., octavo. Price in cloth, . .	1 50	ish of Fredrika Bremer, by Mary	
Lives of Pope Alexander VI. and his		Howitt, . . .	12
Son, Cæsar Borgia, by George Gor-		Nina: Sequel to the "President's	
don. 1 vol., octavo. Paper cover,	37	Daughters." Translated from the	
Father Clement, a Roman Catholic		Swedish of Fredrika Bremer, by	
Story. Duodecimo. Paper cover,	25	Mary Howitt. . . .	12
Liebig's Agricultural Chemistry. 1		The President's Daughters. Transla-	
vol., octavo. Paper cover, . . .	25	ted from the Swedish of Fredrika	
Liebig's Animal Chemistry. 1 vol.,		Bremer, by Mary Howitt, . . .	12
octavo. Paper cover, . . .	25	The Banker's Wife; or Court and	
Liebig's Familiar Letters on Chemis-		City, by Mrs. G. Gore, . . .	12
try, and its Relation to Commerce,		The Birthnight, by Mrs. C. Gore, . .	12
Physiology and Agriculture. Octa-		New Sketches of Everyday Life: with	
vo. Paper cover, . . .	12	Strife and Peace. Translated from	
Jamaica: Its Past and Present State,		the Swedish of Fredrika Bremer, by	
by James M. Phillippo, of Spanish		Mary Howitt, . . .	12
Town, Jamaica, 20 years a Baptist		Arabella Stuart, by G. P. R. James,	12
Missionary in that Island. Illustra-		The Unloved One, by Mrs. Holland,	12
ted. Octavo. Paper cover, . . .	50	Jack of the Mill, by William Howitt,	12
elham, by Sir E. L. Bulwer. Por-		The Heretic; from the Russian of La-	
trait. . . .	25	jetchnikoff, . . .	12
ve Disowned, by Sir E. L. Bulwer.		The Jew; from the German of Spind-	
Engraving, . . .	25	ler, . . .	12
vereux, by Sir E. L. Bulwer. En-		Arthur; from the French of Eugene	
graving. . . .	25	Sue, . . .	25
Paul Clifford, by Sir E. L. Bulwer.		Chatsworth, by R. P. Ward, . . .	12
Engraving. . . .	25	The Prairie Bird, by Hon. C. A. Mur-	
Eugene Aram; a Tale, by Sir E. L.		ray, . . .	25
Bulwer. Engraving, . . .	25	Amy Herbert, by a Lady, . . .	12
Last days of Pompeii, by Sir E. L.		Rose D'Albert, by G. P. R. James,	12
Bulwer. Engraving. . . .	25	The Triumphs of Time, by the Author	
The Czarina, by Mrs. Hofland, . .	25	of "Two Old Men's Tales." . . .	25
Rienzi, the Last of the Tribunes, by		The H— Family, by Miss Bremer:	
Sir E. L. Bulwer. Engraving. . .	25	translated by Mary Howitt, . . .	12
Self-Devotion, by Miss Campbell. .	25	The Grandfather, by Miss Pickering,	12
The Grumbler, by Miss Pickering. .	12	Arrah Neil, by G. P. R. James, . .	12

IN COURSE OF PUBLICATION BY ZIEBER & Co.

PARLEY'S CABINET LIBRARY,

Publishing in 40 Numbers, at 25 cents each;

Containing the most interesting and valuable collection

ON BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, SCIENCE, ARTS, &c.

That has yet been published.

A LOOKING-GLASS FOR DYSPEPTICS,

FROM THE DIARY OF A LANDLORD;

ILLUSTRATED WITH A HUMOROUS ENGRAVING.

By J. M. SANDERSON, FRANKLIN HOUSE.

THRILLING NOVEL OF REAL LIFE:

THE QUAKER CITY, OR THE MONKS OF MONK-HALL.

A Romance of Philadelphia Life, Mystery and Crime, in the year 18—. Founded on facts, gleaned from the MSS. of an aged member of the Bar.

To be published in 4 successive semi-monthly Numbers, of 48 octavo pages each, at One Shilling per number. First number will be issued October 5th; Second, Oct. 19th; Third, Nov. 3d; Fourth, Nov. 16.

It is now some twenty years since a member of the bar first began to make notes of his experience of the Life, Mystery and Crime of the Quaker city. These memoranda, fraught with the most terrific interest, at the death of the aged and respectable lawyer, were bequeathed to a friend, who has occupied nearly two years in working them up into a Romance of the Secret Life of Philadelphia, of the most original character. Commenced long before the "Mysteries of Paris" appeared, the Romance in some respects bears the same relation to Philadelphia that the "Mysteries" do to Paris.

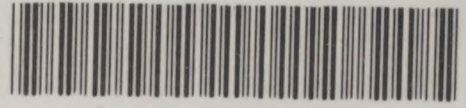
The publishers have purchased at an enormous cost, the manuscripts of this Romance, which from its peculiar character, bids fair to have the same run in Philadelphia, that the "Mysteries" of Sue had in Paris. It is, indeed, a highly interesting Romance of the Life, the Mystery, and the Crime of the Quaker City, in all their phrases and details. Although all the characters of Philadelphia Life are introduced—the Lawyer who takes fees from both sides, the Parson whose private history gives the lie to his public preachings, the Doctor who commits a disgusting crime for money, as well as the dishonest Merchant, the Swell-Forger, the black mail Editor, the young Blood about town, the Fence-Keeper, (receiver of stolen goods), etc., etc., yet has the author painted no living character in the pages of his work, nor satirized any particular individual, but rather drawn the distinguishing features of the representative of a class.

The novel will be published in the best manner, printed with large type on stout and firm white paper. No expense will be spared in getting the work out in the handsomest manner. All orders from a distance promptly attended to. Address

G. B. ZIEBER & Co.,

No. 3 LEDGER BUILDING, PHILAD'A.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



00021629376